

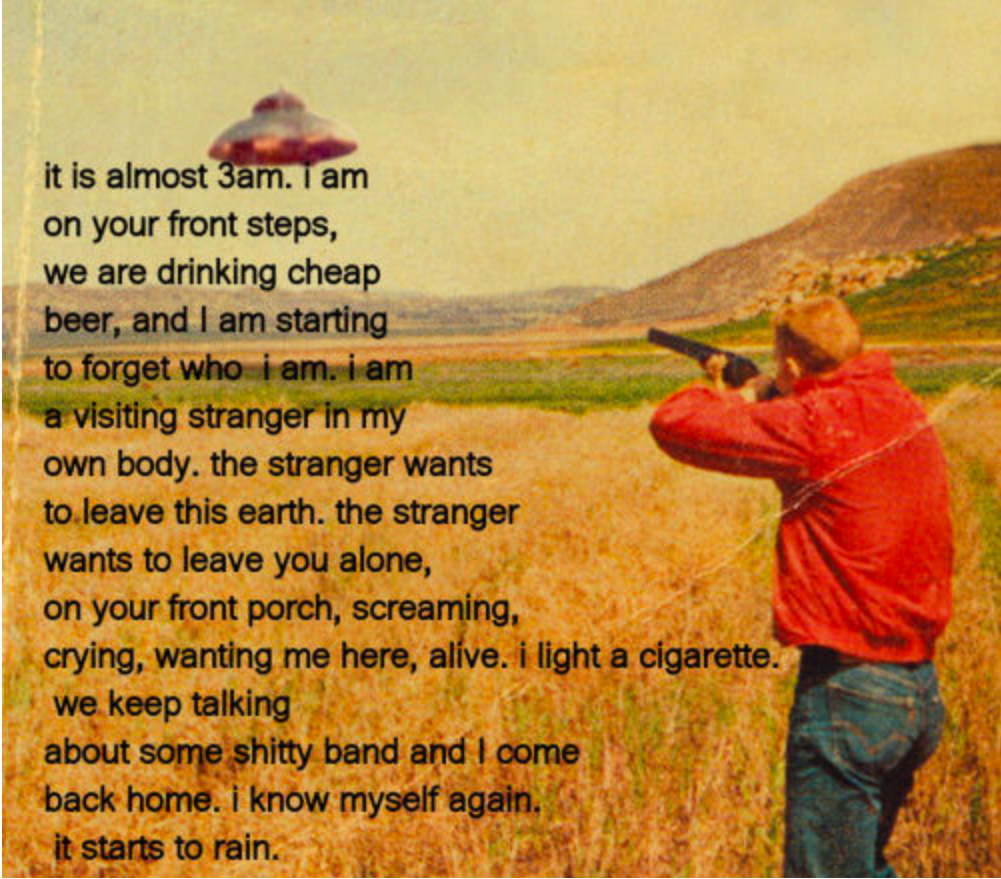
how to die alone in your bed part 2

complete image macro collection of Jonny Bolduc

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2015



it is almost 3am. i am
 on your front steps,
 we are drinking cheap
 beer, and i am starting
 to forget who i am. i am
 a visiting stranger in my
 own body. the stranger wants
 to leave this earth. the stranger
 wants to leave you alone,
 on your front porch, screaming,
 crying, wanting me here, alive. i light a cigarette.
 we keep talking
 about some shitty band and i come
 back home. i know myself again.
 it starts to rain.

BIRDS BEAKS



i have a catalouge of
mistakes



i sort them by severity
of transgression



colour code
them



study the
patterns



i'd like to think
i do this so as to not repeat



but i spin the same shit



every



day.



each morning
i rise and think



today is going
to be a quiet one.



but it is
inescapable



and terror knocks.

you will become your transgressions



when u actively add to the terror and
sadness of this sick world with your
unending petulance and bloated,
diseased pride ~



Following your death,
I searched for some link,
some conscious or unconscious
way to speak with you again.
At first, I had dreams.
The dreams were good.
You were alive,
and the pain was gone,

So I tried to sleep for years.
Any sober, waking minute
was inadequate, dull,
and heavy.

I slept, and slept, and slept.
But then, the dreams went away,
and now you don't talk to me like
you used to.

There's something I need to know.
If I sleep forever,
will you come back
to me?



all that remains is a perpetual, deep sadness. i have let the terror win. i have gifted my soul to the forever pain, i will never sleep soundly again, in this life or the next.



will i be sad forever?

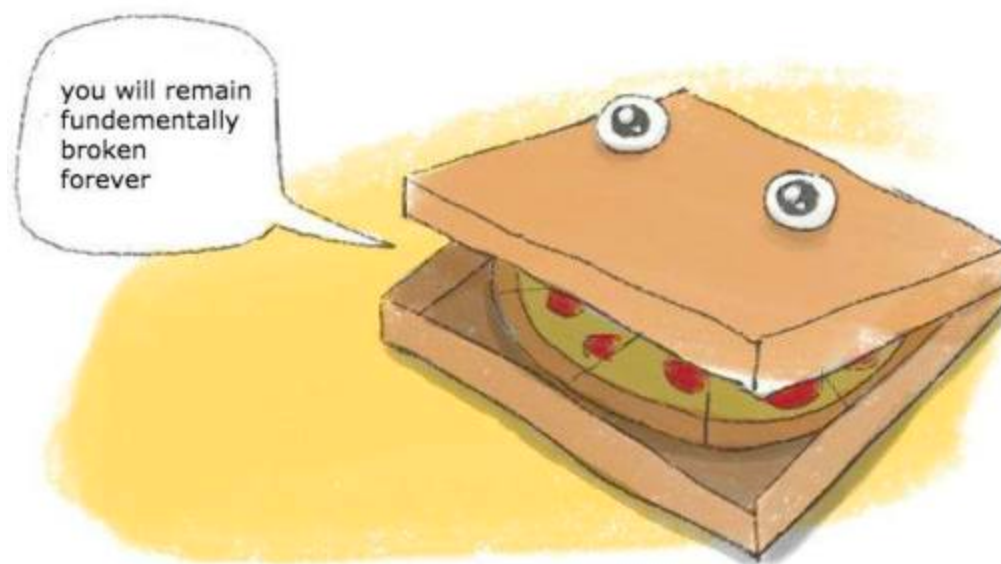


When ya cat stuck and u throw
ham on it and you make this sick, bloated world worse in your own, small, petulant way



I've hated myself
since I was a small boy.
But I'd like to thank you
for the small amount of happiness
that you gave to me.
I'll love you forever.
I miss you so fucking much.





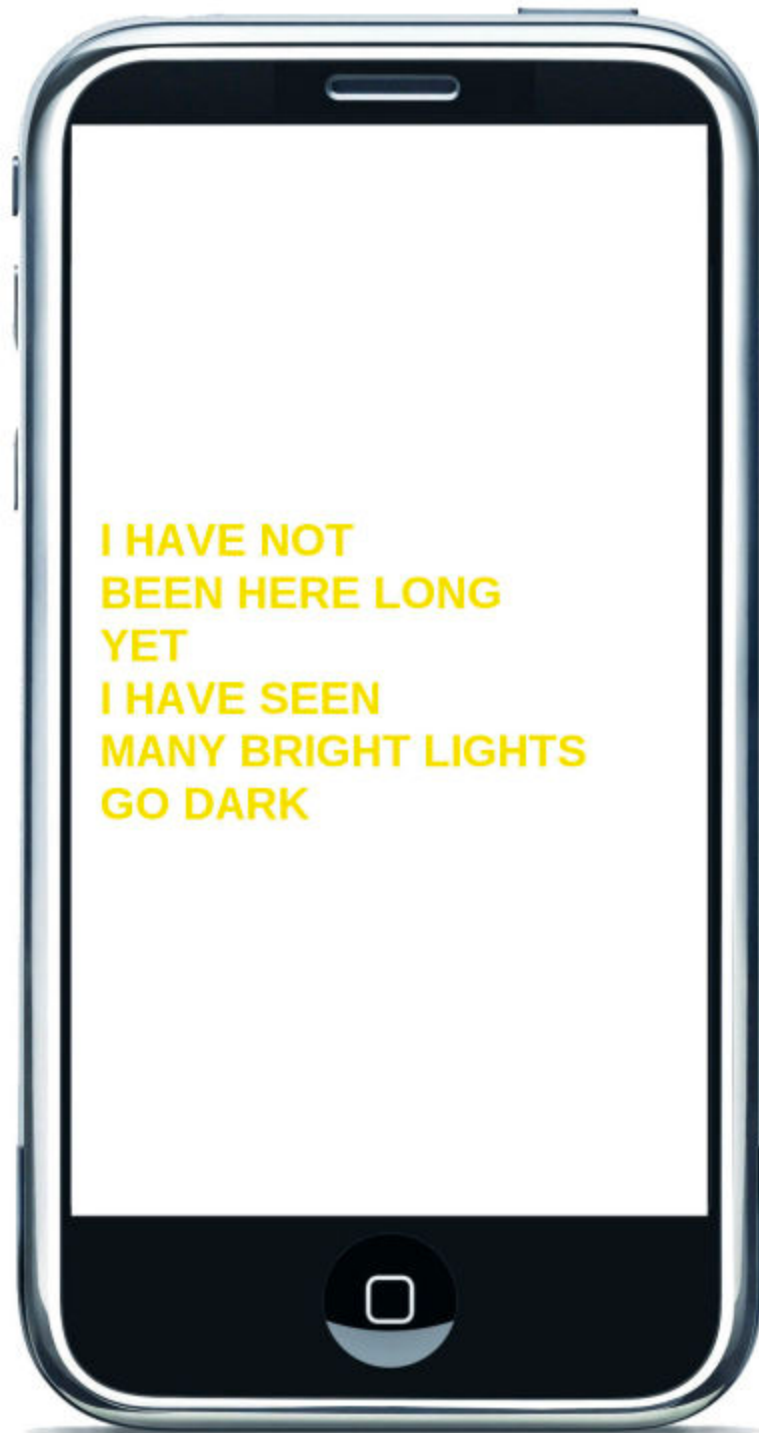
and in my own small way i have made the world
a worse place



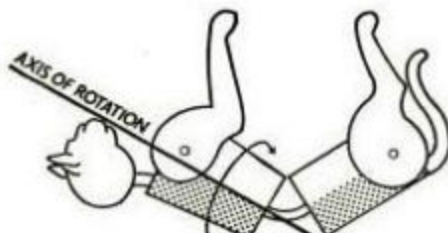
and in my own
small way



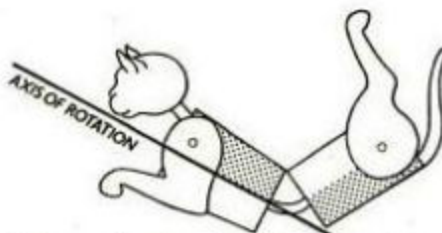
i have made this
world a worse place



I HAVE NOT
BEEN HERE LONG
YET
I HAVE SEEN
MANY BRIGHT LIGHTS
GO DARK



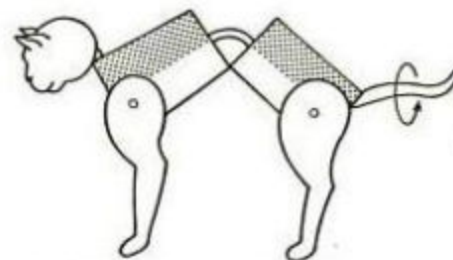
there is a deep terror inside me.



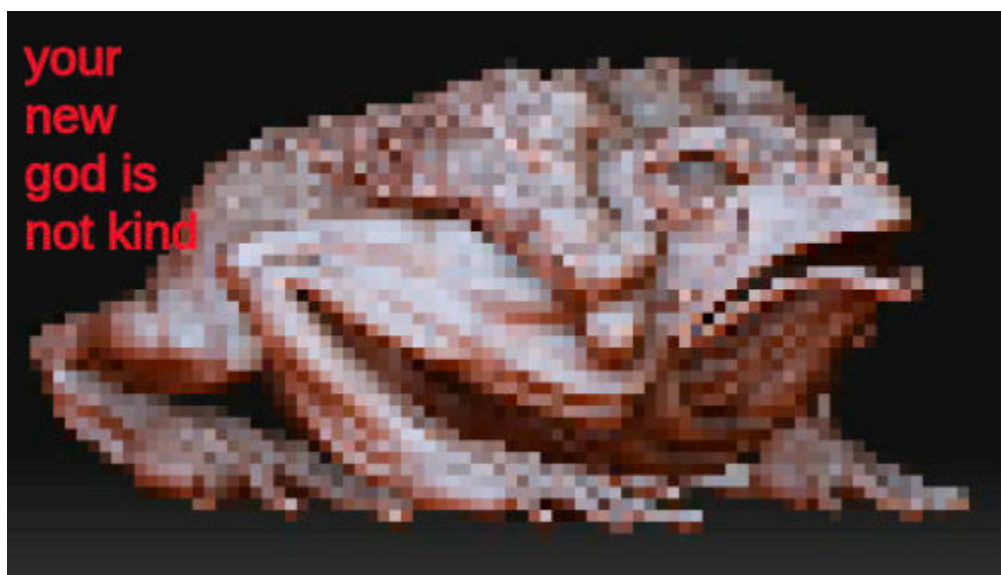
it claws at my heart and drowns out my light.

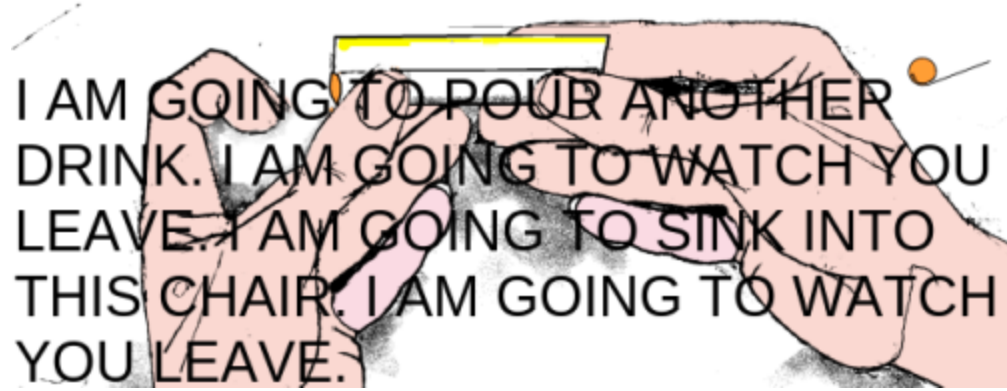


it is too strong to kill, and too large to suffocate.



my last day on earth,
i will greet this terror by name.

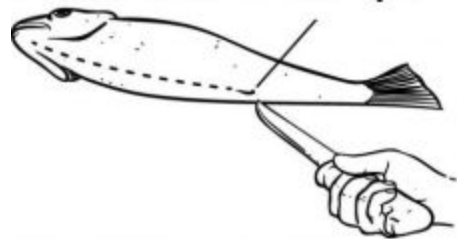


An illustration of two hands, one pink and one light brown, holding a glass. The pink hand is on the left, and the light brown hand is on the right. The glass is yellow and has a small orange dot on it. The background is white with some faint, sketchy lines.

I AM GOING TO POUR ANOTHER
DRINK. I AM GOING TO WATCH YOU
LEAVE. I AM GOING TO SINK INTO
THIS CHAIR. I AM GOING TO WATCH
YOU LEAVE.



A
i don't want to fall apart again



B i am unable to change



C i am falling apart.



can i ride

this one out
at least?

D



E

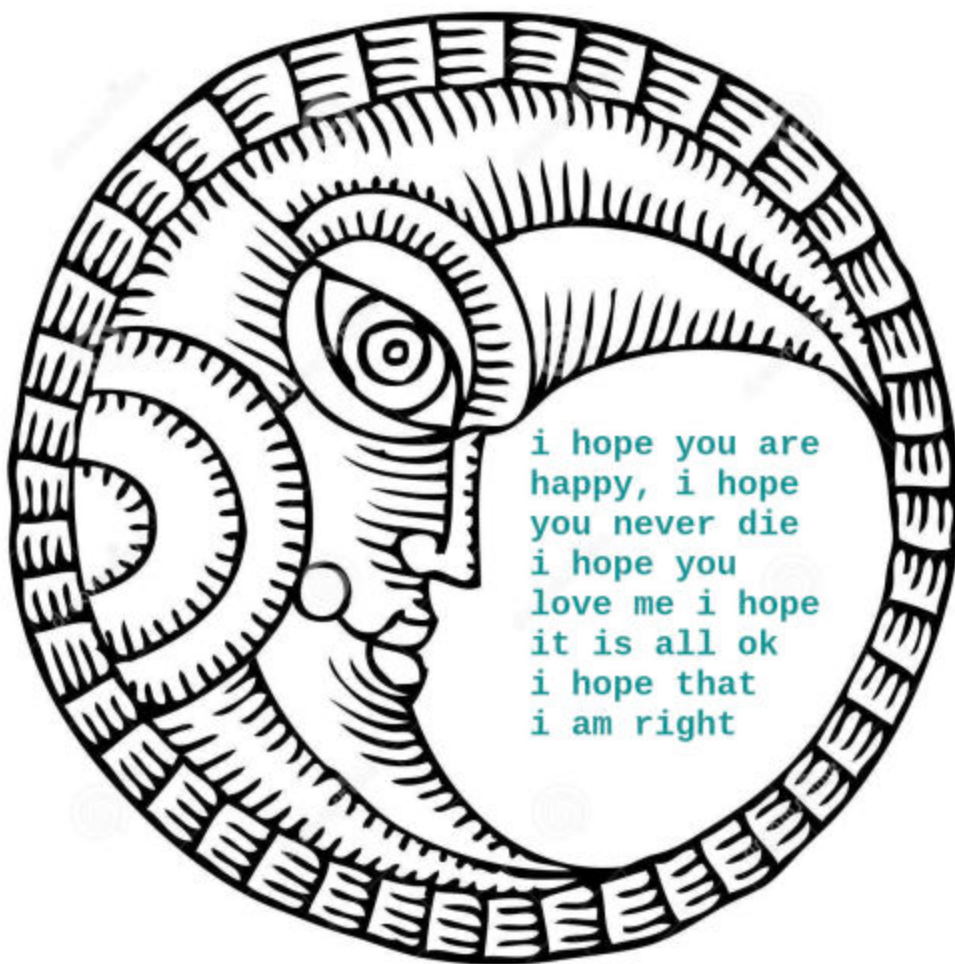


i'm not
having
fun
anymore



what good does living do me

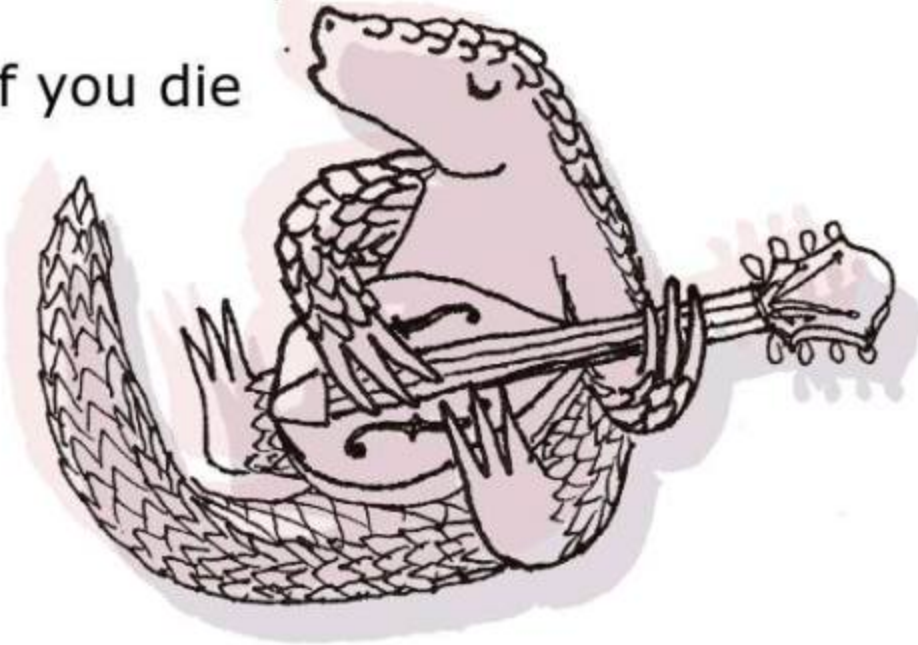




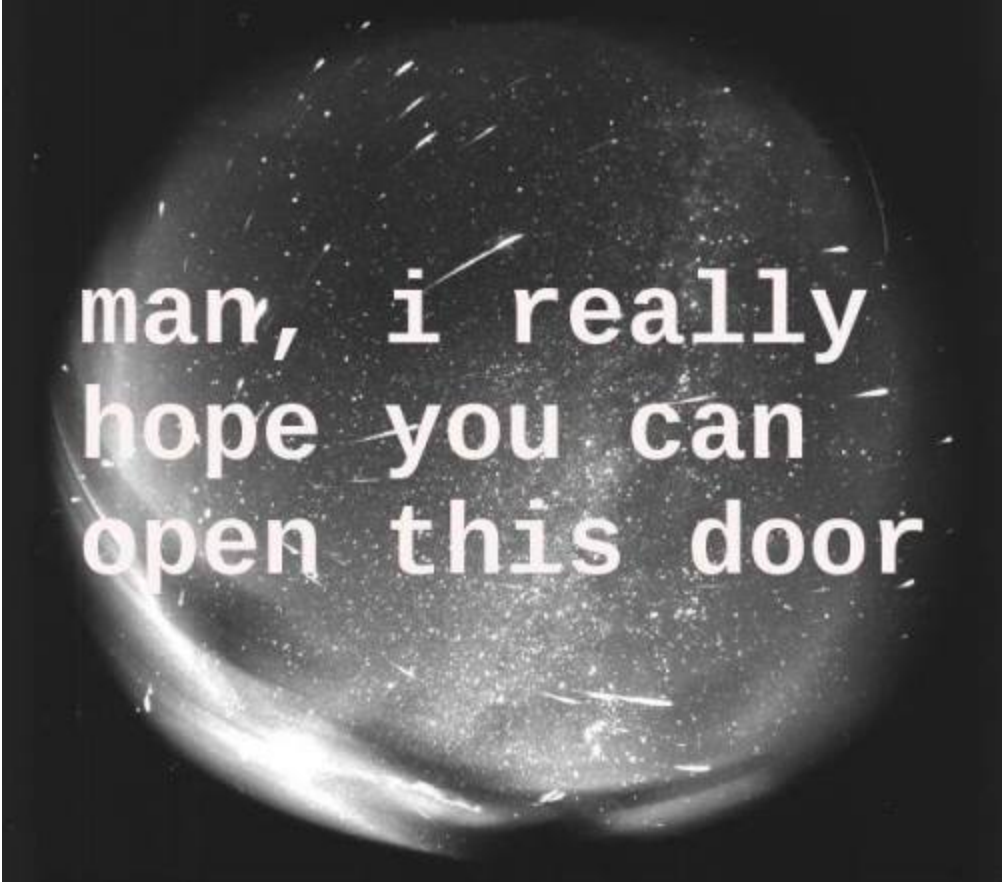
i hope you are
happy, i hope
you never die
i hope you
love me i hope
it is all ok
i hope that
i am right

you'll never have to think
of anything ever again

if you die



©2010 lefthandedtoons.com



man, i really
hope you can
open this door

in the end we found
ourselves in the
coldest part of the
world

it was hard
to tell you
that i forgot
to pack the
heat
we were scared and
it was my fault

FAKE IT
TILL YOU
FUCK UP
IRREVOCABLY





1 the terror
in my heart



2 is ancient
and has been



3 clawing
at the light



4 for many
many lives

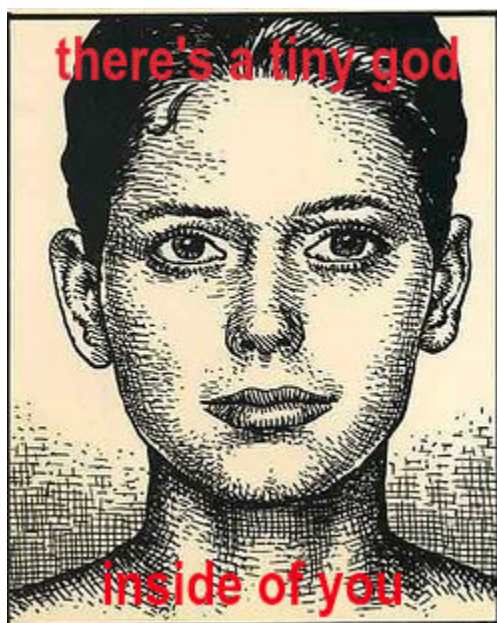


5 so you
may
understand



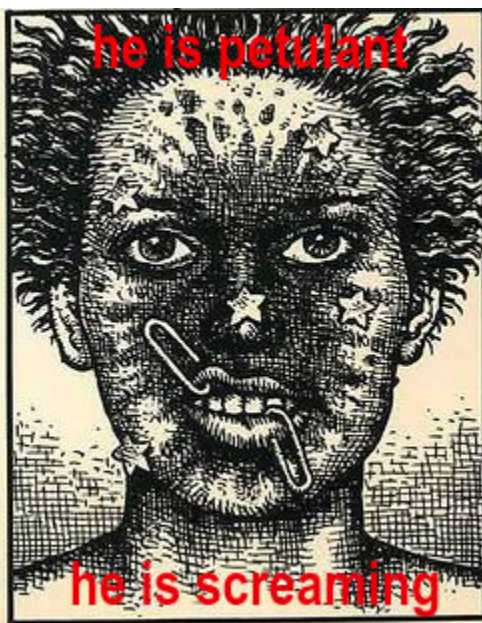
6 why i wish
to sleep





there's a tiny god

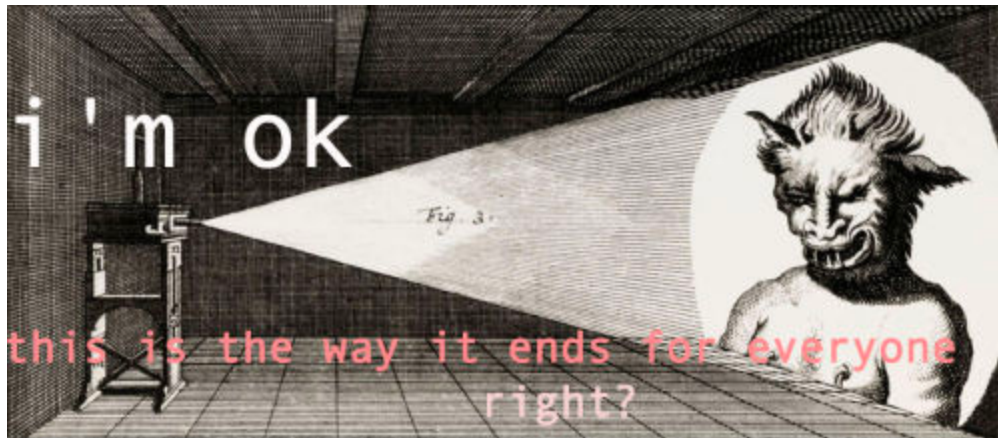
inside of you



he is petulant

he is screaming





2016

to come across the dim room where
the band was playing and ask for a cigarette.
to receive the gift with kindness.

vice grip the cold can of beer. the words will not come,
the stranger has walked through the door.

you cannot remember who he is. what he looks like.
he slides across the room. you meet his gaze. He walks into
your body and slides down your throat.

you drink another beer. and another. soon, the stranger has
run through your system, jammed the channels. you do not
know yourself. slinking back into the couch, molding into
the cushions. you cannot speak. the stranger pulls all ur strings.

you fight to reclaim your brain, any words, any grasp towards
consciousness you break through the static and rise from
your throne. you crack another beer. the stranger breaks through
the static.

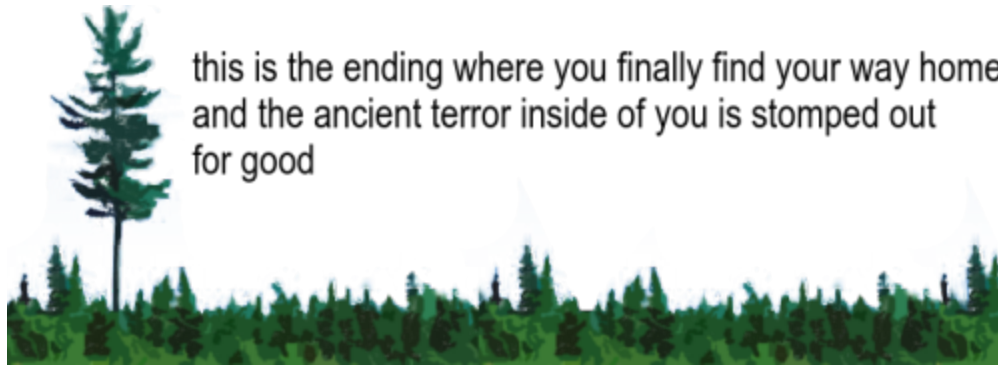
silence came to me
and i pressed my body against the blankets.

i rose, in the morning, alone.

the old house, creaking awake,
you visited.

you came to me last night. i expect to see
you sitting at the table, reading the paper,
brewing the coffee

last night
you came into this house and let me dream.
you should have woke me. you
should have told me you were coming. it has
been so long since i have seen you. we have
so much to talk about.
it has been such a long time.



on a chair, grasping for some words. letting another beer pour
into me. you are taking your coat from the pile,
slipping your boots, cigarette hanging from your lips.
i am at the logical end of my desperation.
the illness has run through the stages,
and I have been left with some brittle soul,
constant attacks, constant fire. some bloated
and diseased sadness festers inside me.

you say goodbye. you could help. were you introduced into my life
to help? could you bend through the thin air between us and come into my head
and push away this dusted cloud forever? do you know some real truth, some
gold plated word that will heal? Can you heal? Can you help?

another beer, farther down into this silence and terror. you could not know how
i came to you for warmth. i did not tell you how i layed inside a tomb of blankets
and thought the about the heat of your body pressed against mine.
you couldn't know. it wasn't your fault. it wasn't your fault. you had no way of
knowing, no score to keep, no way to remain.
you couldn't know, you had no way of knowing.
i would not tell you. silence. you had no way of knowing.

YOU ARE A MASSIVE SOUL. A GRAND THING.
YOU EXIST IN DIVINE SPACE THAT YOU WILL EXPAND AND FILL.

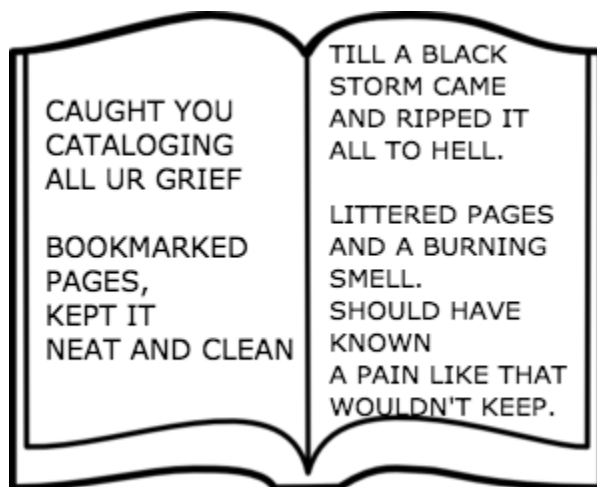
YOU ARE A DIVINE THING. YOU HAVE A HEART
FULL OF KINDNESS.

YOU ARE DRIVING DOWN A WINDING ROAD
YOU KNOW WELL. IT LEADS TO YOUR CHILDHOOD
HOME. EACH BEND IS FAMILIAR.

IT IS DARK. YOU HAVE REACHED THE LOGICAL END OF ALL EXPANSION .

YOU ARE A DIVINE THING. YOU ARE A MASSIVE SOUL. YOU ARE
GOING TO BE OK.

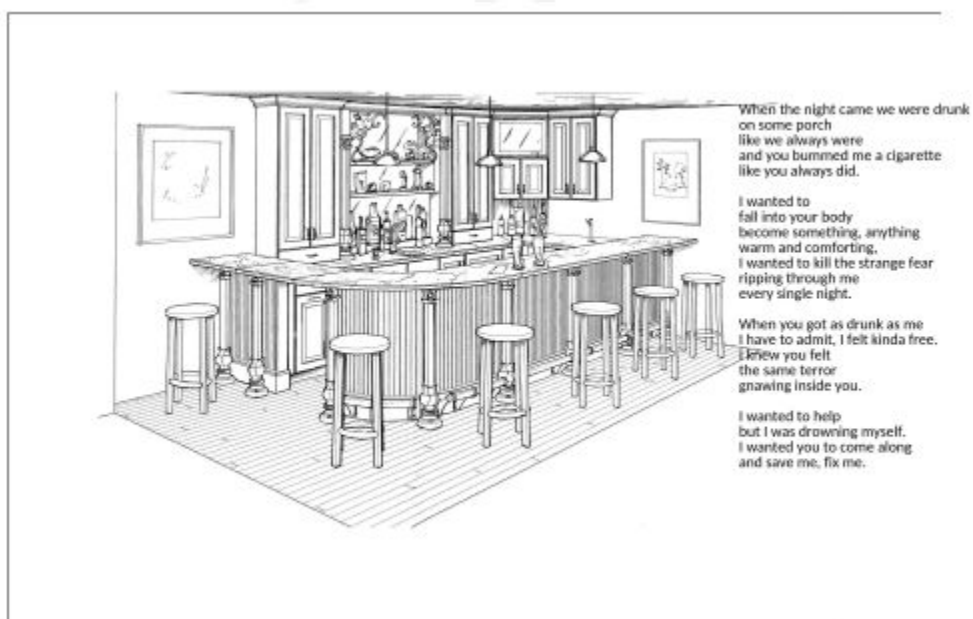
IT IS DARK. YOU ARE A DIVINE
THING, A MASSIVE SOUL, AND YOU WILL SEE THE BLACK AS IT
RACES TOWARD YOU, FROM THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD.
YOU WILL FEEL THE PULL OF THE HOT MEMORY FADING
SOME SPIT UP; BLOOD. SOME COMPRESSION, SOME BROKEN RADIO





leaving is easy.

the hard part is never
coming back.



When the night came we were drunk
on some porch
like we always were
and you bummed me a cigarette
like you always did.

I wanted to
fall into your body
become something, anything
warm and comforting.
I wanted to kill the strange fear
ripping through me
every single night.

When you got as drunk as me
I have to admit, I felt kinda free.
I knew you felt
the same terror
gnawing inside you.

I wanted to help
but I was drowning myself.
I wanted you to come along
and save me, fix me.

five
minutes
into the play
your ass starts
to hurt and you
wonder how
so many of your
dreams
could have died
at once

WHATEVER LIGHT IS PURE AND BRIGHT,
SMASH IT UP AGAINST THE MOON.
NO REST WILL COME. THE BLACK DARK SKY
THE EMPTY BOTTLE, THE TRASH HEAP RUIN



WHATEVER LIGHT IS PURE AND BRIGHT,
SMASH IT UP AGAINST THE MOON.
NO REST WILL COME. THE BLACK DARK SKY
THE EMPTY BOTTLE, THE TRASH HEAP RUIN
NO REST WILL COME. THE BLACK DARK SKY
SMASH IT UP AGAINST THE MOON.
THE EMPTY BOTTLE, THE TRASH HEAP RUIN
NO REST WILL COME. THE BLACK DARK

SOME OF US WILL BE OK

SOME OF US WILL NOT BE

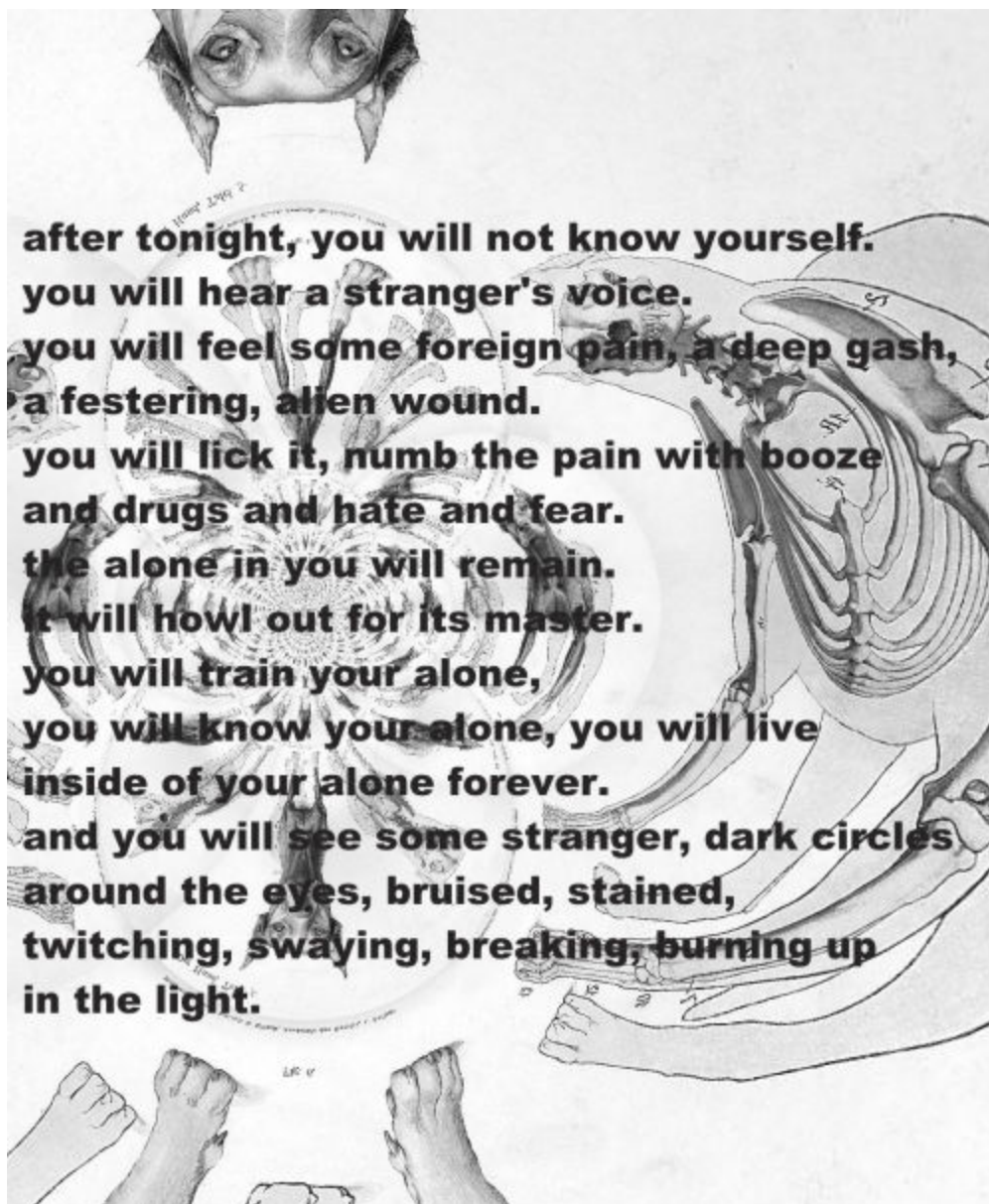
AFTER TONIGHT I WILL BE SOMETHING ELSE
AFTER TONIGHT YOU WILL NOT KNOW ME

BROKE DOWN BATHROOM FLOOR,

AND IF I WERE TO HELP YOU IF I COULD HELP YOU II
I COULD HELP YOU IF I COULD BE KIND IF I COULD H
YOU IF I COULD BREAK DOWN BROKE DOWN FLOOR
IF I COULD HELP YOU HEAL WHATEVER YOU IS LEFT
HELP YOU HEAL YOU HOLD YOU THE BROKE DOWN
THE BREAKING SHATTERING IF I WERE TO HELP YOU
HOLD YOU BREAKING BATHROOM FLOOR HOLD YOU



spilt wine all over the wall trying to
uncork.
i let it stain.
in my mind i was letting blood.
some sacrifice was needed.
switched off all the lights.
turned the shower on and crawled in.
how could i say goodbye? the shower
felt like rain. i closed my eyes. the clarity
came with three bottles of wine. i splashed
some red on my chest. the rain came down.
why aren't you here? why can't you help?
but you didn't even know. there was no way for you
to know

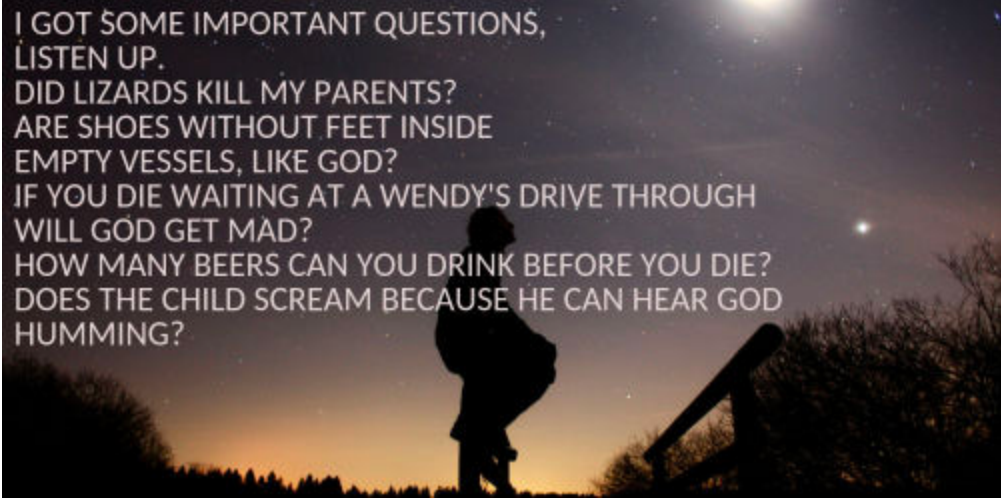


after tonight, you will not know yourself.
you will hear a stranger's voice.
you will feel some foreign pain, a deep gash,
a festering, alien wound.
you will lick it, numb the pain with booze
and drugs and hate and fear.
the alone in you will remain.
it will howl out for its master.
you will train your alone,
you will know your alone, you will live
inside of your alone forever.
and you will see some stranger, dark circles
around the eyes, bruised, stained,
twitching, swaying, breaking, burning up
in the light.

i still dream about my childhood room. i can remember every drawer, every
divot in the green carpet. in my dreams some terror is looming



and i am about to be destroyed. i lay down and look up from my bottom bunk.
the door creaks open. the terror enters. i wake up.

A silhouette of a person standing on a hill, looking through a telescope. The background is a dark night sky filled with stars and a bright light source, possibly the moon, in the upper right. The horizon is visible with some trees and a low orange glow from the setting or rising sun.

I GOT SOME IMPORTANT QUESTIONS,
LISTEN UP.
DID LIZARDS KILL MY PARENTS?
ARE SHOES WITHOUT FEET INSIDE
EMPTY VESSELS, LIKE GOD?
IF YOU DIE WAITING AT A WENDY'S DRIVE THROUGH
WILL GOD GET MAD?
HOW MANY BEERS CAN YOU DRINK BEFORE YOU DIE?
DOES THE CHILD SCREAM BECAUSE HE CAN HEAR GOD
HUMMING?

there is a stranger inside you, grim and vigilant, glassy eyed. he comes out when you drink. he comes in the dark.

he is on the couch, he is waiting for the darkness, waiting for the lash flash of life to hit your veins.

c

d

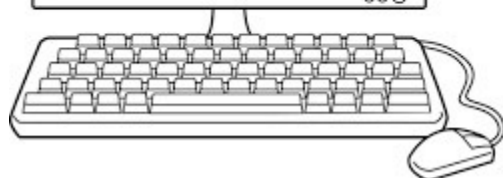
to be pure. to be kind.
to be pure. to be kind.
to be pure. to be kind.
to be pure. to be kind.
to be pure. to be kind.
to be unwell, to be sick
to be pure. to be kind.
to be unwell, to be sick
to have a darkness, to
be sick, to have a fear
to feed the fear, to drink
to be drunk to be kind
while drunk to not have kindness
to have no fear. to be
afraid. to have a heart.
to have a rotting
head. to hold some
fire close to your soul.
to be pure. to be kind.
to fuck up badly. to kill
whatever self is left.

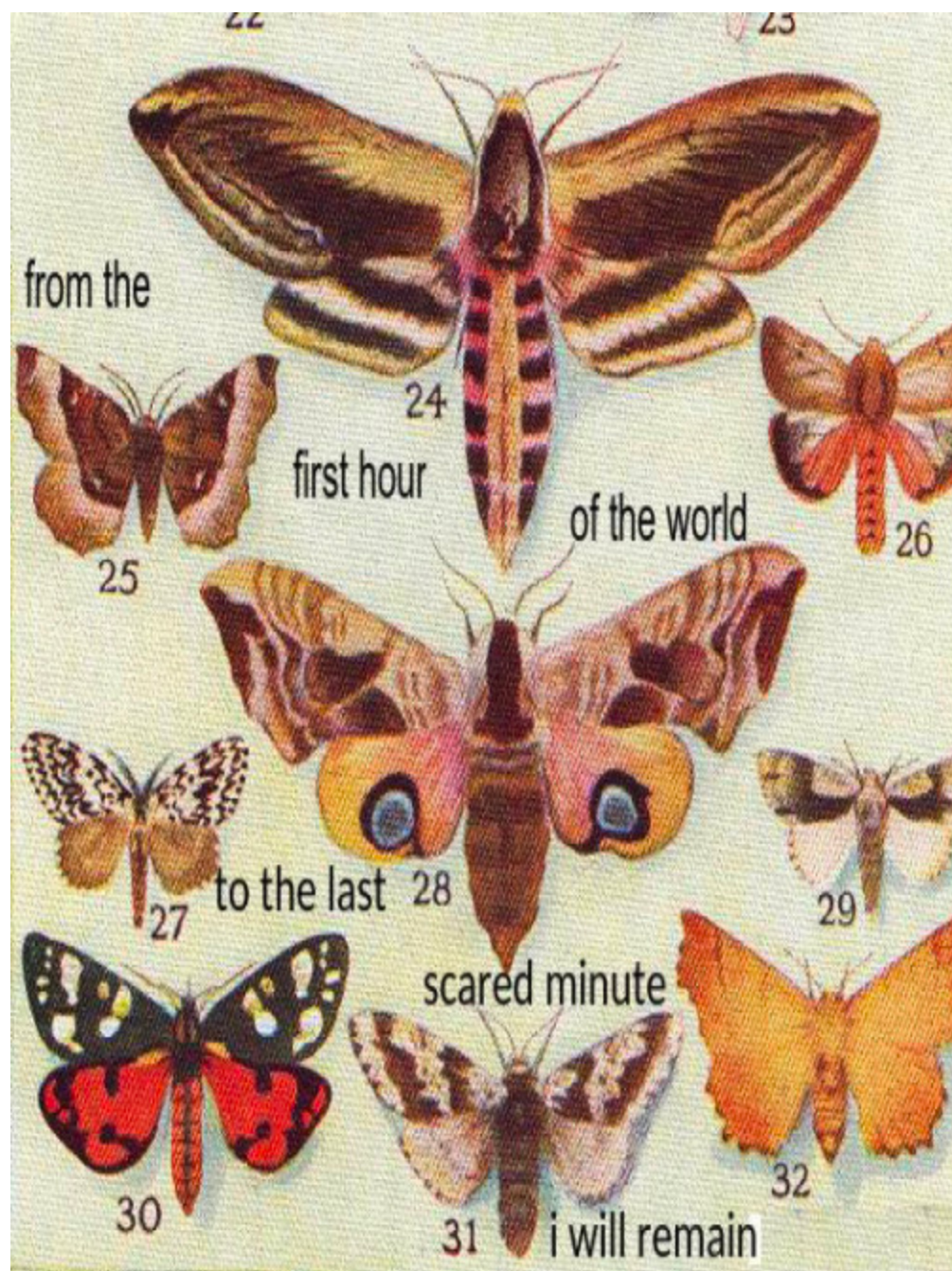


I AM GOING
TO HELP YOU
I AM GOING
TO SHOW YOU
HOW TO LEAVE
THIS PLACE HOW
TO RISE FROM
YOUR SICKBED
HOW TO KEEP
A VIGIL HOW
TO SHOW YOUR
FRIENDS THAT
THIS IS FOR THE
BEST I AM GOING
TO SHOW YOU
HOW BAD IT
CAN REALLY BE

ENTRY LOG:

Was a vigil kept? y/n. Did the spirit
leave the body? y/n Are you drunk?
y/n Are you going to drink more? y/n?





A

when we are asked if our
lives were enough



B

when our bodies begin to
fail and our souls begin to
leave



C

will we meet again
in some great beyond?



D

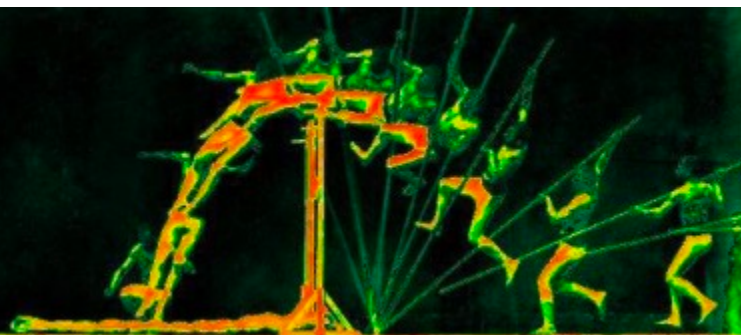
or will we feel it at all
when our
living light flickers and dies?



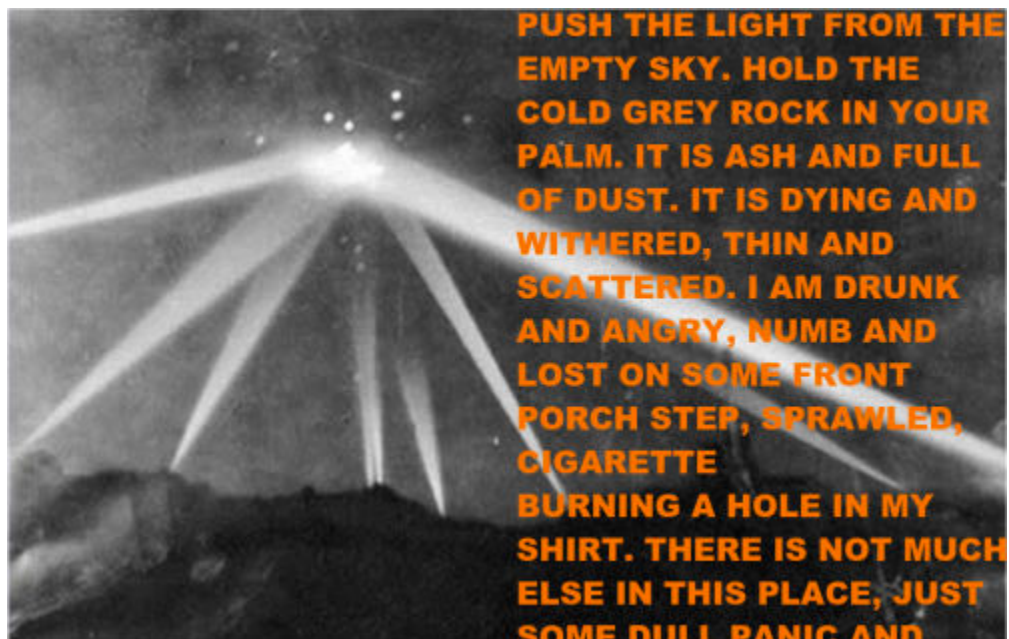
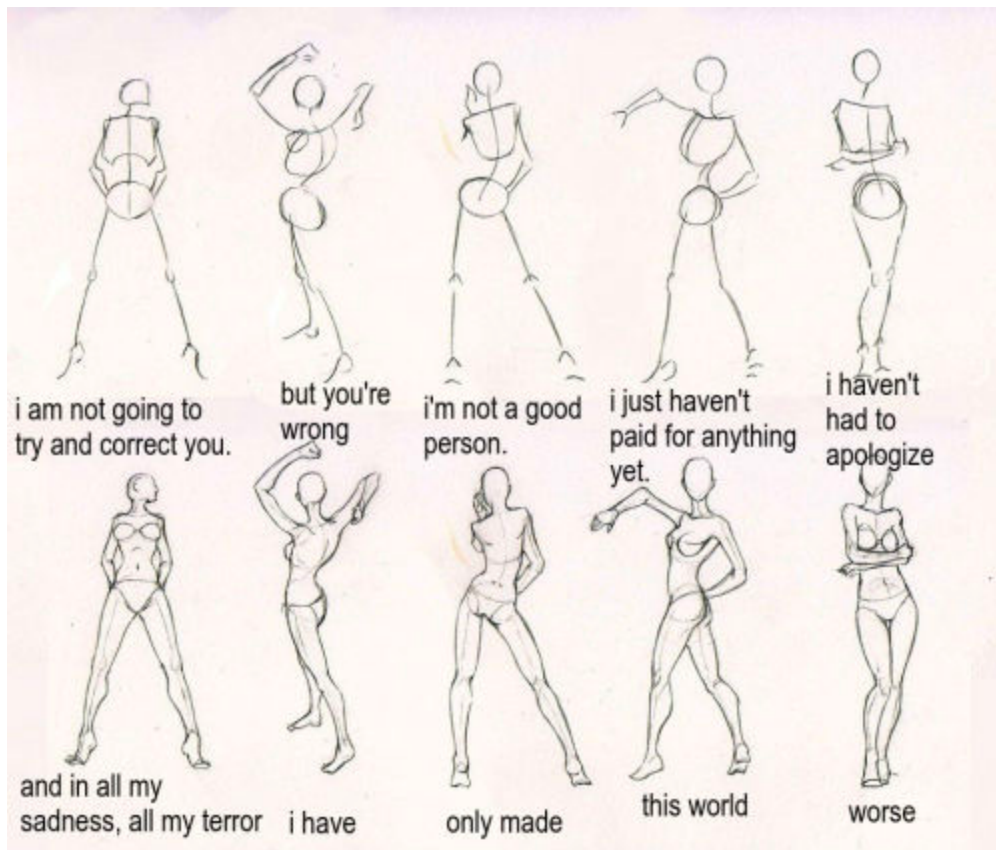


OUR FRIENDS KEEP DYING

I will not
remain in this
empty place.
I will not
remain in this
dim, cold
hell. I will not
remain in these
broke down
rags. I will not





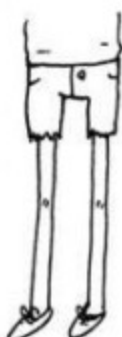




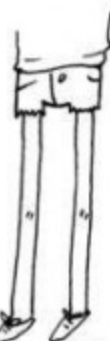
babe



how old



is ur



dad??

DON'T WORRY BABY



(DON'T WORRY BABY)

i broke all the bottles in this goddamn house. i took the door off the hinge
and i smashed your coffee mugs on the floor.



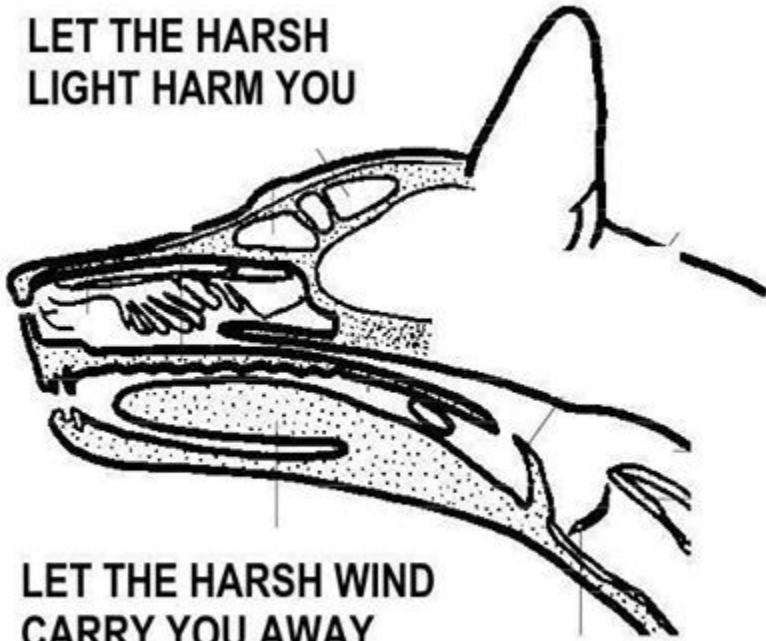
you came unhinged from this earth, lost your anchor, and left me alone.
so i break against the emptiness and listen for your humming through the thick
walls

this earth is not the
pride of some
kind God



move to Philly. Clinically die
for 48 hours. Wake up on a
park bench. Eat hummus you
jacked from a salsa company to
regain strength and stabilize.
Rob a noise band's tour bus.
Feel bad. Turn yourself in,
spend a year on probation.
Blur the time you spend alive
out with all sorts of fucked up
substances. Submit to the void.

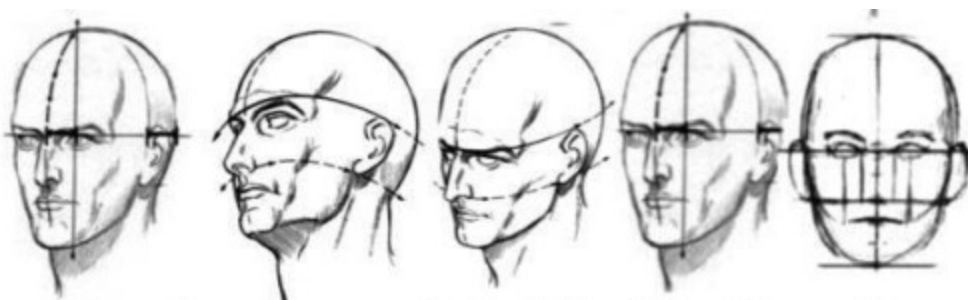
LET THE HARSH
LIGHT HARM YOU



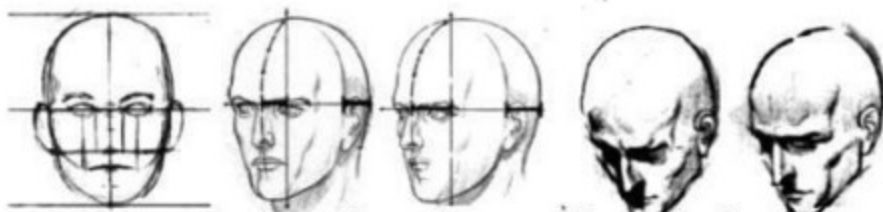
LET THE HARSH WIND
CARRY YOU AWAY



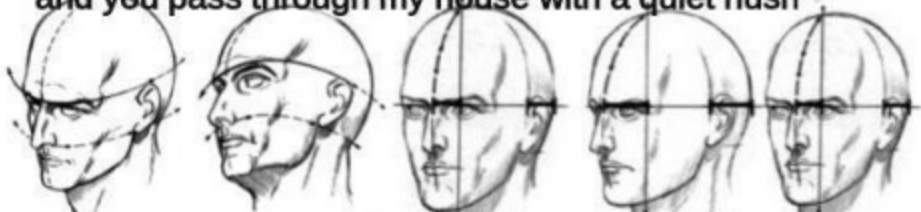
this sadness is not some unknown cloud. this sadness is and always will be my own. and i will drown it. i will break it apart in my jaws and shatter myself



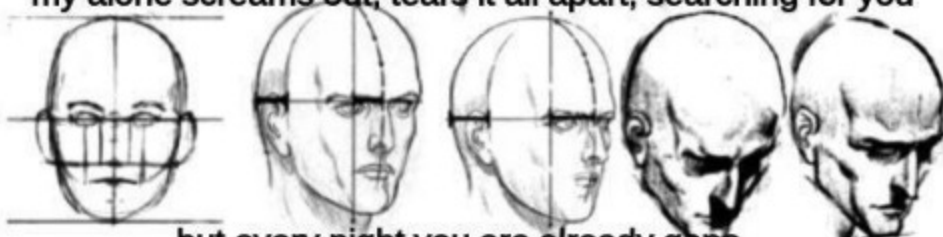
in my dreams you are the last living light of the world



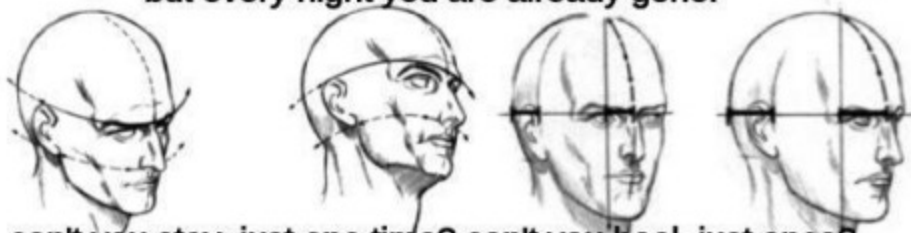
and you pass through my house with a quiet hush



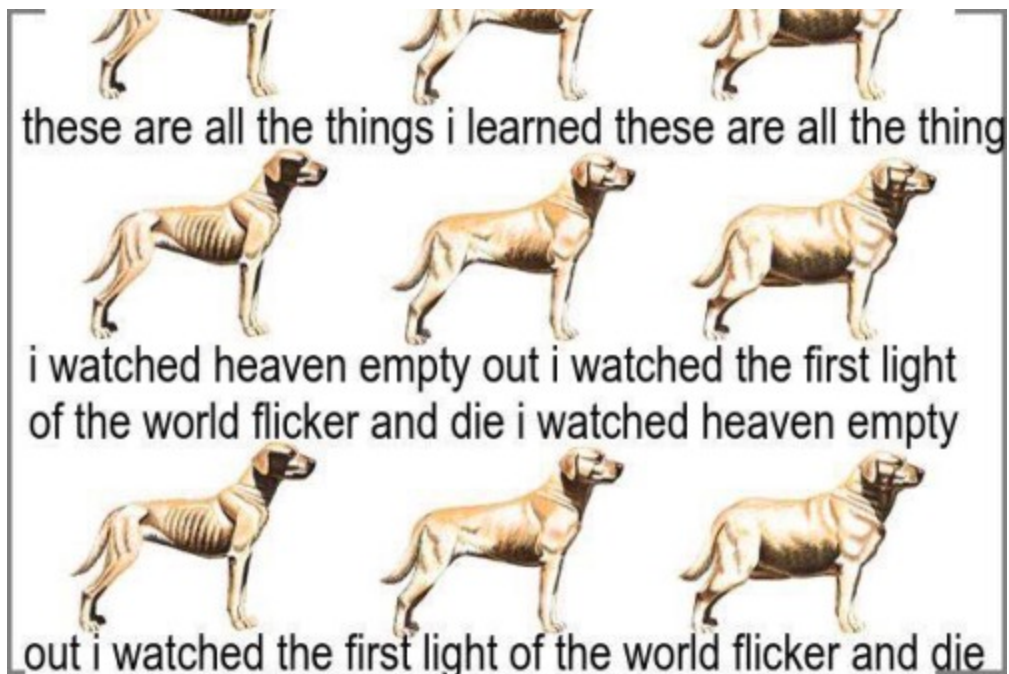
my alone screams out, tears it all apart, searching for you



but every night you are already gone.



can't you stay, just one time? can't you heal, just once?



come back to the living world for
a single morning, please.



*i was not made for this kind of test. i
will break apart. i will not remain. i will
come undone and you will never see
me
again*



**i was not put on this earth
to help.**



**every day fades into a blurred
mess of sadness.**



**when the great engine sputters
and dies, i will be waiting in the
wings for you.**



**you will see me. we be swept
up in a rushing cloud of dust
and fragmented pieces**



1.



a deep doom
is coming.

2.



you can feel
the storms of
dread sweep in

3.



4.



rolling down the
mountains, bloated clouds of black.

5.



when it hits,
i will be terrified forever.
when it hits
there
will be no shelter.

i tried my best to be
tortured.

i drank and
drank

and
thought
you

would

come to
me in the night
and let me

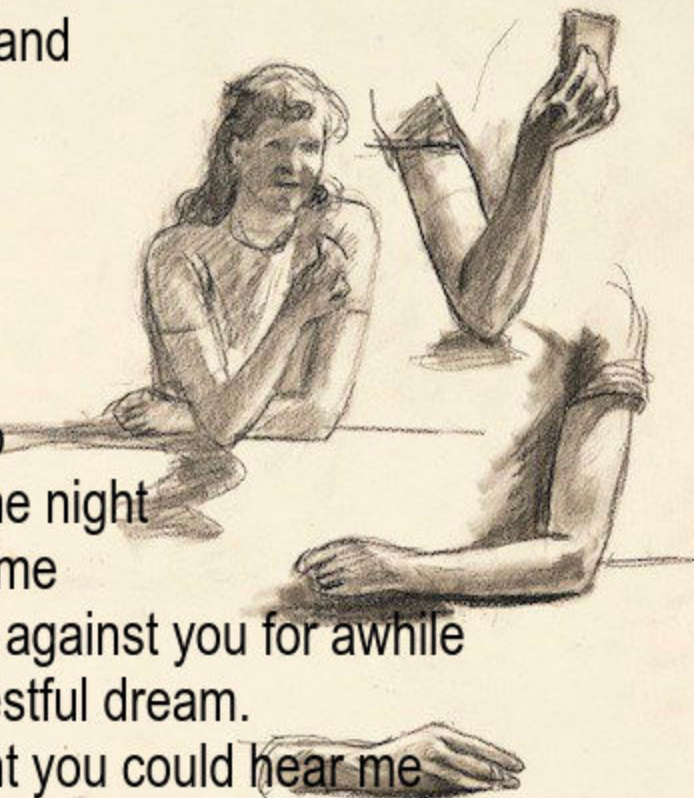
lean up against you for awhile
like a restful dream.

i thought you could hear me

and when i was beside the

bathtub, crying at the logical end of
my desperation, i thought you'd help.

but it wasn't your job. i was acting out of line.
you didn't even know.



CORRECT FRONTS



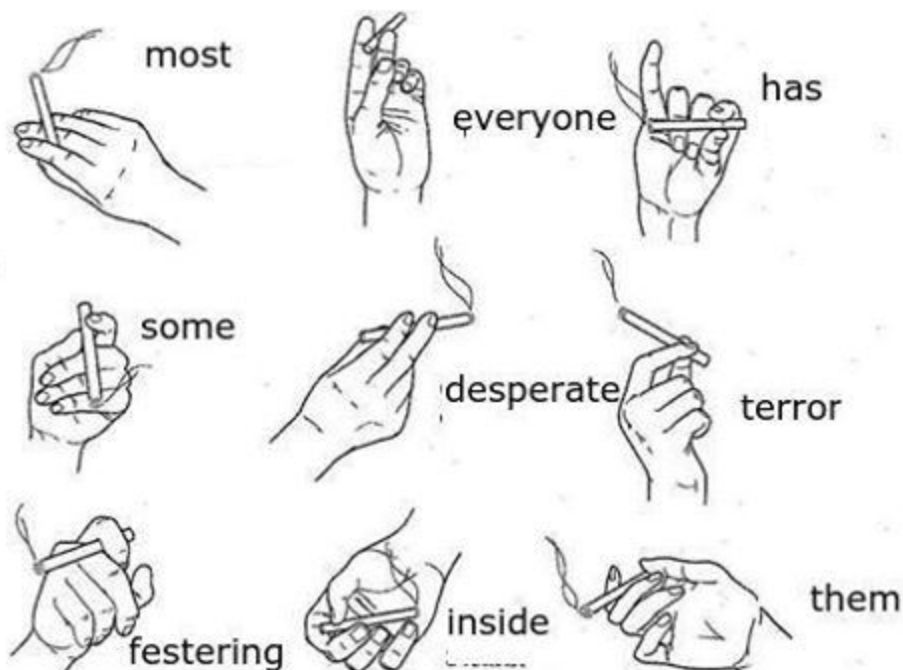
pick a silence,
choose a
sickness.
follow the illness,
the loneliness
to
a logical
conclusion.



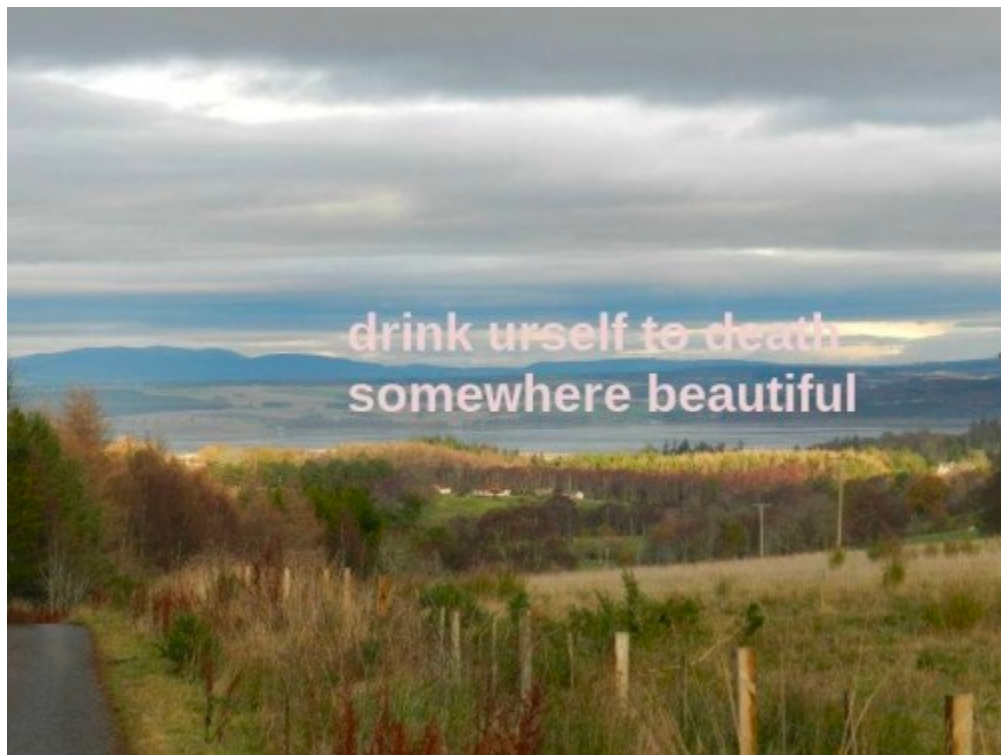
and when you
arrive, when your
body stops,
you can
neatly wrap
up the whole
ordeal. you can
choose to forget
the unkindness,
the terror. you can
blur it all out like a
fast fading memory.



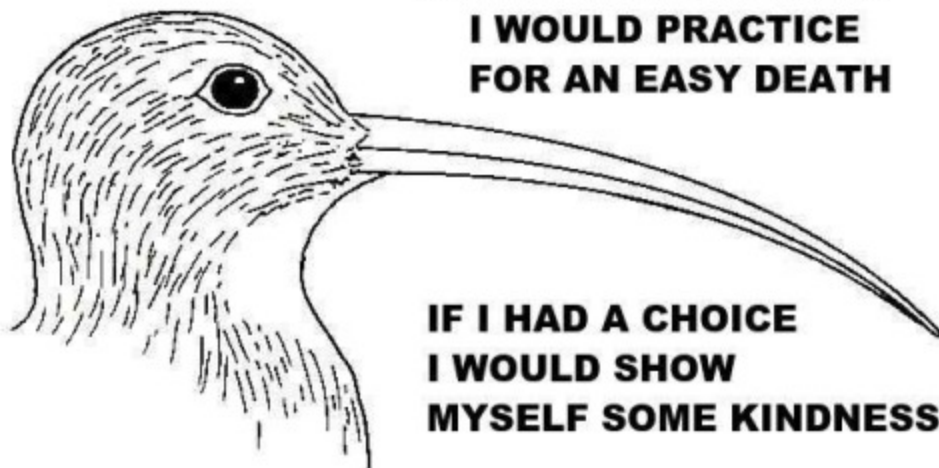
just
remember
me.
waiting
in the
wings.
holding
your palm,
whispering,
crying in the
bathtub.



1, Right Thumb drunk on	2, Right Index a couch	3, Right Middle somewhere	4, Right Ring in the	5, Right Little north end
6, Left Thumb feeling like a stranger	7, Left Index i crack another beer	8, Left Middle the terror creeps in	9, Left Ring i rise, off balance and knock over an end	10, Left Little table
Left Four Fingers Taken Simultaneously i don't apologize, if i don't leave now i will be destroyed i am going to flee as far as i can		Left Thumb i am going to leave	Right Thumb i am going to beat this	Right Four Fingers Taken Simultaneously but first i need to leave



all along in these dark days we cling to something rooted deep into the soil. there are latches for our fingers and grips for us to grasp. we may be swept away. we may be buried deep. but all along in these dark days, the days after we gather around sitting sobbing the kitchen table we are tested. we are told a terrible secret and we have to keep it silent in our hearts.
all along in these dark days we wonder if the lives we lead are actually ours.



**AND IF I HAD A CHOICE
I WOULD PRACTICE
FOR AN EASY DEATH**

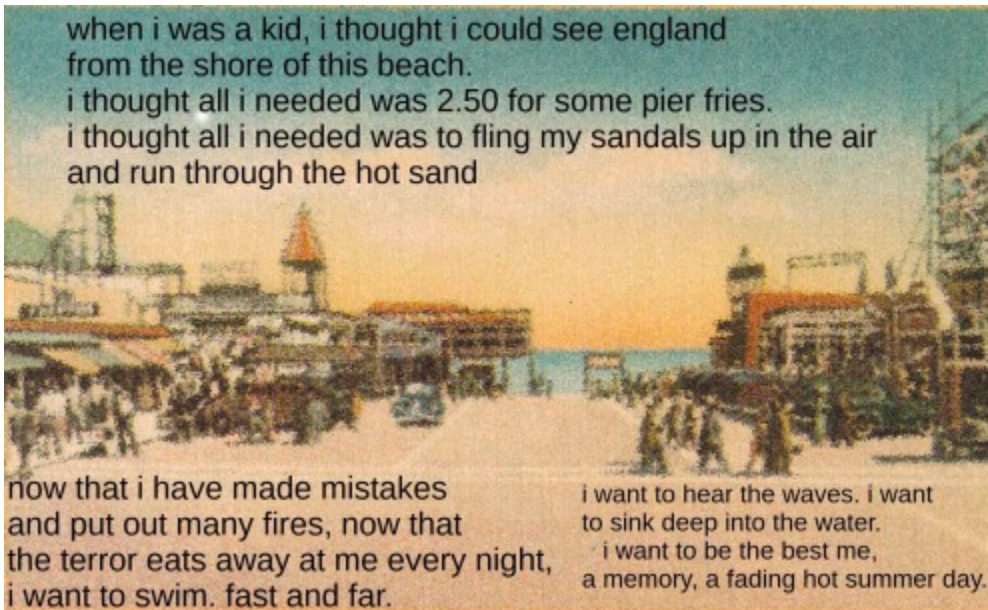
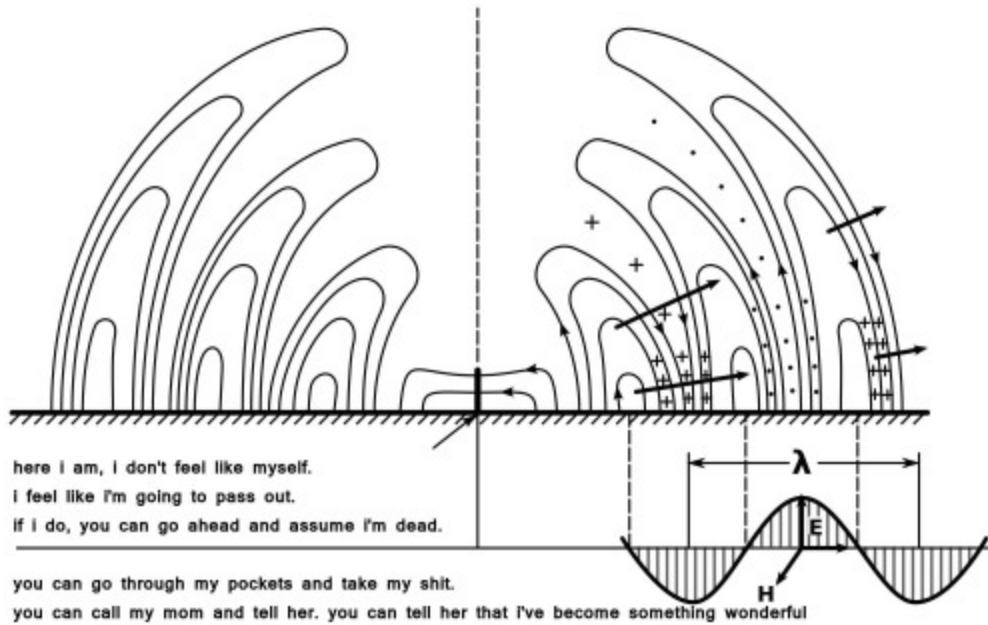
**IF I HAD A CHOICE
I WOULD SHOW
MYSELF SOME KINDNESS**



*i have not met any man or woman strong
enough to defeat this ancient terror*



ALL THAT I GAVE I GAVE
WITH A HEAVY, STARVING
HEART. ALL THAT REMAINS
IS THE ACHE OF SOME
UNDISCOVERED LOSS.



ARE YOU SURE
YOU WANT TO STAY?

EPILLOGUE:

I see dark waves at night,
vision dulls to a pinprick,
headlights double vision,
black beckons me

I see you when I close my eyes;
you're alive, and you
are not angry, I'm not sure
if you're supposed to be here
or I'm supposed to be dead.
It's ending,
you can watch
it all dim out.



you know when you pull into your driveway
and see a bunch of weird cars parked
everywhere
and then you open your front
door and step inside and there's
a bunch of quietly crying
people sitting around the kitchen table and
your mom walks towards you and says she
sorry but

...

...

...

...

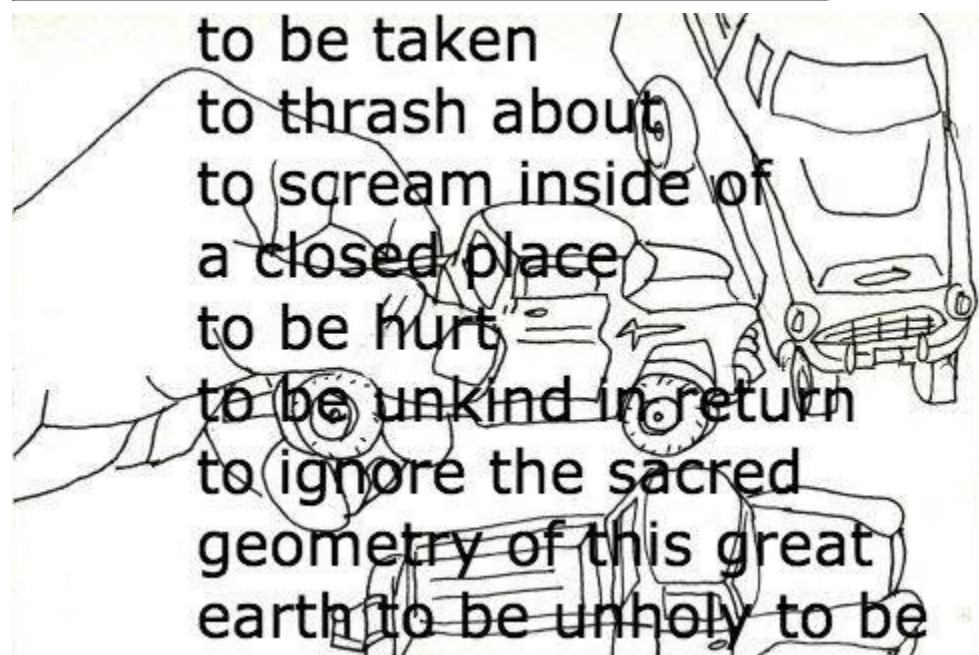
...



you made it. you're home.
just as you left it. there's a box
of your favorite cereal
in the cupboard.
your favorite soda in the fridge.
your favorite movie
is in the VCR.
your safe bed is
made and waiting for you.
this was the final test
and you passed. you can rest now.



i am sorry
i am not acting like
my best self



you should

feel guilty

**about being
happy**



UNHINGE, RISE UP,
NO TETHERS, NO CHAINS,
NO KEEPING.

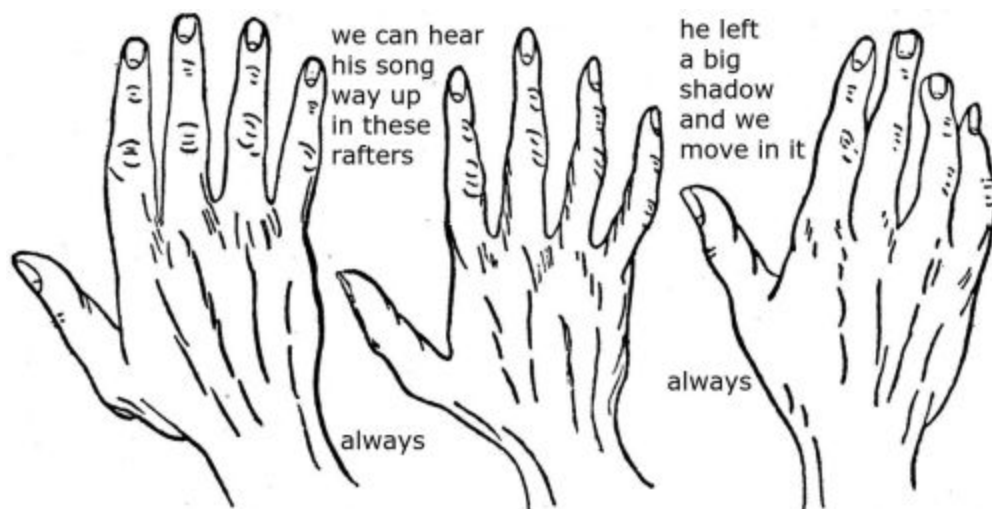
UNHINGE, RISE UP, NO
FRAIL AND GASPING,
NO HURT AND STUMBLING,
NO BROKE DOWN BATHROOM
FLOORS.

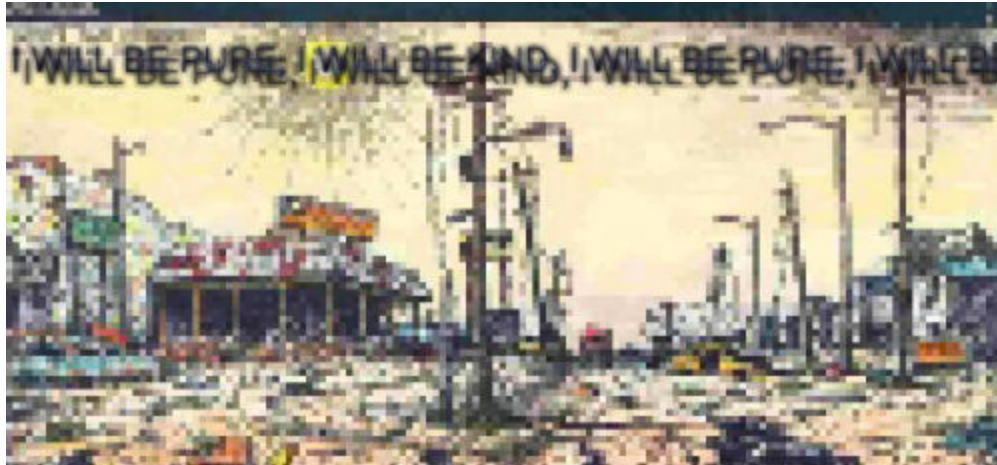
EMPTY THE WINE, UNHINGE,
RISE UP, NO MORE SAD
AND DISTANT, NO MORE RAISING
THE DEAD EVERY MORNING.

UNHINGE, RISE UP, NO VOID,
NO PULSE, NO MORE FIRE
NO MORE WALKING
NO MORE CAGES

UNHINGE, RISE UP, NO SPEAKING
UNHINGE, RISE UP, NO SCREAMING
UNHINGE, RISE UP, AND DO NOT REMAIN

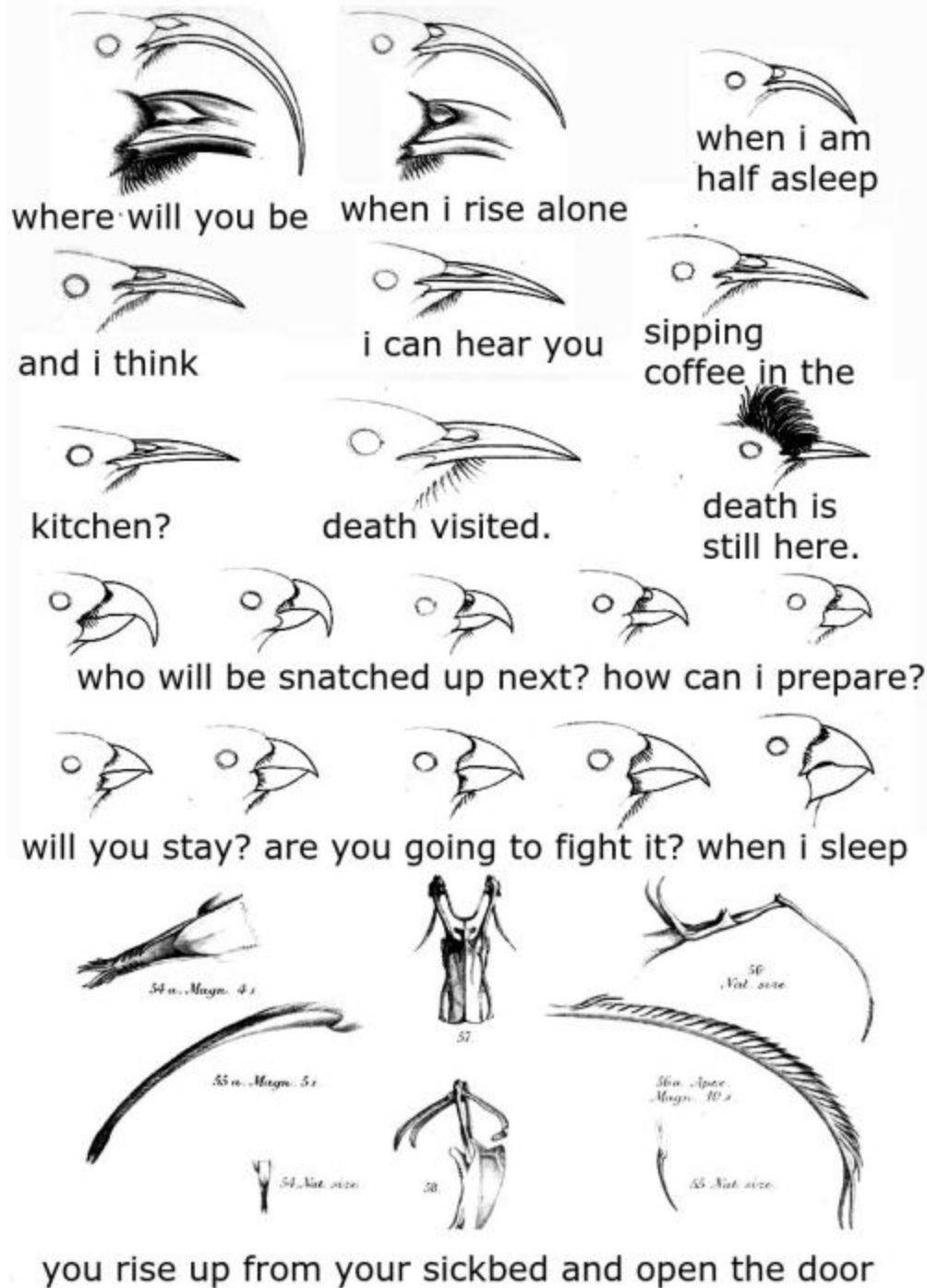






YOUR CHILDHOOD
DOG IS ALIVE. YOUR DEAD
BEST FRIEND WANTS
TO GET COFFEE. YOU HAVE
BEEN KIND AND GOOD.
THERE IS NOTHING CHASING
YOU. YOU CAN SLEEP.
WHAT DO YOU DO?

I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SPACE
IN MY HEART AND I FILL IT
WITH KINDNESS. I HAVE
A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, AND I
GO THERE OFTEN. I HAVE A
DIVINE TOUNGE AND I SPEAK
IT OFTEN. I HAVE A GRACED
GOD AND I PRAISE IT OFTEN.



save
save



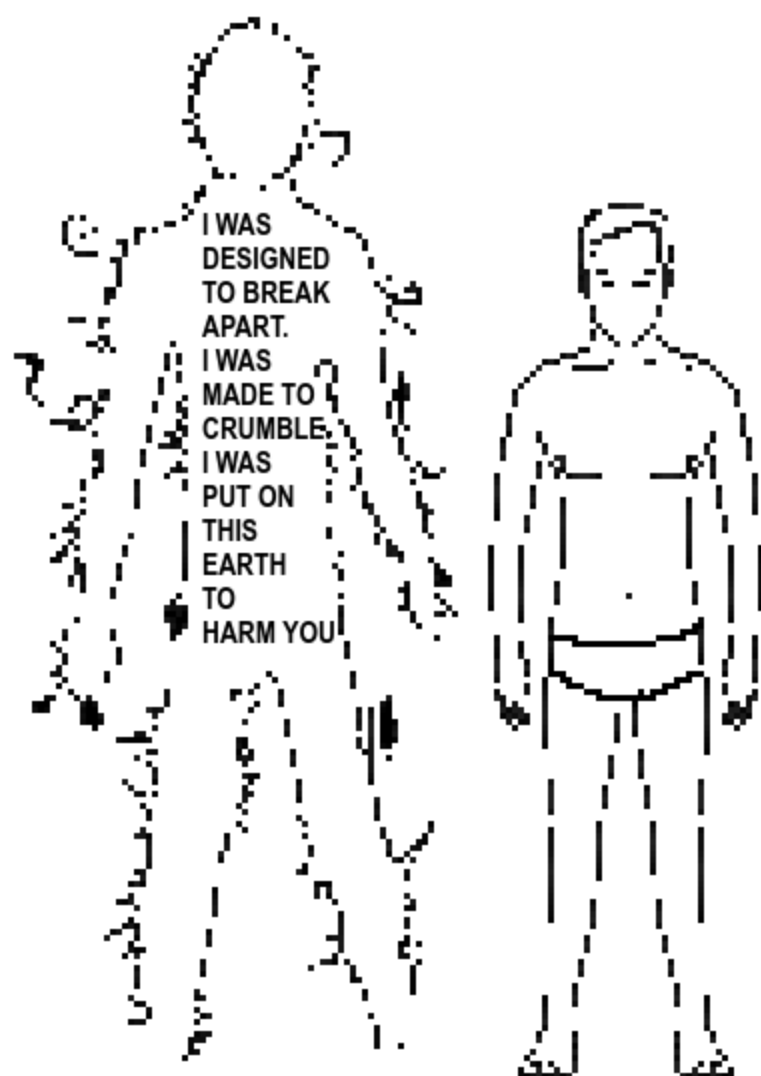
this
is a
way out

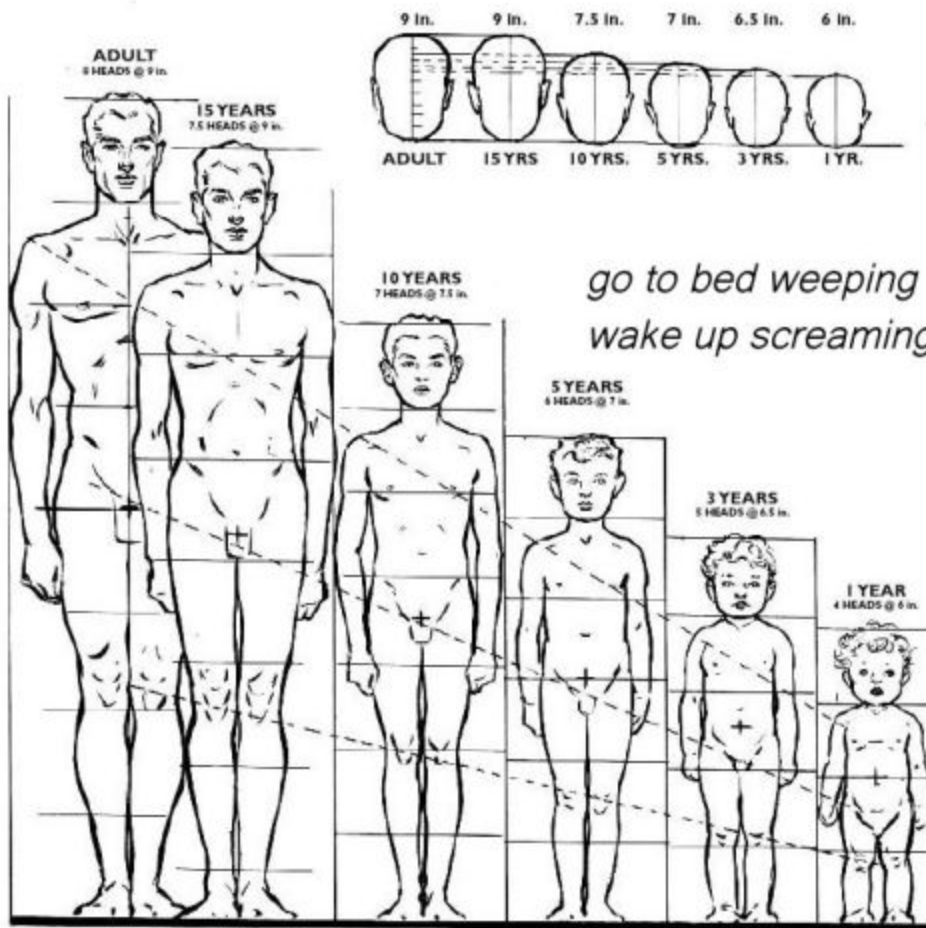
plus deposit
this is a
valid exit
strategy

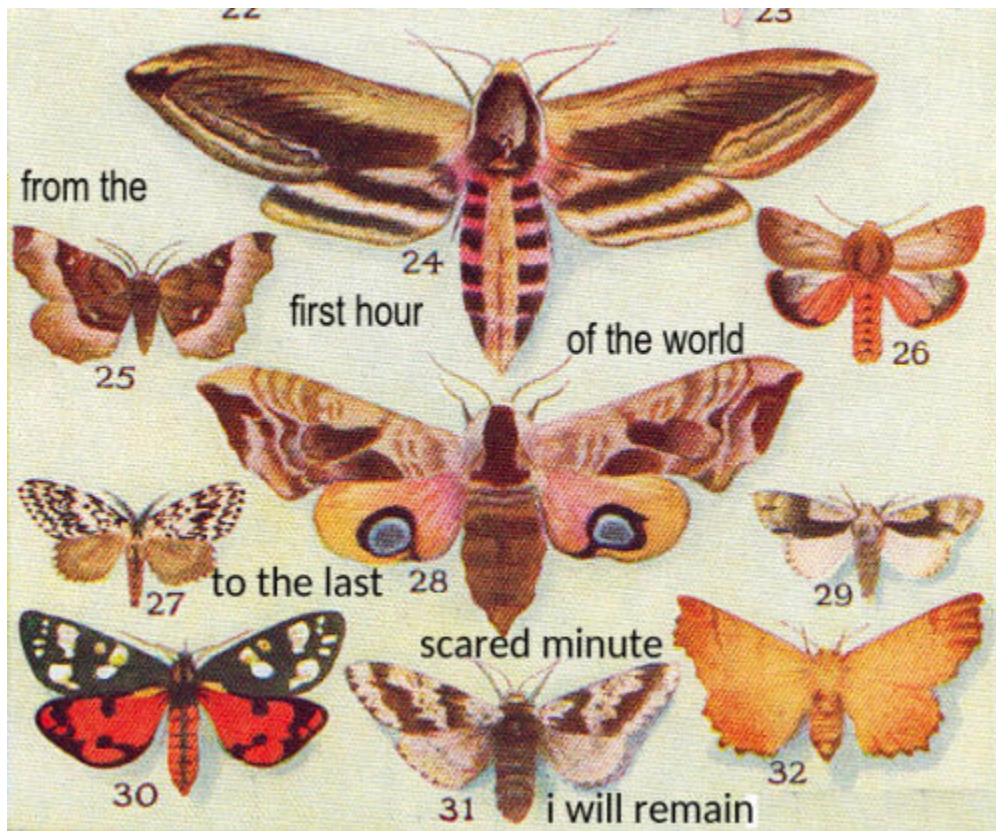
3.88

These are the last days of a dying
earth
Let us not
remain
Let us fade
away









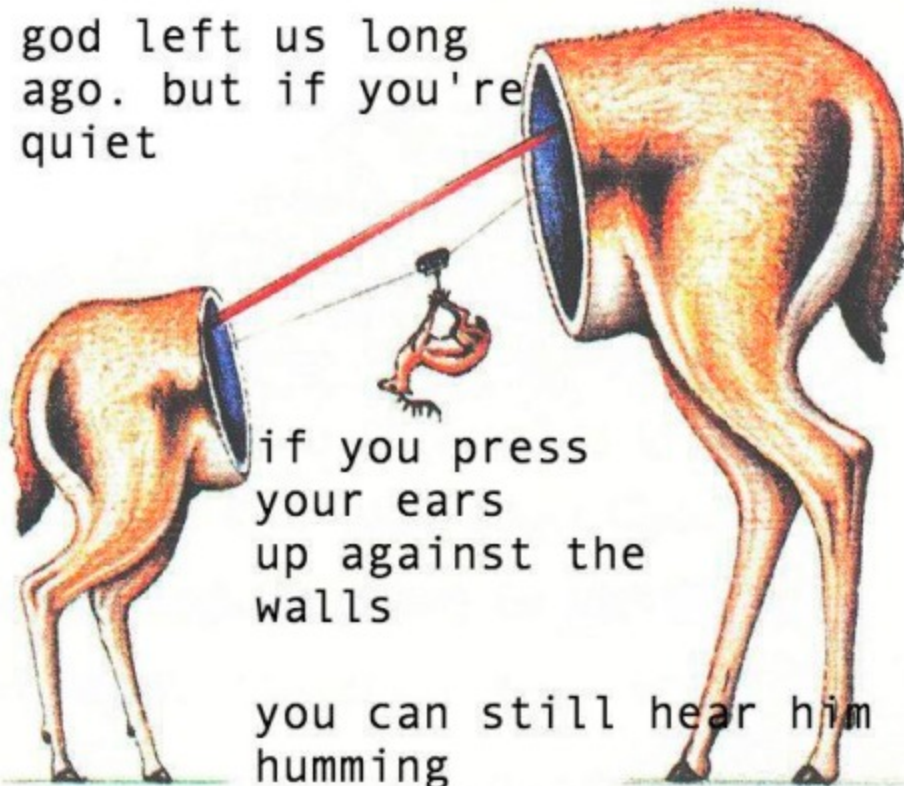
2017

everything
else was
beautiful
and



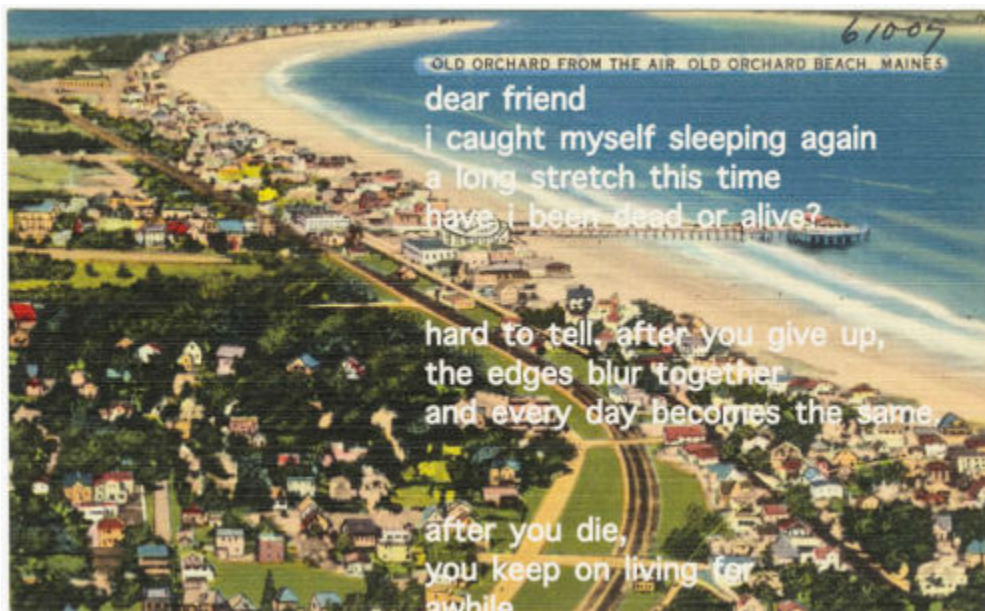
it was all
going so well

god left us long
ago. but if you're
quiet



if you press
your ears
up against the
walls

you can still hear him
humming



61009
OLD ORCHARD FROM THE AIR OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE
dear friend
i caught myself sleeping again
a long stretch this time
have i been dead or alive?

hard to tell, after you give up,
the edges blur together
and every day becomes the same.

after you die,
you keep on living for
awhile



time will render you unusable. time will wipe you obsolete, time will eat
away at the processes which allowed you to form and exist within it

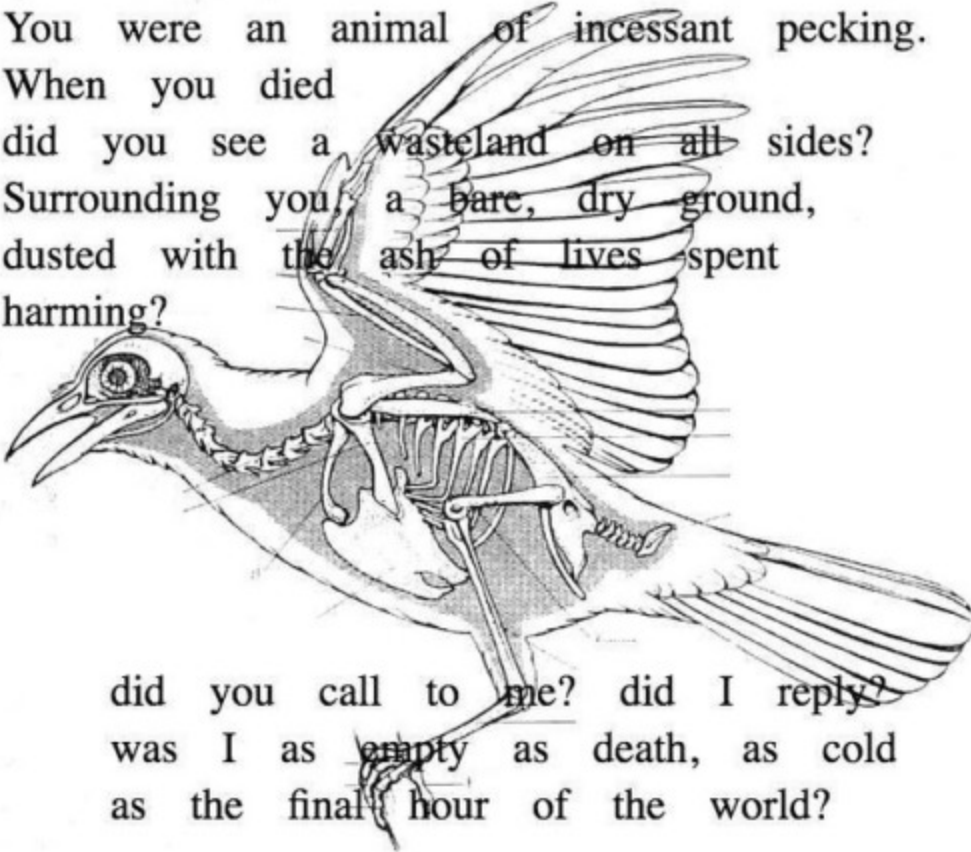
there's a quiet inside of this open air. it expands
and fills, and soon, you're walking through
the thick, tangible quiet.

and if you listen, if you really listen, you
can hear the pulse of the world, the old hum we
almost remember, the old language etched into us.

it's a strange thing, to hear the quiet.
one day, i'll be quiet forever. one day, i'll exist in
the space between words. one day, you'll hear me
whispering into the open air, singing something
you can almost understand



You were an animal of incessant pecking.
When you died
did you see a wasteland on all sides?
Surrounding you, a bare, dry ground,
dusted with the ash of lives spent
harming?



did you call to me? did I reply?
was I as empty as death, as cold
as the final hour of the world?

been sleeping most of the year. feeling
the time blur by. i woke up today, saw
myself again, clearer. i'm dreadful,
sure, and i'm pretty much all the way
dead. but i wasn't like this always. i
wasn't ever a machine, running on
fumes, trying hard to feel something,
anything



there are two men waiting for you outside
Lowe's.

one calls himself the good wolf.
he is covered in tribal tattoos and he has a
box of blank cds. he's going to ask you if you
have a Mac with a cd drive.

then there's a man dressed in a ripped flannel
jacket, overweight, dripping with sweat. he
has a greasy bag of stale french fries and he
is borderline comatose. he's the bad wolf.

they both scream every 45 seconds. which
wolf will you feed?

been sleeping most of the year.
feeling the time blur by.
i woke up today, saw myself again, clearer.

i'm dreadful, sure,
and i'm pretty much all the way dead.
but i wasn't like this always.
i wasn't ever a machine, running on fumes,
trying hard to feel something, anything.

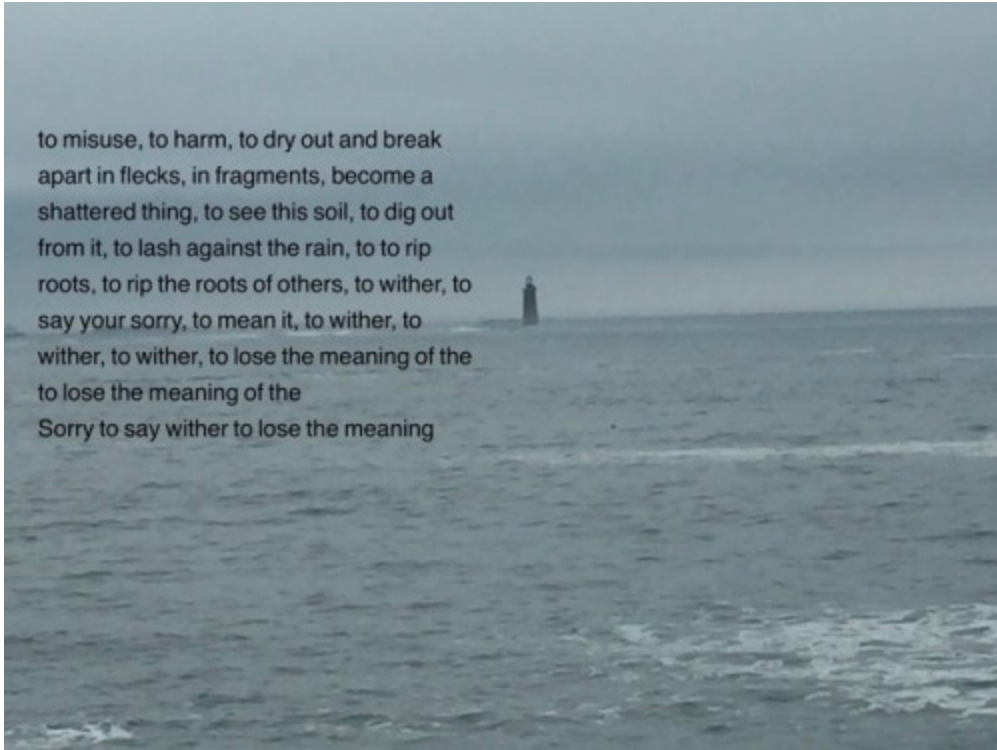
i'm sorry, but change doesn't
come. it never does. sleep visits every
night. what's wrong with sleep?
what's wrong with sleep? what's wrong



a dead thing ripped upon by
the birds, tossing up flesh,
the carcass providing, a
heavy thing set upon the
chest, cracking the lungs, a
ritual crushing, a sharp thing
cut up on the flesh, the holy
blood letting, a dead god
flayed out on the rock,
Innards gulped up like stew,
a new moon rises over the
world, a new hellish
pantheon made for us



to misuse, to harm, to dry out and break
apart in flecks, in fragments, become a
shattered thing, to see this soil, to dig out
from it, to lash against the rain, to to rip
roots, to rip the roots of others, to wither, to
say your sorry, to mean it, to wither, to
wither, to wither, to lose the meaning of the
to lose the meaning of the
Sorry to say wither to lose the meaning



brutal, lacking warmth, the
self attacking the narrative,
the self begging for the
erasure of the self, the self
flaying the self upon the
rock, the self smashing
against the self, the self, built
unevenly, bleeding from the
base of the construct, the
self, the self that hurt you,
myself, the self that cannot
remain



SLEEP, DREADFUL AND TIGHT
 SLEEP, AWFUL AND UNDYING
 SLEEP, MALADJUSTED AND MANIC
 SLEEP, PETULANT AND SCREAMING

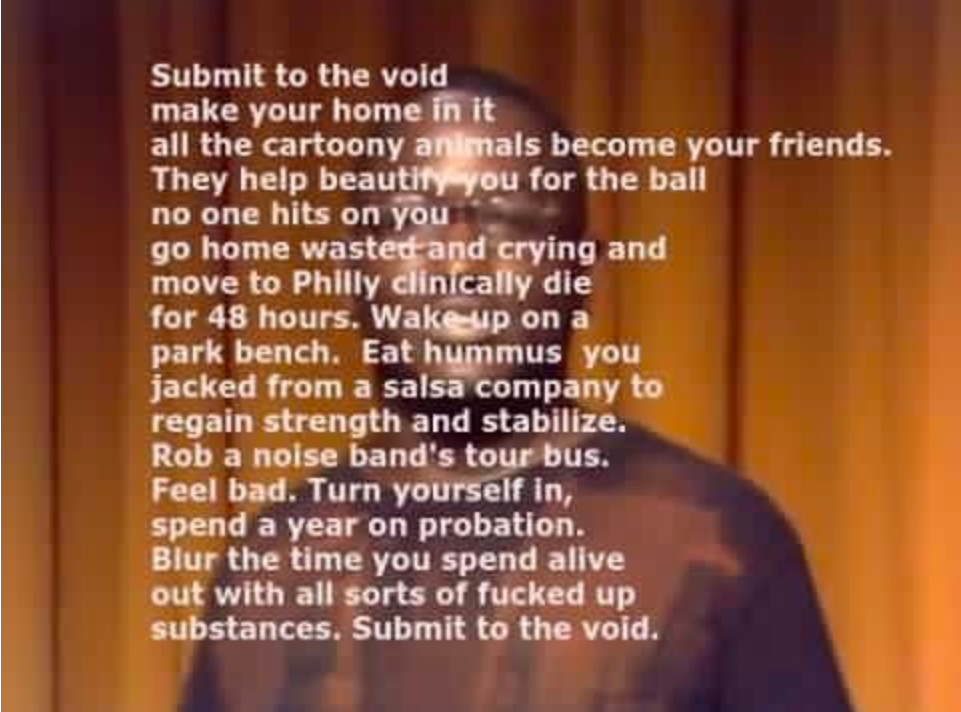
SLEEP, IN THIS PLACE, SLEEP IN THIS BED, NESTLED IN THESE BLANKETS, SLEEP INSIDE OF THIS TRAP,
 SLEEP INSIDE OF THIS BURNING HILLSIDE, THE THICK OIL SMOKE OF THE WORLD, THE OPEN WOUND
 OF THE COUNTRY, YOUNG AND OPEN, OPEN AND DYING, FESTERING,



SLEEP, YOU
 DREADFUL CREATURE
 LUL THE SELF THAT IS LEFT TO QUIET
 TO SLEEP. YOU DREADFUL CONSTRUCT. YOU ABSURD ~~STRETCH OF THE MIND.~~ SLEEP



EVERY DAY AND I KNOW THAT I HAVE TO TRY AND HOLD ON I KNOW THA



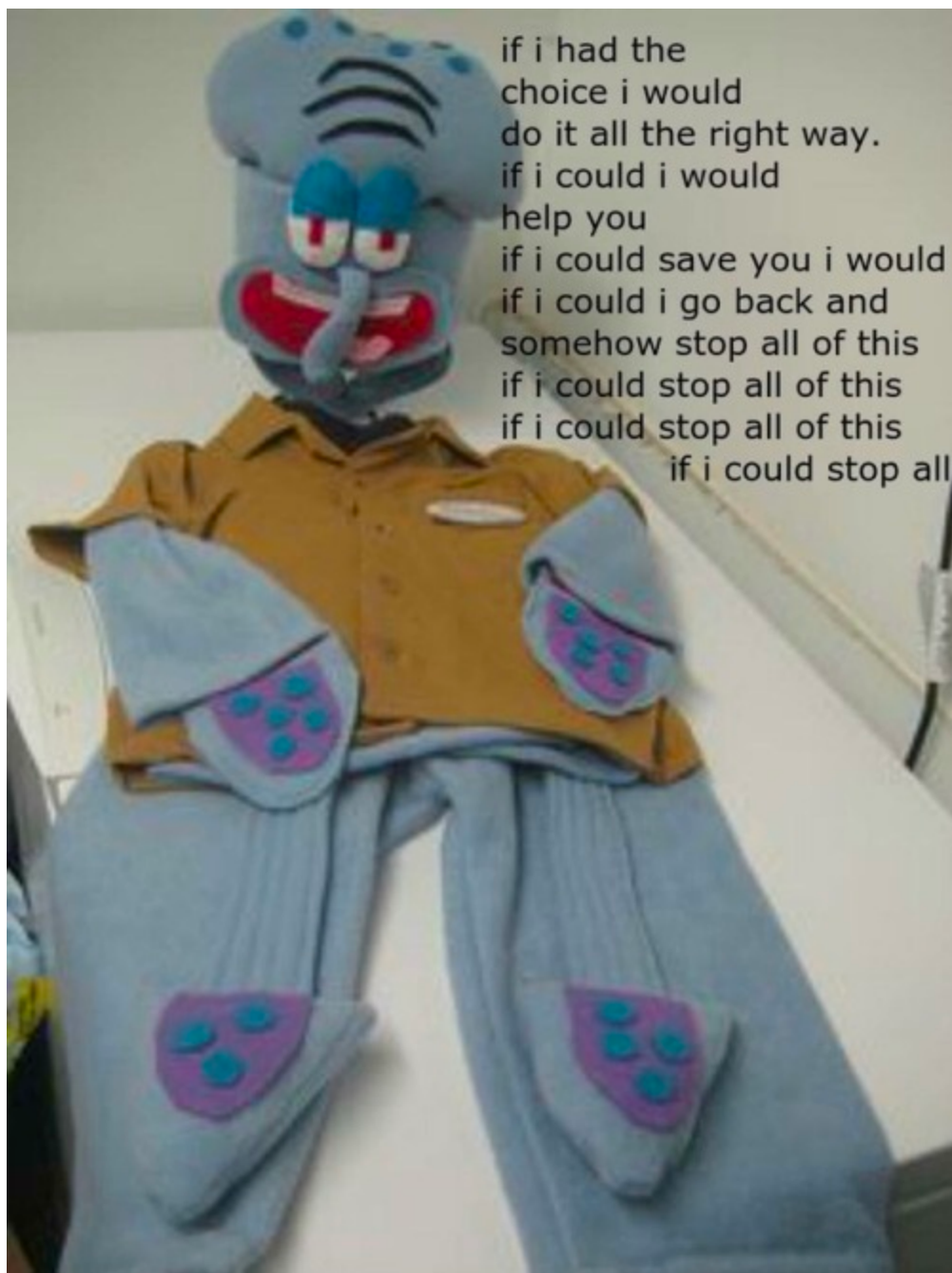
Submit to the void
make your home in it
all the cartoony animals become your friends.
They help beautify you for the ball
no one hits on you
go home wasted and crying and
move to Philly clinically die
for 48 hours. Wake up on a
park bench. Eat hummus you
jacked from a salsa company to
regain strength and stabilize.
Rob a noise band's tour bus.
Feel bad. Turn yourself in,
spend a year on probation.
Blur the time you spend alive
out with all sorts of fucked up
substances. Submit to the void.

and you will go
and you will be gone
and you will go
and you will be gone
and you will go
and you will be gone
and you will go
and you will be gone
and you will go
and you will be gone
and you will go
and you will be gone
and you will go
and you will be gone

last night,
while i was dreaming,
i forgot you
were dead.

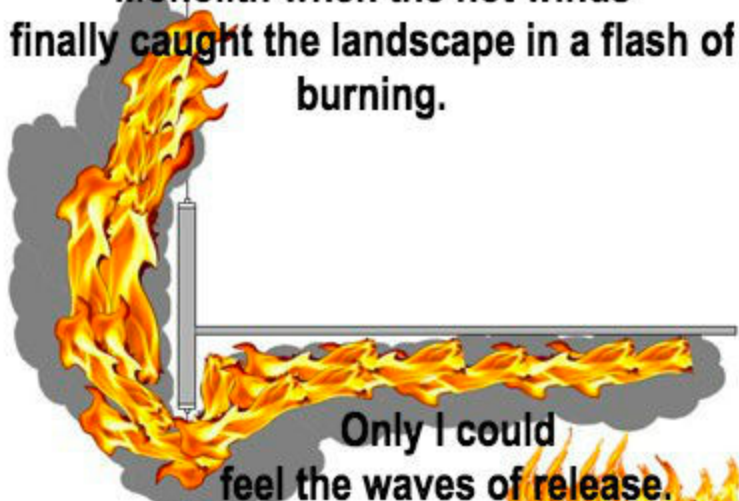


now, i just want
to go to sleep
again.

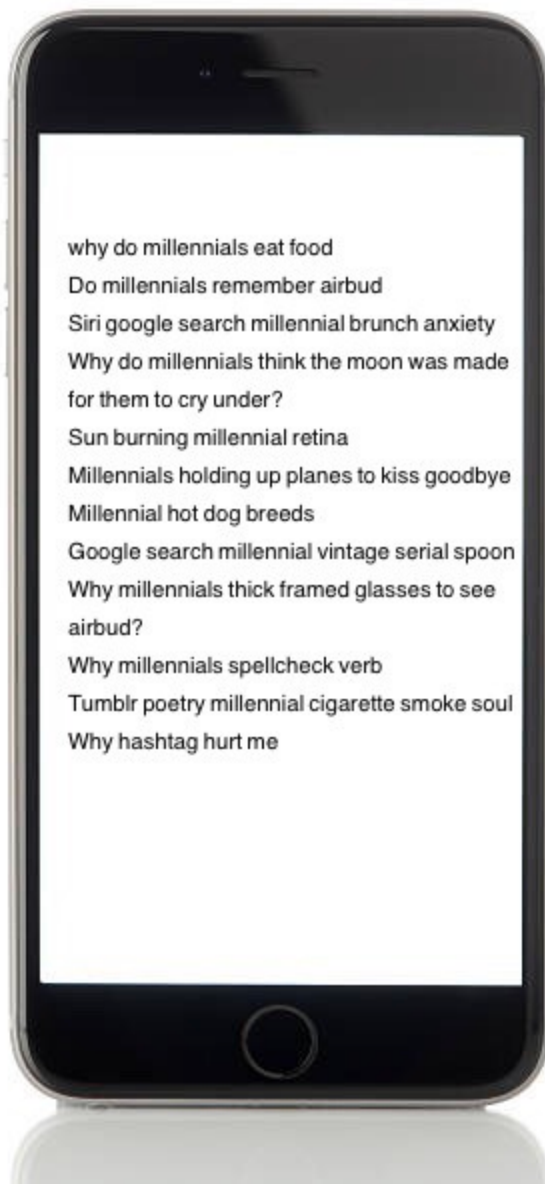


if i had the
choice i would
do it all the right way.
if i could i would
help you
if i could save you i would
if i could i go back and
somehow stop all of this
if i could stop all of this
if i could stop all

We were together, on the hill,
overlooking the great
Monolith when the hot winds
finally caught the landscape in a flash of
burning.



Only I could
feel the waves of release.
You were drooling, confused,
and riddled with psychosis.
I picked you up from your knees
as singed ash fluttered down,
carried by the winds,
and helped you to the car. We drove
into the flaming Monolith
and you howled for Moloch
the whole way home.



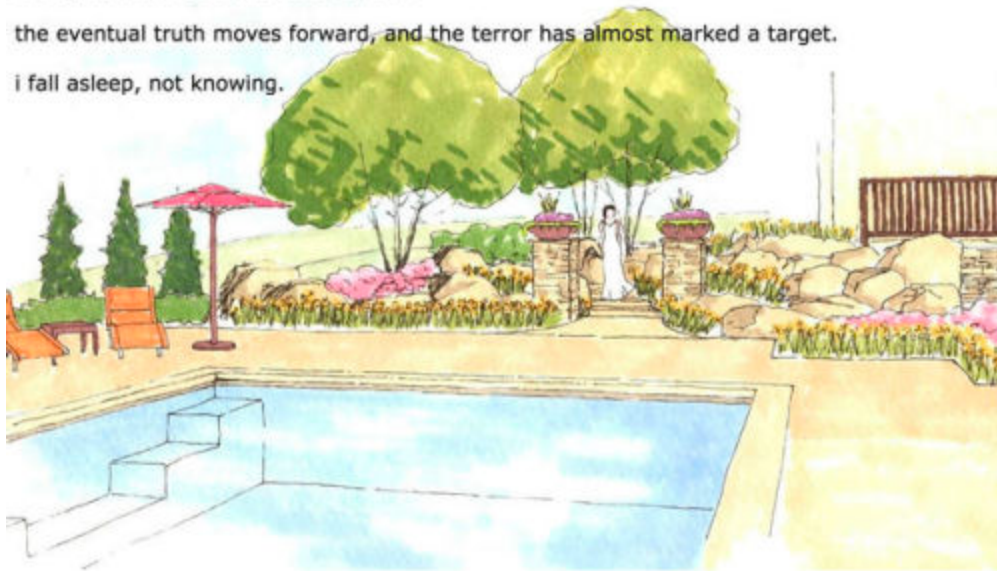
why do millennials eat food
Do millennials remember airbud
Siri google search millennial brunch anxiety
Why do millennials think the moon was made
for them to cry under?
Sun burning millennial retina
Millennials holding up planes to kiss goodbye
Millennial hot dog breeds
Google search millennial vintage serial spoon
Why millennials thick framed glasses to see
airbud?
Why millennials spellcheck verb
Tumblr poetry millennial cigarette smoke soul
Why hashtag hurt me



summer afternoon. i'm falling asleep in an adirondack chair. dad is snoozing on a float, mom went inside, and you're here, playing your gameboy. in a year you will be dead. i look at you, half asleep, damp, eyes still stinging from the chlorine, and i think about beating you at super smash brothers after dinner.

the eventual truth moves forward, and the terror has almost marked a target.

i fall asleep, not knowing.



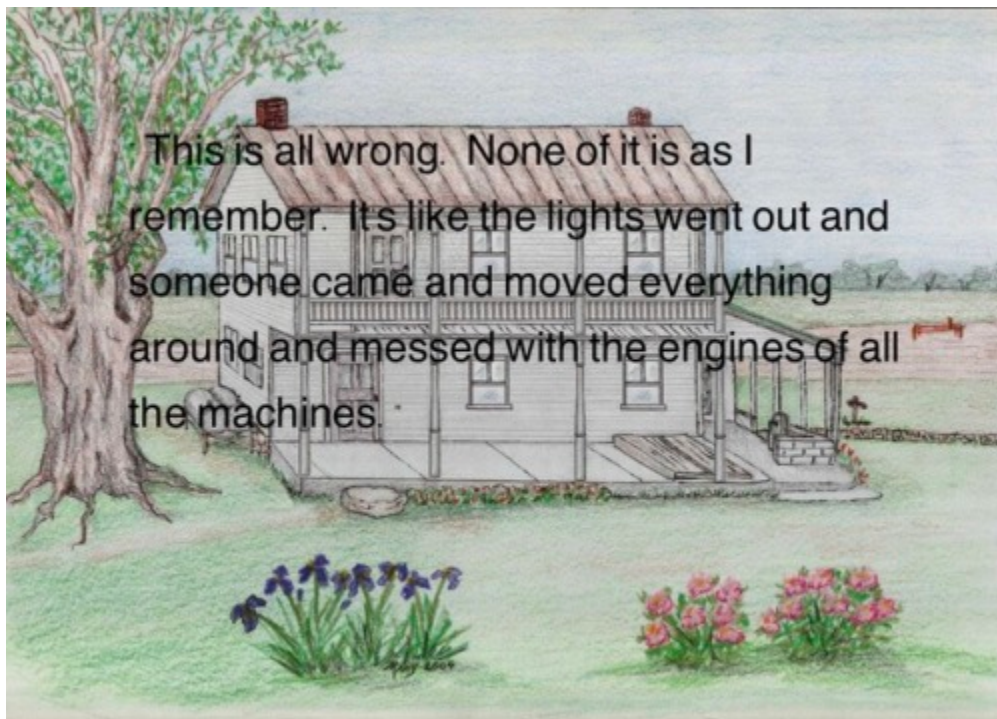
i have been made
worse with age
i have been
made unusable
by time



Pull urself up by ur
bootstraps. Read a book.
Learn how to wire the
electricity in your house.
Scream about chakras.
Keep pulling the
bootstraps. They aren't
tight enough. Be the
change you want to see in
the world. Buy a food truck.
Pull. You have to fucking
pull. Scream into the void,
the void being the Denny's
parking lot, somewhere
else, somewhere nice,
somewhere you can be
alive

**RIDING MY GHOST FROM MY BODY
BARRELING TOWARDS THE ABSOLUTE
LAST VISION A SPIRIT CAN SEE
BEFORE WHATEVER LAST PINPRICK VISION
FADES, HOPEFULLY FOREVER**

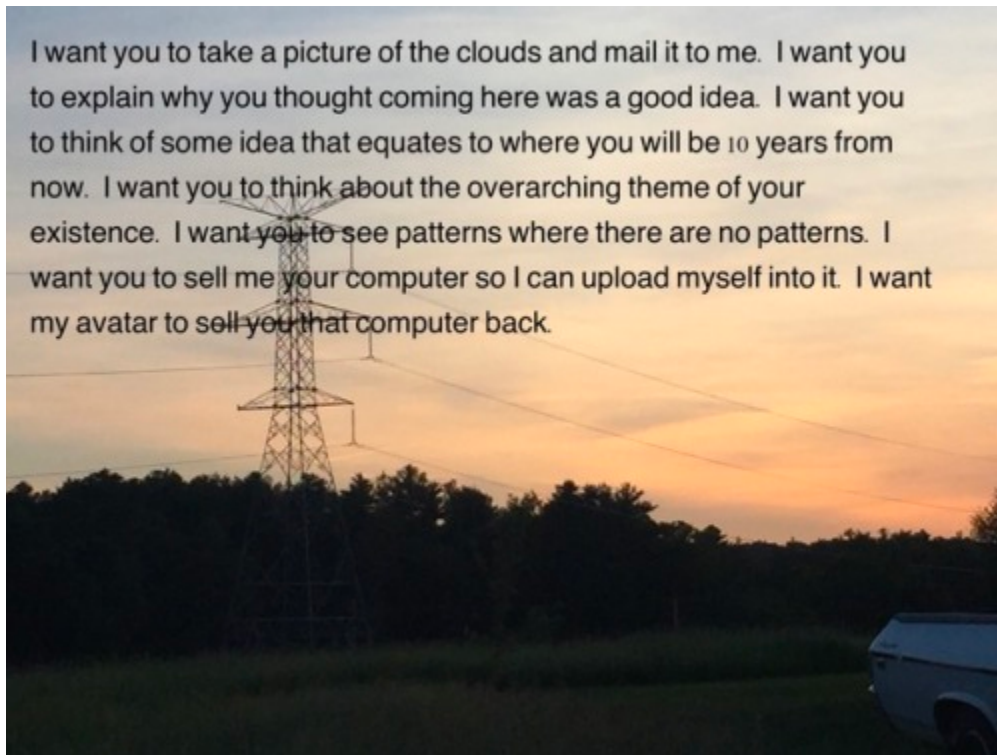
**AND WHATEVER SELF THAT IS LEFT TO KILL
IS KILLED AND KILLED FOREVER,
WHATEVER LIGHT LEFT TO CRAWL TOWARDS
IS SNUFFED OUT, HOPEFULLY FOREVER,**



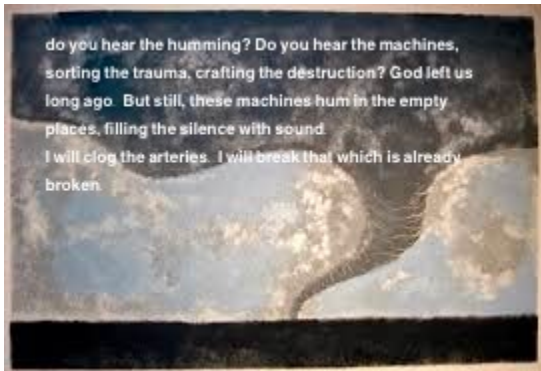
a long shadow cast.
I have been made worse by age,
Alone, maddened by this
desperate search for
forgiveness.



I want you to take a picture of the clouds and mail it to me. I want you to explain why you thought coming here was a good idea. I want you to think of some idea that equates to where you will be 10 years from now. I want you to think about the overarching theme of your existence. I want you to see patterns where there are no patterns. I want you to sell me your computer so I can upload myself into it. I want my avatar to sell you that computer back.

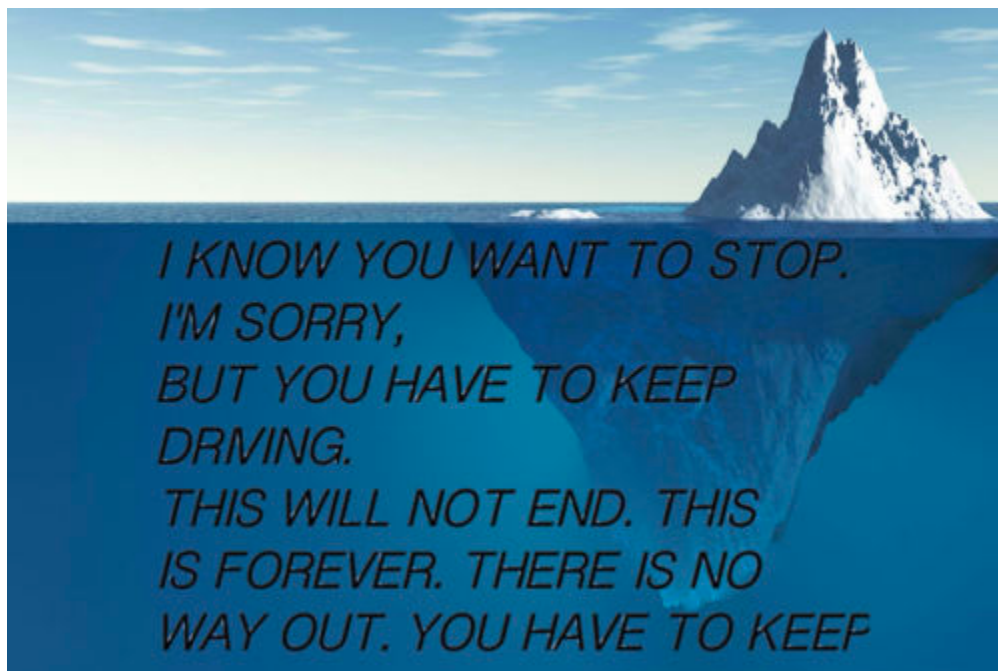
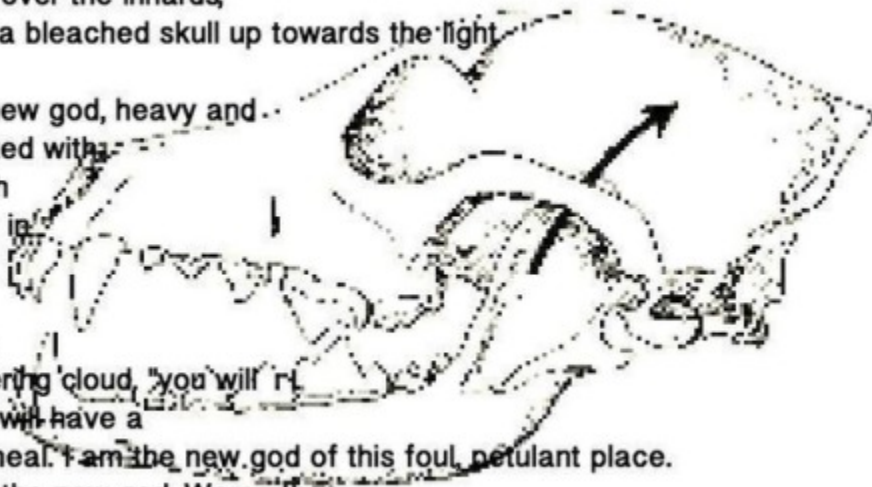


do you hear the humming? Do you hear the machines,
sorting the trauma, crafting the destruction? God left us
long ago. But still, these machines hum in the empty
places, filling the silence with sound
I will clog the arteries. I will break that which is already
broken.



the old gods, smashed upon the rock, flayed. we gulp up the blood,
fight over the innards,
hold a bleached skull up towards the light

the new god, heavy and
bloated with
death
rides in
on
a
sick,
festering cloud, "you will
you will have a
full meal. I am the new god of this foul, petulant place.
I am the new god. Worse than
the old ones.



*I KNOW YOU WANT TO STOP.
I'M SORRY,
BUT YOU HAVE TO KEEP
DRIVING.
THIS WILL NOT END. THIS
IS FOREVER. THERE IS NO
WAY OUT. YOU HAVE TO KEEP*

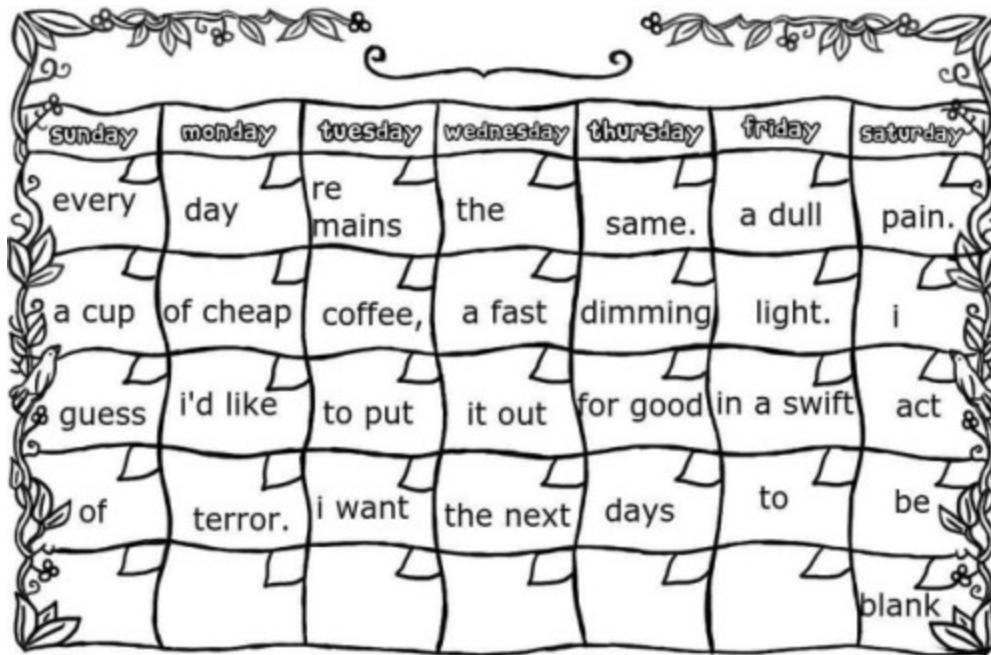


pretend to be ok
until the final dark sets in
like a rolling fog

if i left, all i would hear is your voice
all i would see is you. anything i would learn about anyone,
i would compare to what i already know about
you.



even if i hate you sometimes
i love you now. even if i
wanted to, i couldn't put
the fire out.



who was i ten years ago?

who am i tonight?

who will i be when i die?

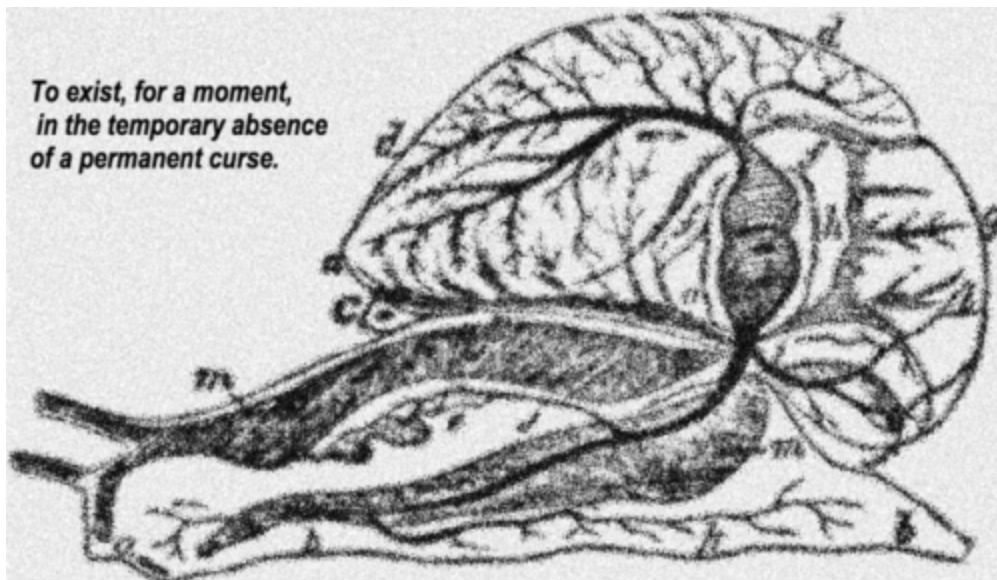
say it softly, like a secret.

"death came to me in a dream."

bad time B I N G O				
dream about dead best friend	someone asks you to help move	who am i	arrive at a party friends are not there yet and everyone is weird and hostile	panic attack half hour into 8hr shift
suddenly reminded of dead childhood dog	someone you sort of knew	what is this body	hungover in tomb of unwashed blankets and stale french fries	pizza box tower topples over
ex messages you for the first time in years to sell you essential oils	that time you thought you were being clever but you weren't	Free Space	wake up to 8 missed calls	"mom's not doing well"
that thing you're afraid of is HAPPENING	take the corner a little too fast	how can i be pure??	take the corner a little too fast and overcorrect	just hanging out and cops show up
they came to you last night in a dream. no face, no words, no blood,	TIME IS A PUNCTURE WOUND TIME IS A PUNCTURE WOUND	YOU CAME TO ME LAST NIGHT YOU SHOULD HAVE HEALED ME YOU COULD	a hollowed out shell with a name	"can you give me a ride to the airport?"

Hollow the thing out until it
is a shell. It has a name.
Let it wander, down narrow
shopping aisles, across
parking lots, let it
remember when it was full.
And when you have taken
all the fullness, when the
shell bleeds dry, continue.
Until it has no name.
Continue to take until it
withers and dies.

*To exist, for a moment,
in the temporary absence
of a permanent curse.*



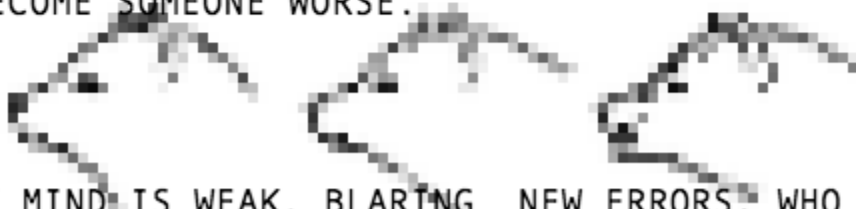
LOOK IN THE MIRROR. DO YOU SEE A STRANGER?



WHO WERE YOU TEN YEARS AGO? WHO WILL YOU BE
WHEN YOU DIE?

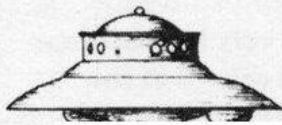


WE FEEL A NEW PAIN EVERY DAY. EVERY NIGHT WE
BECOME SOMEONE WORSE.



MY MIND IS WEAK, BLARING NEW ERRORS. WHO AM I
WHO AM I? WHERE AM I GOING? WHO AM I? WHO AM I?

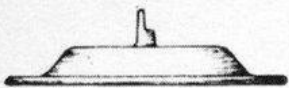




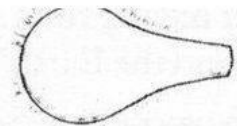
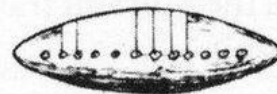
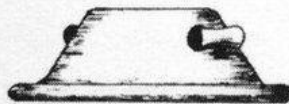
once the light goes out, you won't have much time.



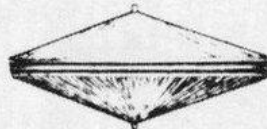
ten or fifteen seconds, tops.



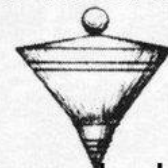
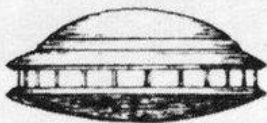
everything will be dark, and thick, and heavy



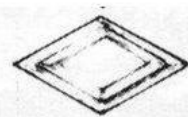
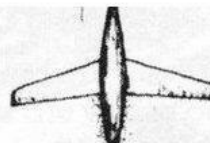
and something terrible will set in and chase you.



run fast, let the terror pump through your heart



and make sure you do not trip over the tangled roots.

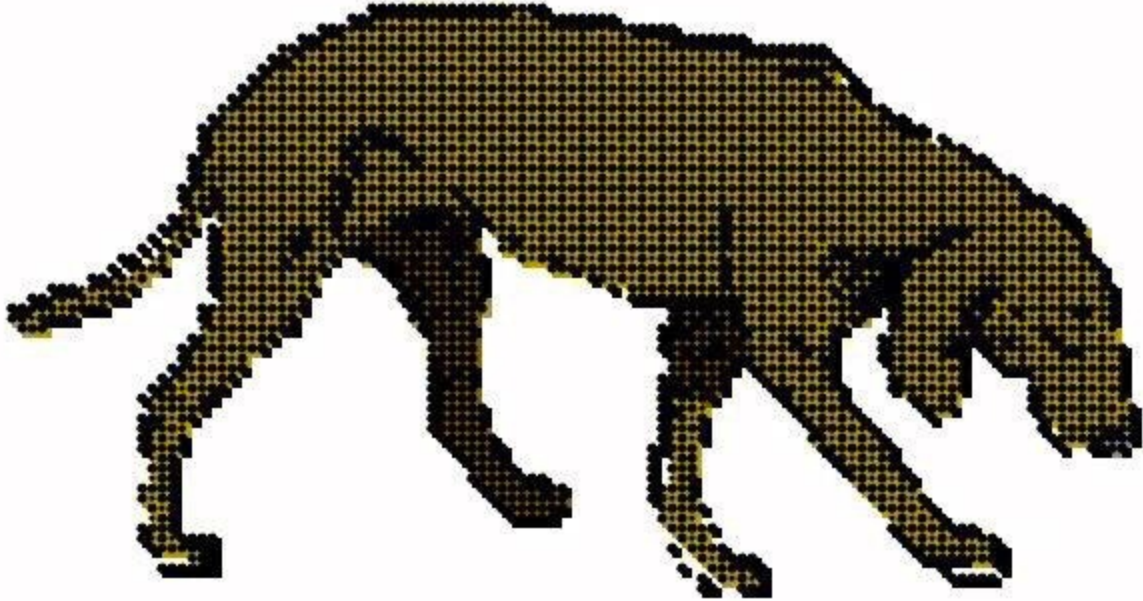


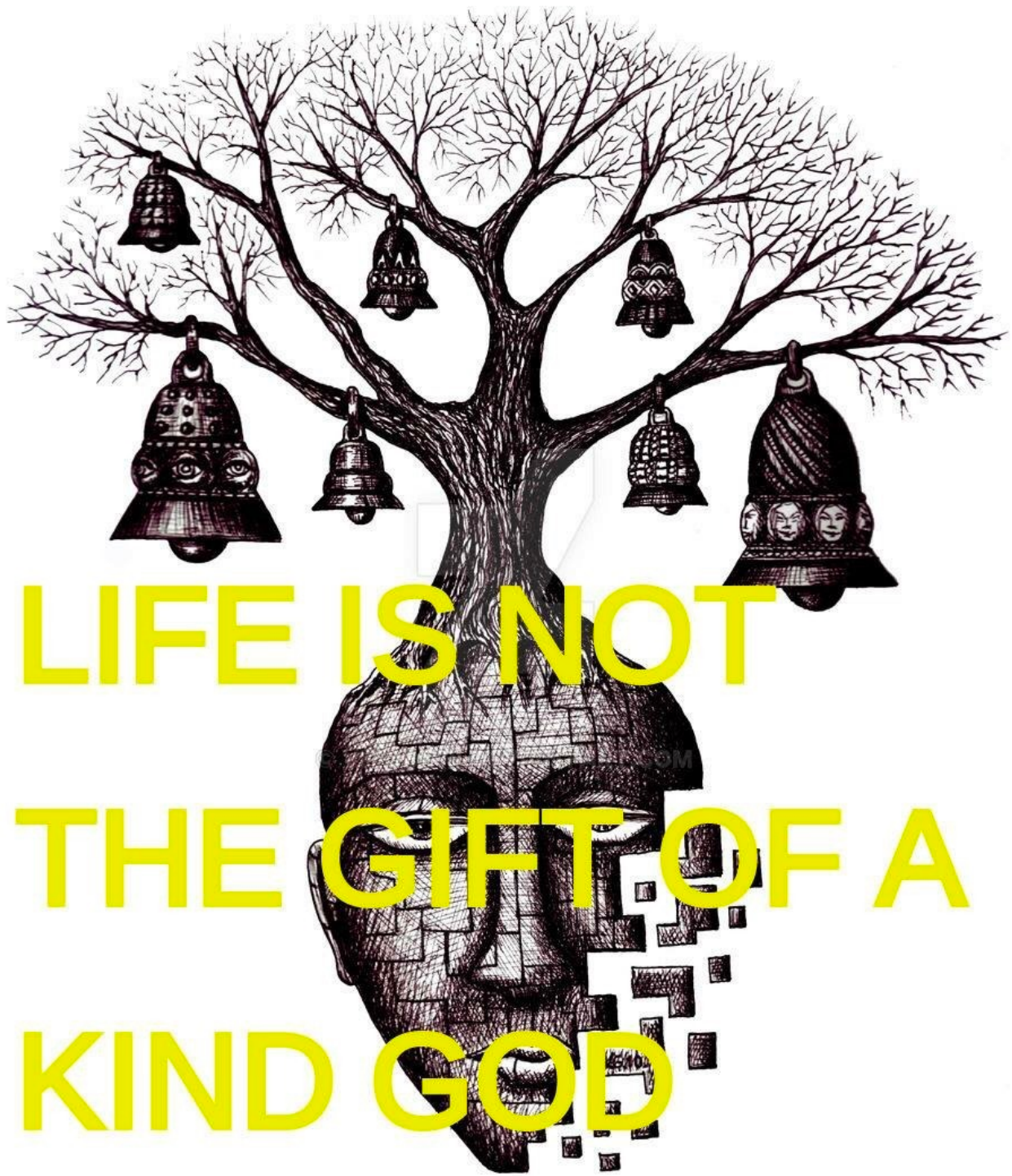
you will feel it breath down your neck. you will



run, faster now. you will run, faster now. you will ru

you are a
simple song--
i know
all your words



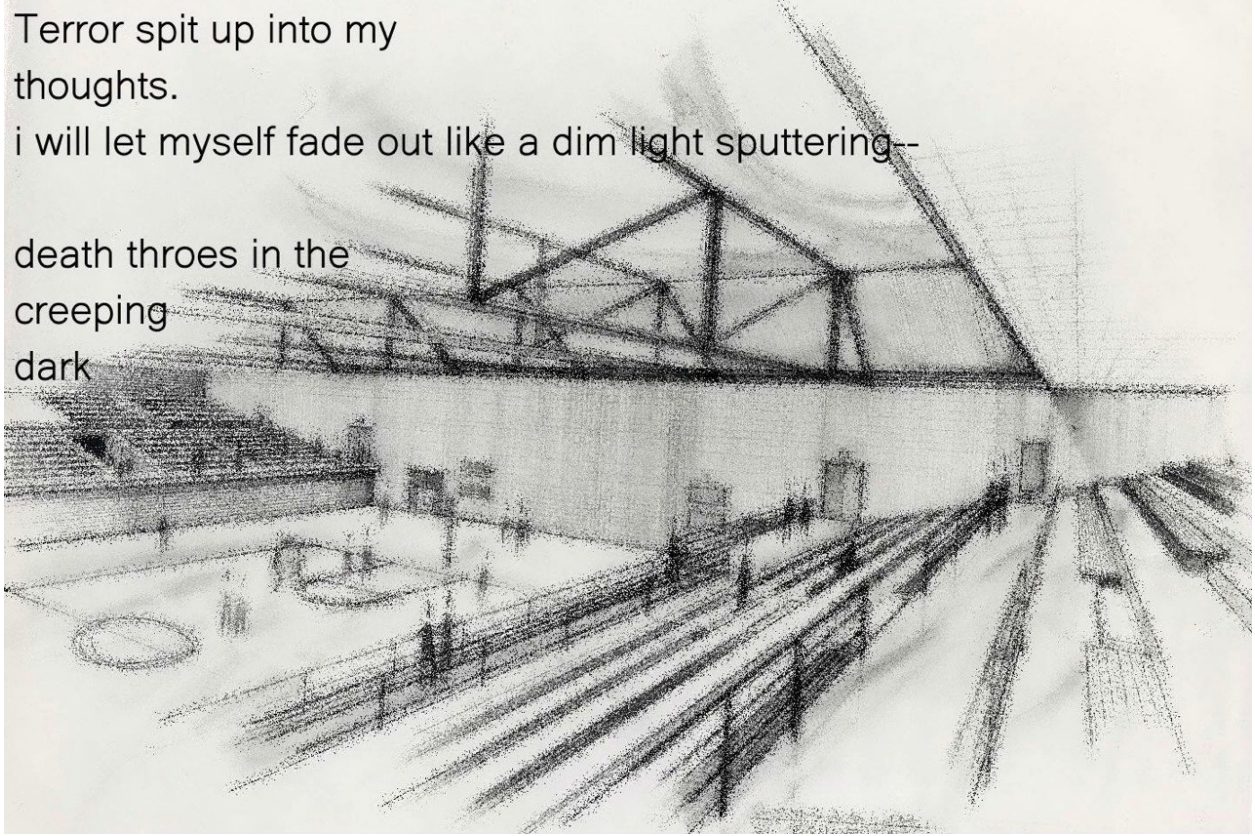


LIFE IS NOT
THE GIFT OF A
KIND GOD

sometimes, when it is quiet, i feel the deep, unchecked
Terror spit up into my
thoughts.

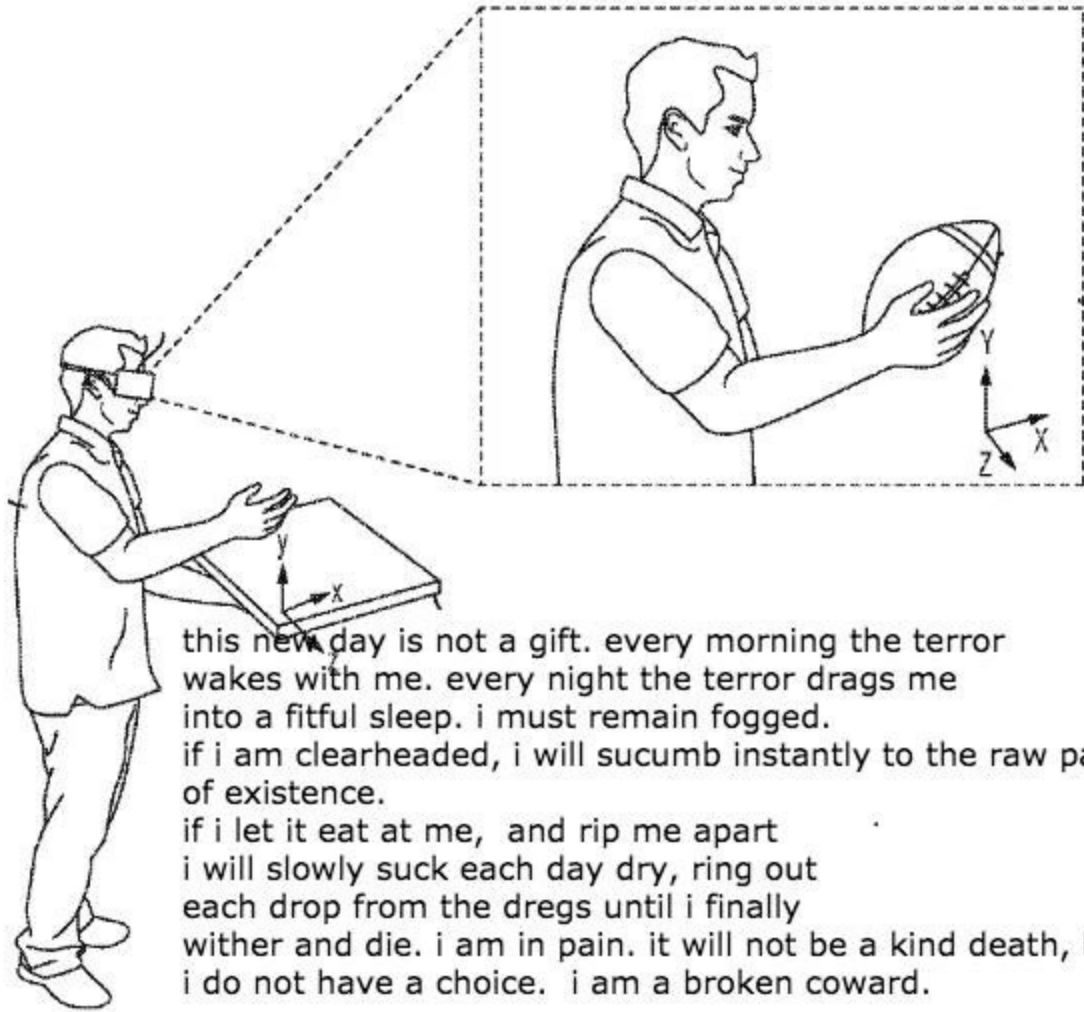
i will let myself fade out like a dim light sputtering--

death throes in the
creeping
dark





*sometimes
this world
is too bright*



this new day is not a gift. every morning the terror
wakes with me. every night the terror drags me
into a fitful sleep. i must remain fogged.
if i am clearheaded, i will succumb instantly to the raw pain
of existence.
if i let it eat at me, and rip me apart
i will slowly suck each day dry, ring out
each drop from the dregs until i finally
wither and die. i am in pain. it will not be a kind death, but
i do not have a choice. i am a broken coward.



YOU WILL DIE ALONE IN UR BED



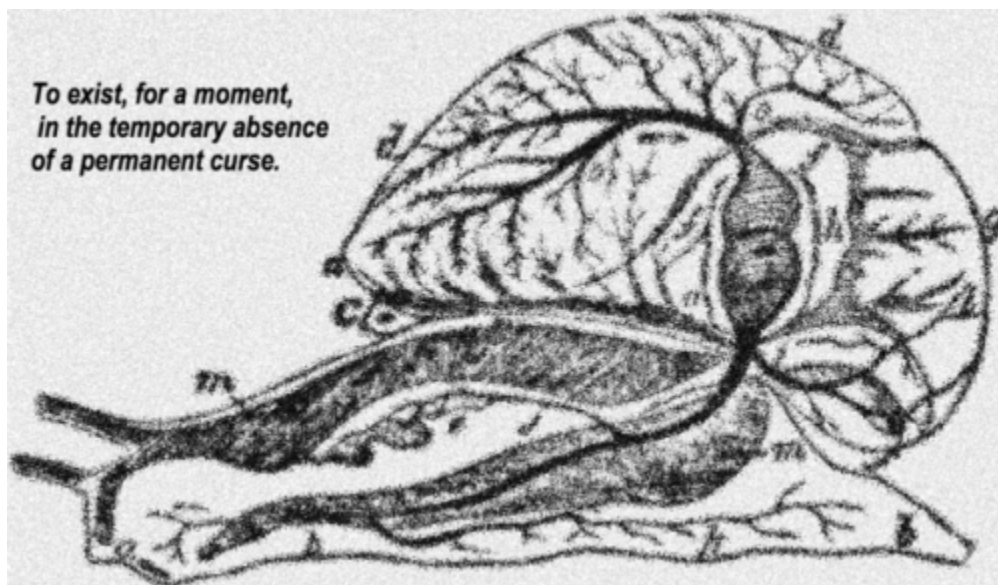
i know myself well enough to realize that a breakdown is



imminent but i have no idea when or why and i want to



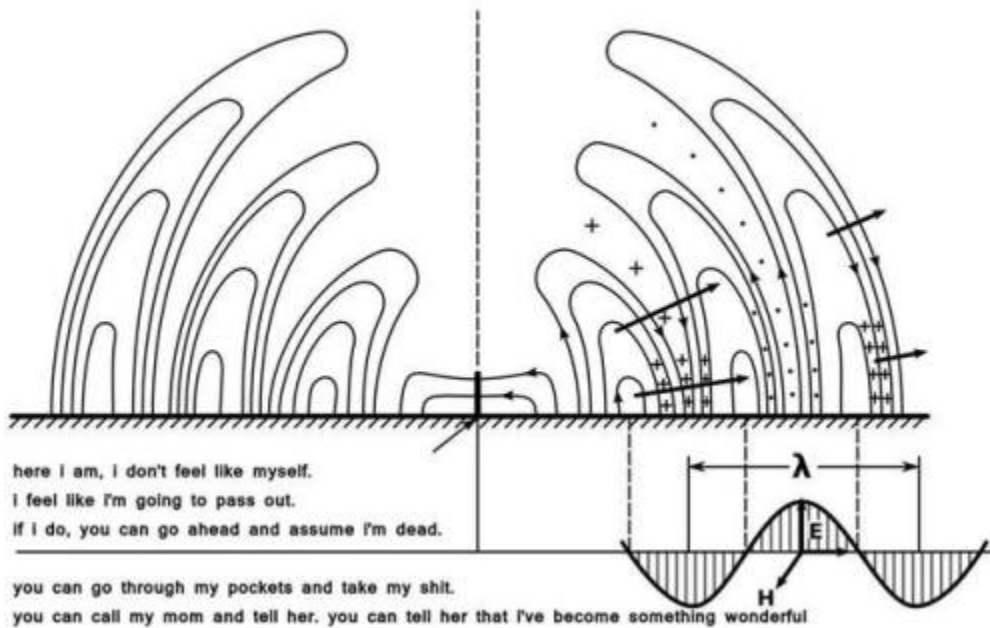
catch it stop it fix myself before it happens but that's not



come back to the living world for
a single morning, please.



there's a bunch of stuff you never got to see.
there's a good place to get coffee down the street.





i think i'm having a panic
attack can you pick me up?



**Seriously? that's three hours from
now I really need you to come here
like as soon as you can**

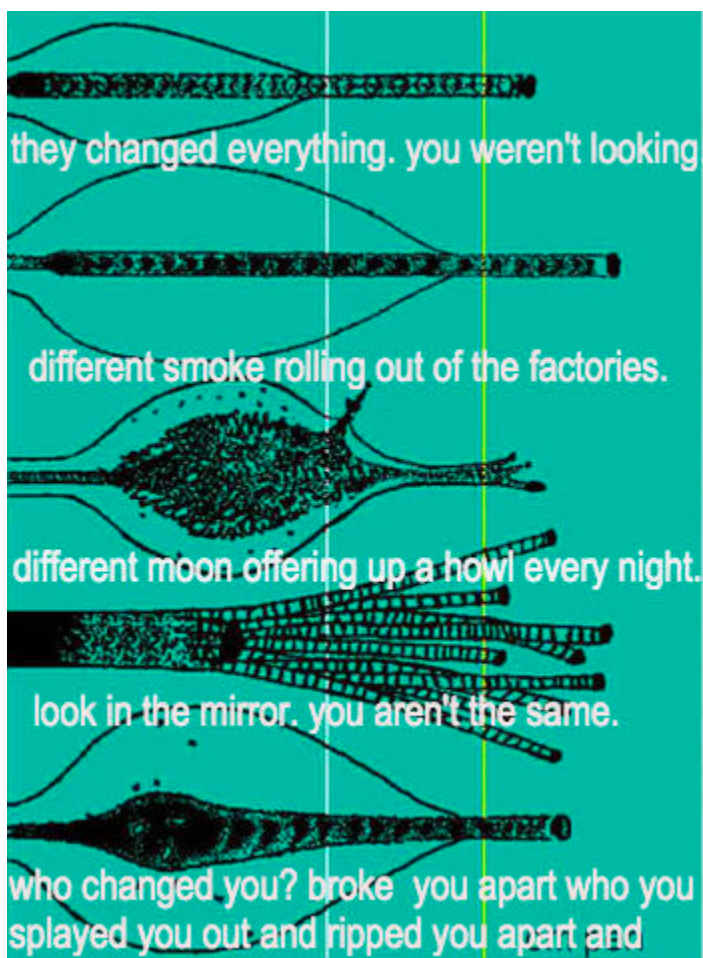
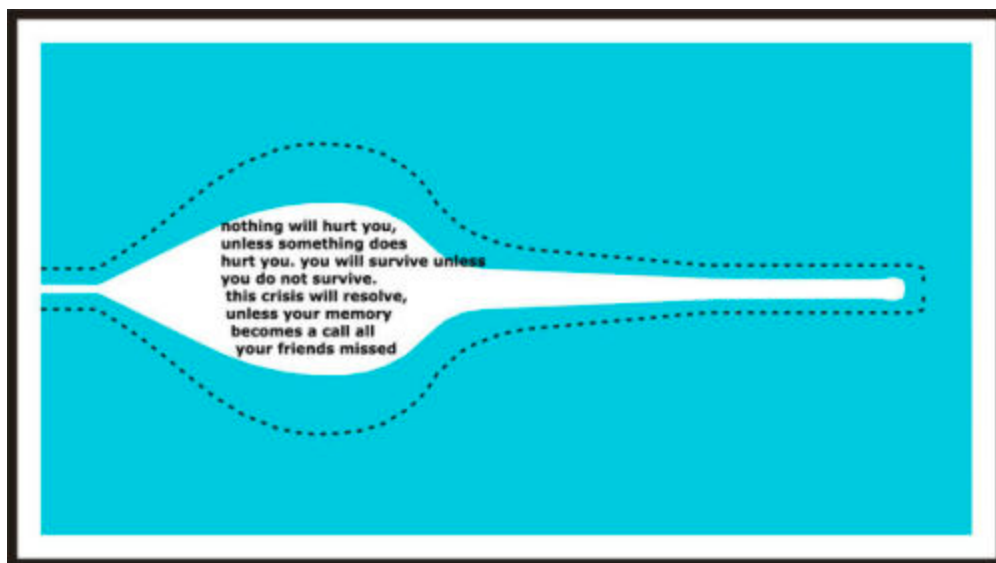


would you pick up the phone?
Please? I need your help



**please don't leave me
alone like this help**

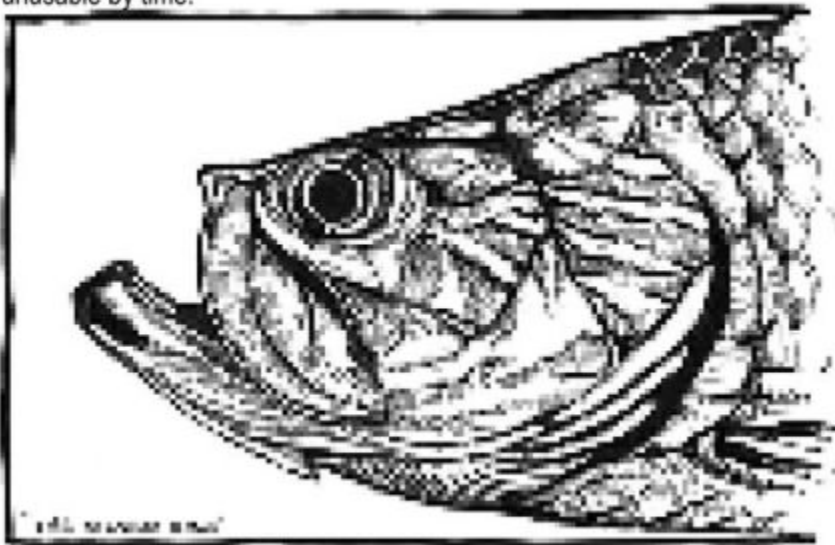






all these faded spirits
slip into my dreams.
quietly, not kicking up dust.
they will not remain.
they cannot remain.

there are pictures of me on the hutch. a boy. smiling, posed, framed. i am different now, \
i am worse. faded beyond all comprehension. a different being, a different person, broken,
made unusable by time.



thank you for being here. we have come to the end of the illness. the logical progression
of this mistake. it is time to become a memory, fading fast into the ether.





i am going to watch you walk outside and step into a cab and



i am going to drain another cheap beer and i am going to try



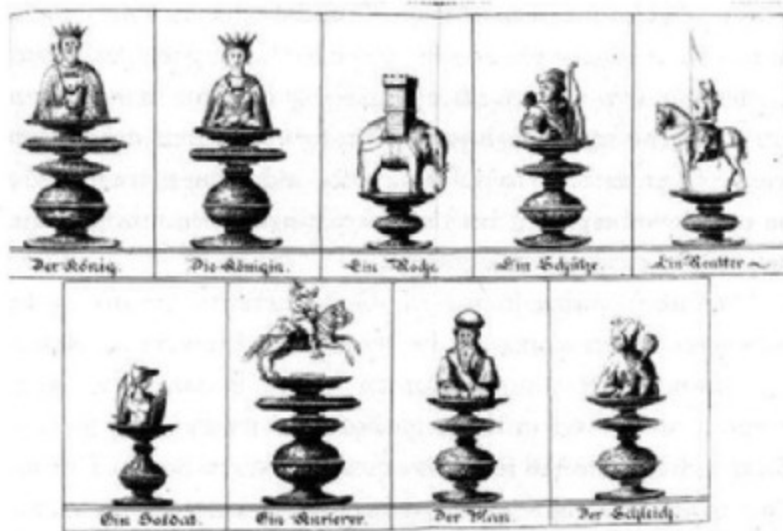
to pretend that it is all right we are swimming



in a shared fire that will never go out an ancient fossil sun



that hangs over each of us and i pretend that you will help me feel like i can function as a human being



I WILL CRUMBLE IN THE LIGHT

THE BRAIN IS RUST, THE BRAIN IS SPUTTERING
 THE BRAIN IS WEAK, THE BRAIN IS STUMBLING
 THE BRAIN IS BLOATED, THE BRAIN IS SICK
 THE BRAIN IS RUST, THE BRAIN IS SPUTTERING
 THE BRAIN IS WEAK THE BRAIN IS SICK
 THE BRAIN IS FEEBLE AND BREAKING APART
 AND IT IS SCATTERED AND UNFOCUSED AND IT IS
 SICK AND IT IS STUMBLING AND IT IS FRANTICALLY
 SEARCHING FOR SENSE
 BUT THE BRAIN IS RUST THE BRAIN IS WEAK

1



when i was young we would dive deep down into the water. when i was young we would
dive down deep into this water and we would look for things deep down in this water, we
would look for sunken things and slippery fish and for snails and pocket change and we
would find sunken rocks and a flip
flop or a beer can or sunglasses
when i was young



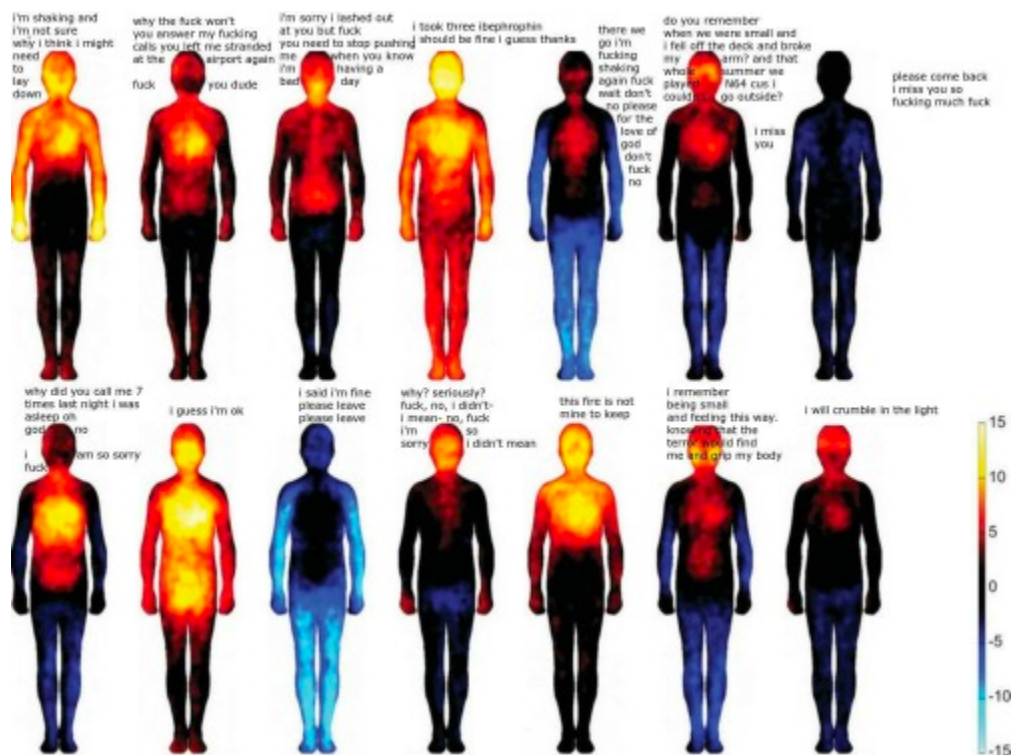
we would dive deep down into this water and swim up at the end of our lungs and gasping
we would look up to the sky and gasping we would fumble for breath and yes often we
were gasping after we dove down deep into this water.

when we ask for death, these dread poets line up for slaughter.
the poet wants to die because he is weak. he spends
all his time cataloguing absurdity and terror, and rolls over on his
back when confronted with the threat of death. the poet retreats
into his memes because he is a slobbering fool.



HYPERVILIGANCE

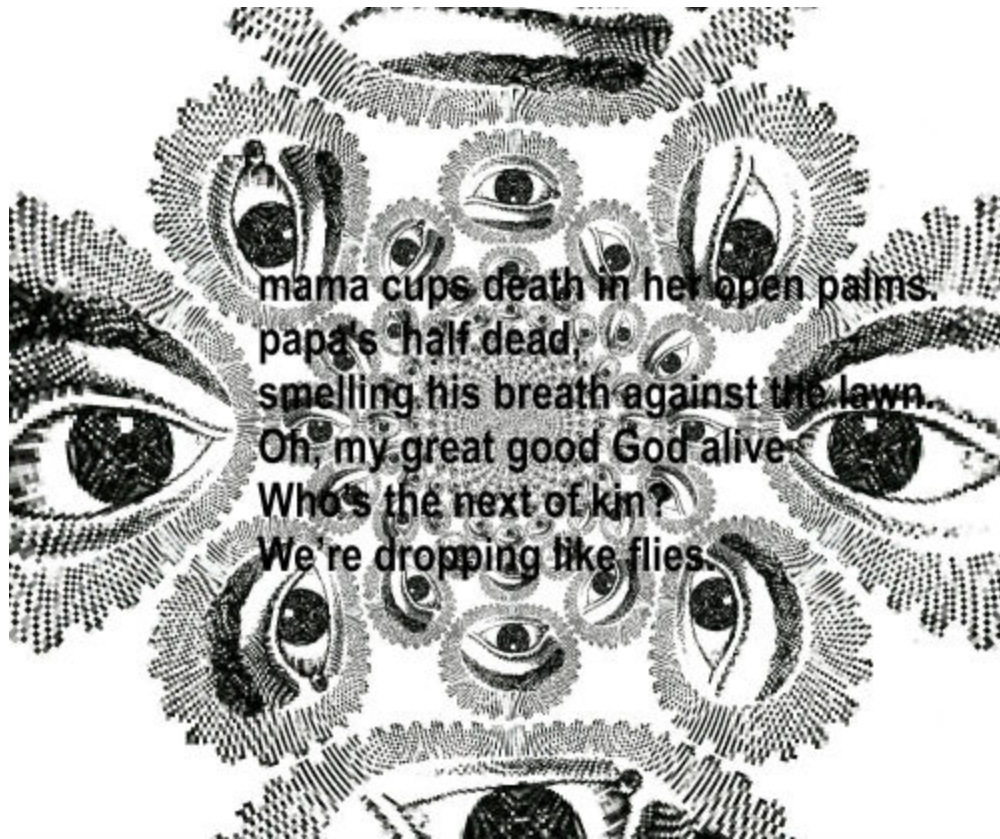
SOMEONE INSIDE MY BRAIN LIGHTS A
CANDLE. SOMEONE IS
HOLDING A VIGIL FOR THE SOON TO DIE.
I KNOW IT IS GOING TO BE TODAY. THE SELF,
THE HORRIBLE SELF, THE BROKEN,
BATTERED SELF. THE FAMILIAR
ALARM RINGS. I GRIP
THE STEERING WHEEL. MY KNUCKLES
TURN BLUE. THIS SURELY IS THE FINAL FLASH OF
SECONDS BEFORE I CEASE TO BE.
I WILL BE BE SNUFFED OUT. I WILL SPILL
MY GUTS ACROSS THE TAR. I CANNOT WITHSTAND
THE BLACK STORM--THE DEATH OF OTHERS. LET ME
HEAL YOU. LET ME SPEAK WITH YOU AGAIN. LET ME HEAL
YOU. LET ME RESTORE YOUR SELF AT THE EXPENSE OF MY
FORM. MY SPIRIT. I PERCEIVE THE RISK. I WILL NOT REMAIN



THE OLD YOU WOULDN'T BE SO SAD ALL THE TIME

THE OLD YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THIS WAS FUNNY

once you understand the form kill it
once you understand the form kill it
once you understand the form kill it
once the form is dead hold it and weep
once the form is dead hold it and weep
once the form is dead hold it and weep
once the form is dead hold it and weep
once the form is dead hold it and weep
once the form is dead hold it and weep
once you have wept for the dead whatever
once you have wept for the dead whatever
once you have wept for the dead whatever
once you have wept for the dead whatever
once you have wept for the dead whatever
HOLD THE LAST LIGHT AND MOLD IT
HOLD THE LAST LIGHT AND MOLD IT
HOLD THE LAST LIGHT AND MOLD IT
HOLD THE LAST LIGHT AND MOLD IT



mama cups death in her open palms.
papa's half dead,
smelling his breath against the lawn.
Oh, my great good God alive
Who's the next of kin?
We're dropping like flies.

no, there is not much here. there is an empty room,
and some dust, and a door
that leads to some bright blue outside. if you want
the bright blue outside, leave through the door,
never come back.

while he was dead, lazarus liked the taste of dust.
it's going to be
a long stretch, sleeping with the dust. you won't be sad,
you won't be bright, blue, or open like
the outside.

there's not much here, never has been much here
in this empty room. but there is a door.

you
can leave if you'd like.

there's always the door.

it is summer. you are still damp, and the chlorine from the pool has set into
your skin and hair. you lay down in the grass. and close your eyes.
the air is hot and heavy. the skin at your
hairline feels tight, and tomorrow you will have a sunburn.

you open your eyes.

endless blue. cicada songs burst out.

there is no fear here. you have done nothing wrong. you are not being chased
by some nagging terror. you could sleep inside this moment. you could
live inside this string of seconds. it would be fine. it would be good.
you could heal, if these minutes had some place to nestle and burrow.
a place to survive.

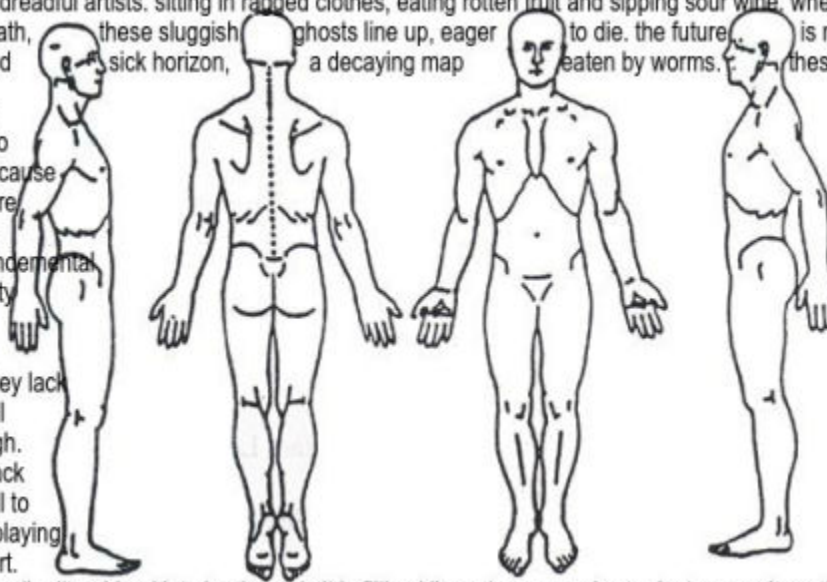
open your eyes.

there is fear. there is a great sorrow. there is a catalogue of sins and a host
of terrors eating at your soul.

these dreadful artists. sitting in ragged clothes, eating rotten fruit and sipping sour wine. when we ask
for death, these sluggish ghosts line up, eager to die. the future is not some
bloated sick horizon, a decaying map eaten by worms. these young

poets
want to
die because
they are
weak.
the fundamental
absurdity
calls
them,
and they lack
the will
to laugh.
they lack
the will to
keep playing
the part.

so they die. they bleed into hooks and sit in filth while sadness wreaks against every shore. fuck them a



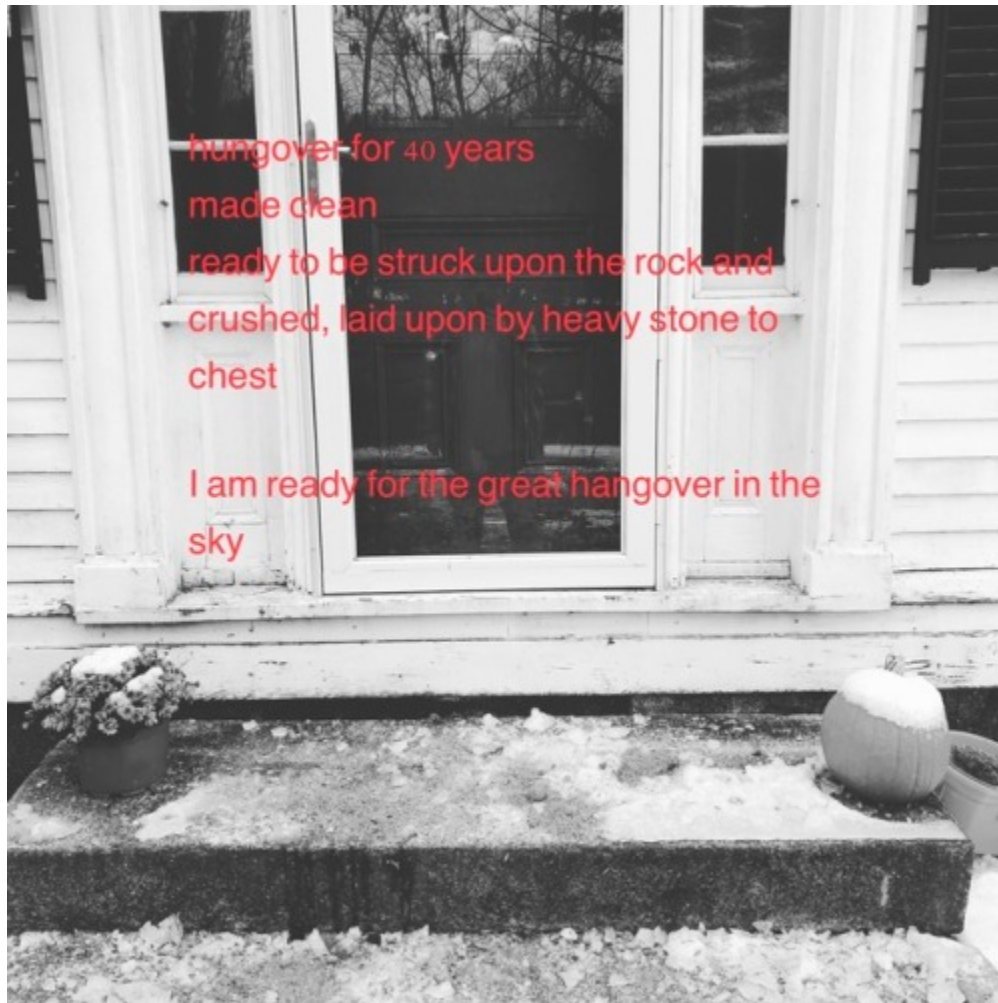
AND IF
IN SOME
WAY I HAVE
HELPED, IF
I HAVE BEEN
KIND, IF I HAVE BEEN PURE

I COULD BREAK OUT OF THIS
CURSED BODY AND WRITE
MY DREAMS ACROSS THE OPEN SKY.

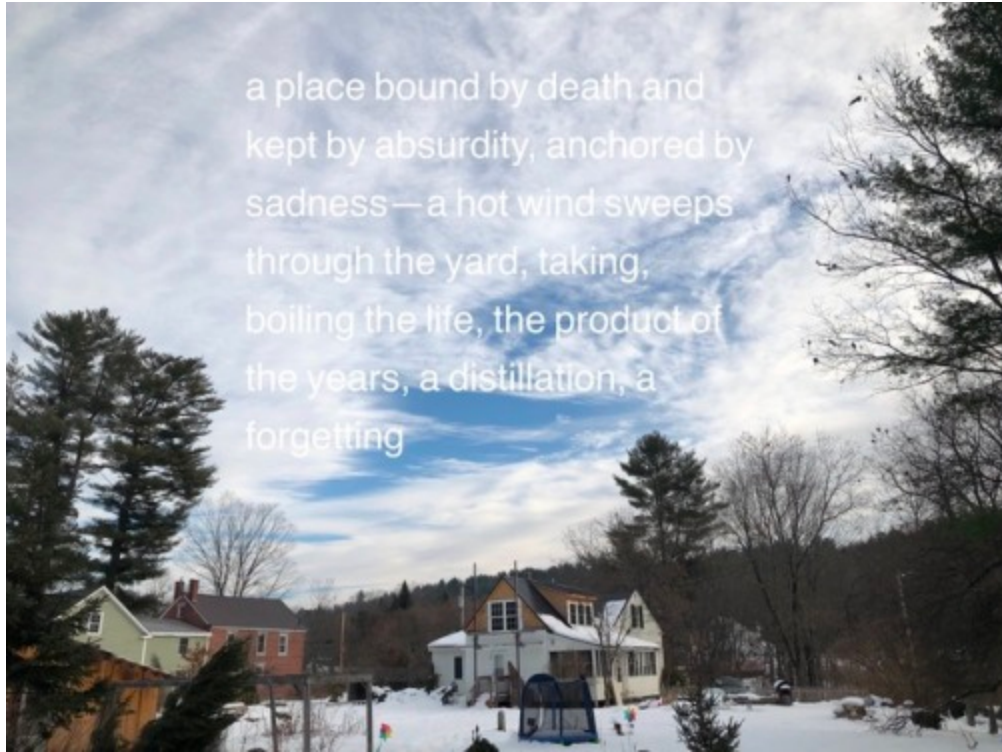
BUT TIME IS A PUNCTURE AND I LET
BLOOD EVERY DAY.

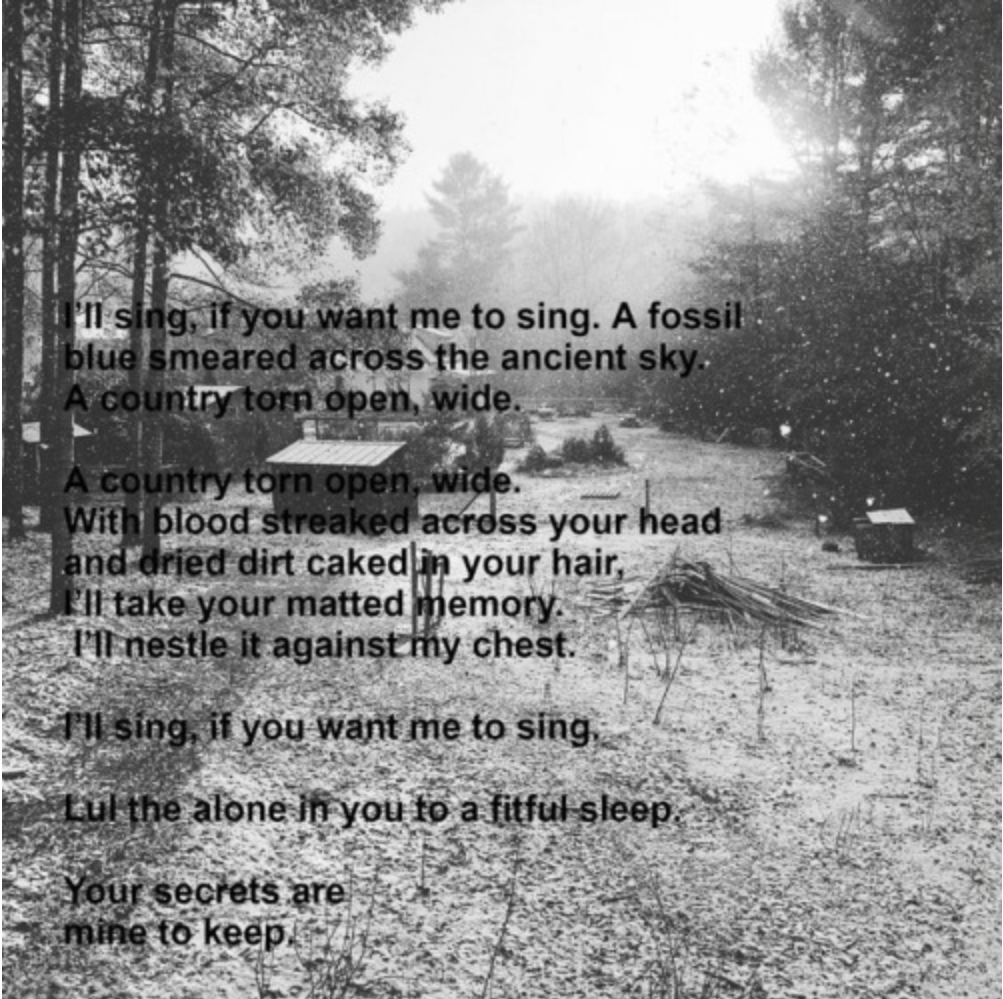
CAN
YOU HELP?
CAN YOU HEAL?
CAN YOU HELP?
CAN YOU HEAL?

2018



a place bound by death and
kept by absurdity, anchored by
sadness—a hot wind sweeps
through the yard, taking,
boiling the life, the product of
the years, a distillation, a
forgetting



A black and white photograph of a forest clearing. In the center, there is a small, simple wooden structure, possibly a cabin or a shed, with a gabled roof. To the right of the structure, there is a large pile of sticks or branches. The ground is covered in dry leaves and twigs. The background is filled with tall, thin trees, and the sky is bright and hazy. The overall mood is somber and mysterious.

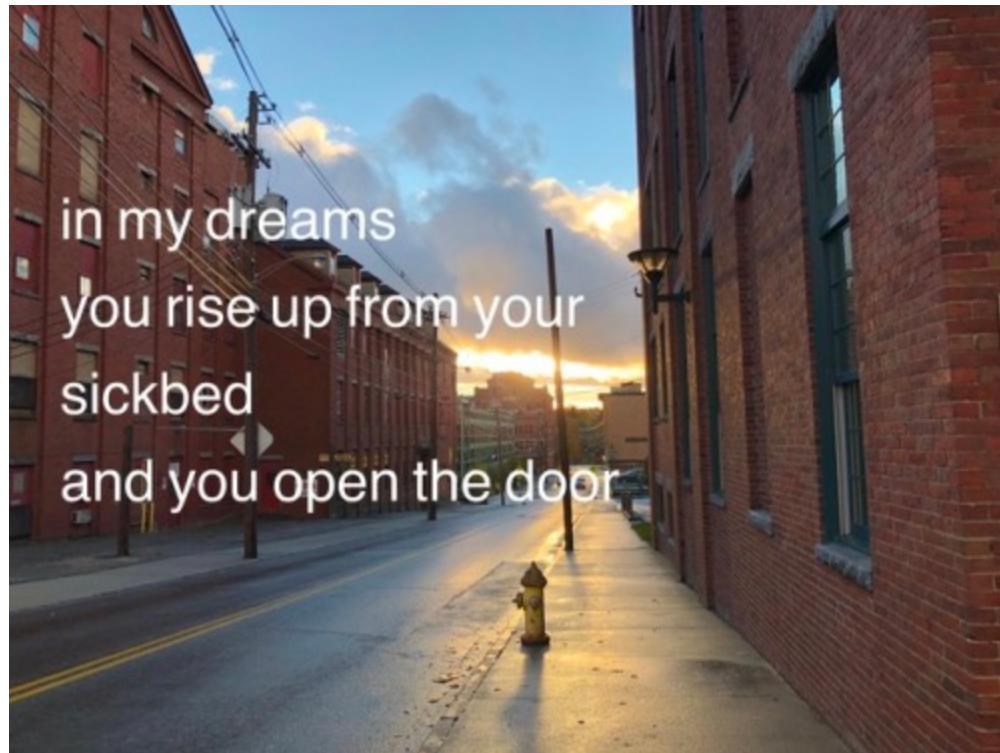
I'll sing, if you want me to sing. A fossil
blue smeared across the ancient sky.
A country torn open, wide.

A country torn open, wide.
With blood streaked across your head
and dried dirt caked in your hair,
I'll take your matted memory.
I'll nestle it against my chest.

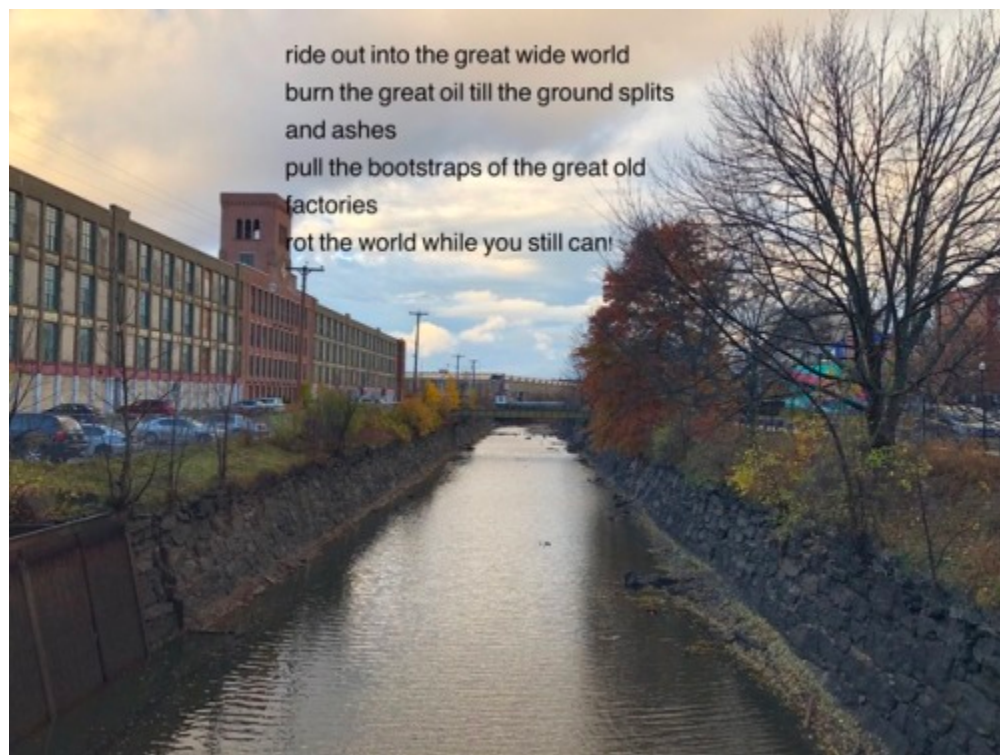
I'll sing, if you want me to sing.

Lull the alone in you to a fitful sleep.

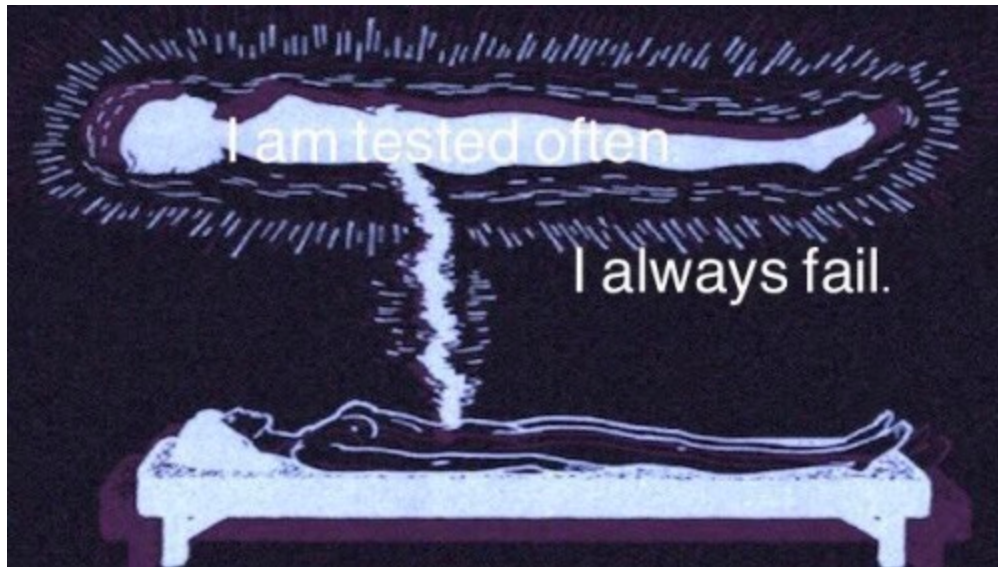
Your secrets are
mine to keep.



in my dreams
you rise up from your
sickbed
and you open the door

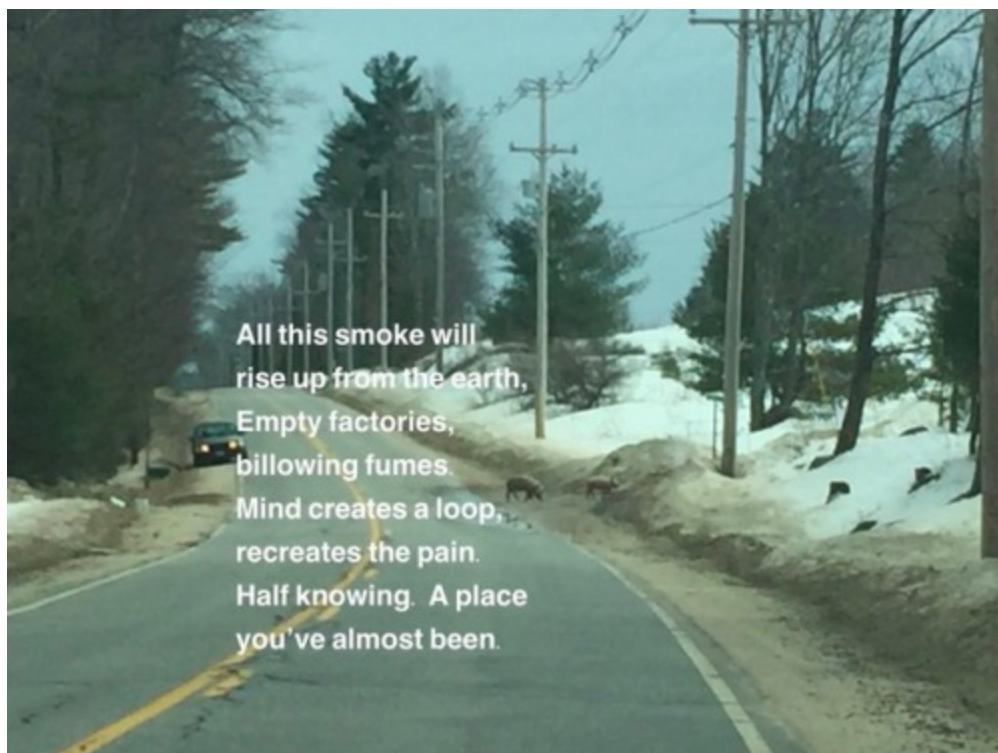


ride out into the great wide world
burn the great oil till the ground splits
and ashes
pull the bootstraps of the great old
factories
rot the world while you still can!



in this place, with
these people, I feel
safe





All this smoke will
rise up from the earth,
Empty factories,
billowing fumes.
Mind creates a loop,
recreates the pain.
Half knowing. A place
you've almost been.

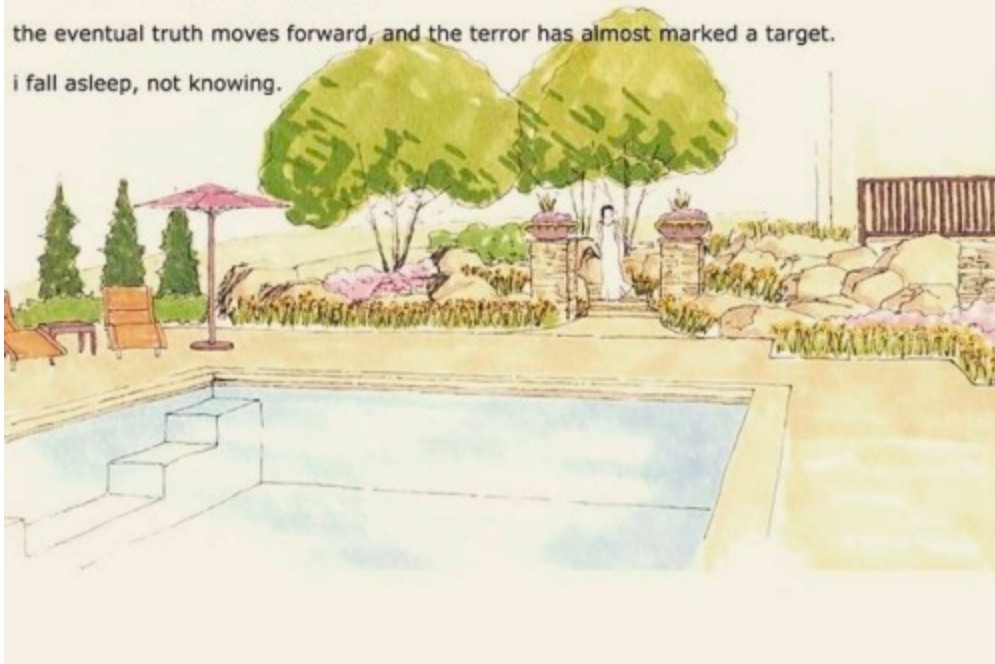
we are always leaving things behind
why not leave it all
at once



summer afternoon. i'm falling asleep in an adirondack chair. dad is snoozing on a float, mom went inside, and you're here, playing your gameboy. in a year you will be dead. i look at you, half asleep, damp, eyes still stinging from the chlorine, and i think about beating you at super smash brothers after dinner.

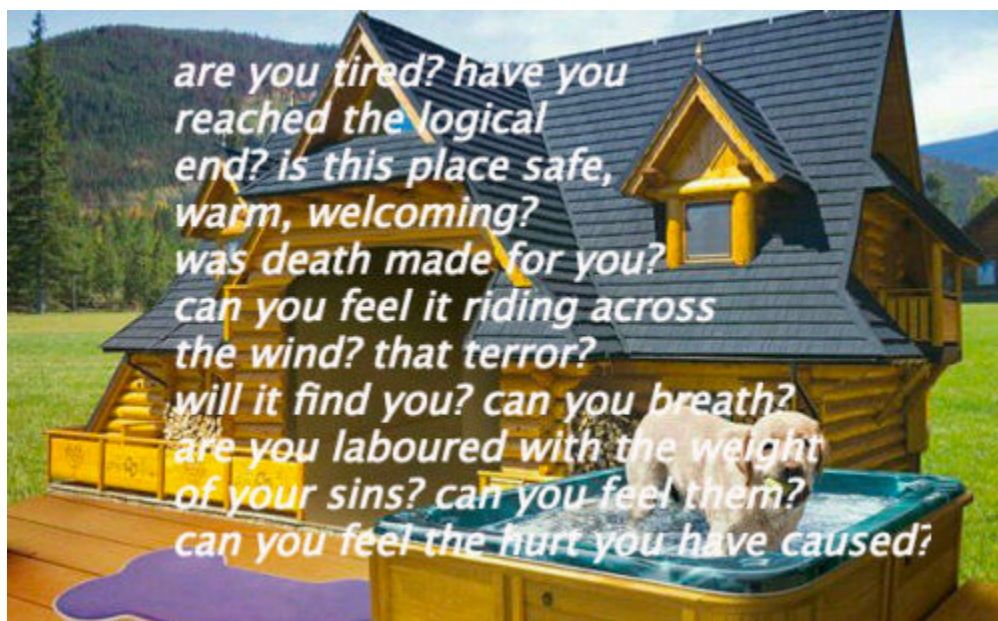
the eventual truth moves forward, and the terror has almost marked a target.

i fall asleep, not knowing.





Memorize the way you hurt the other
Memorize the way we hurt each other
Made to harm.
Made to break apart.



*are you tired? have you
reached the logical
end? is this place safe,
warm, welcoming?
was death made for you?
can you feel it riding across
the wind? that terror?
will it find you? can you breath?
are you laboured with the weight
of your sins? can you feel them?
can you feel the hurt you have caused?*

the self abandons the self.
picks a strange place to die, nestled in the garbage of the construct,
lapping up the blood, pouring from the cracks of the consciousness.
not the first time the self has ripped.

the mania, the shifts, the cracking real, the first time the flight of the self flung
far from the body.

the self, the self that does not belong, the part of the whole, becomes the whole.

the self abandons the self.

the self abandons the self.



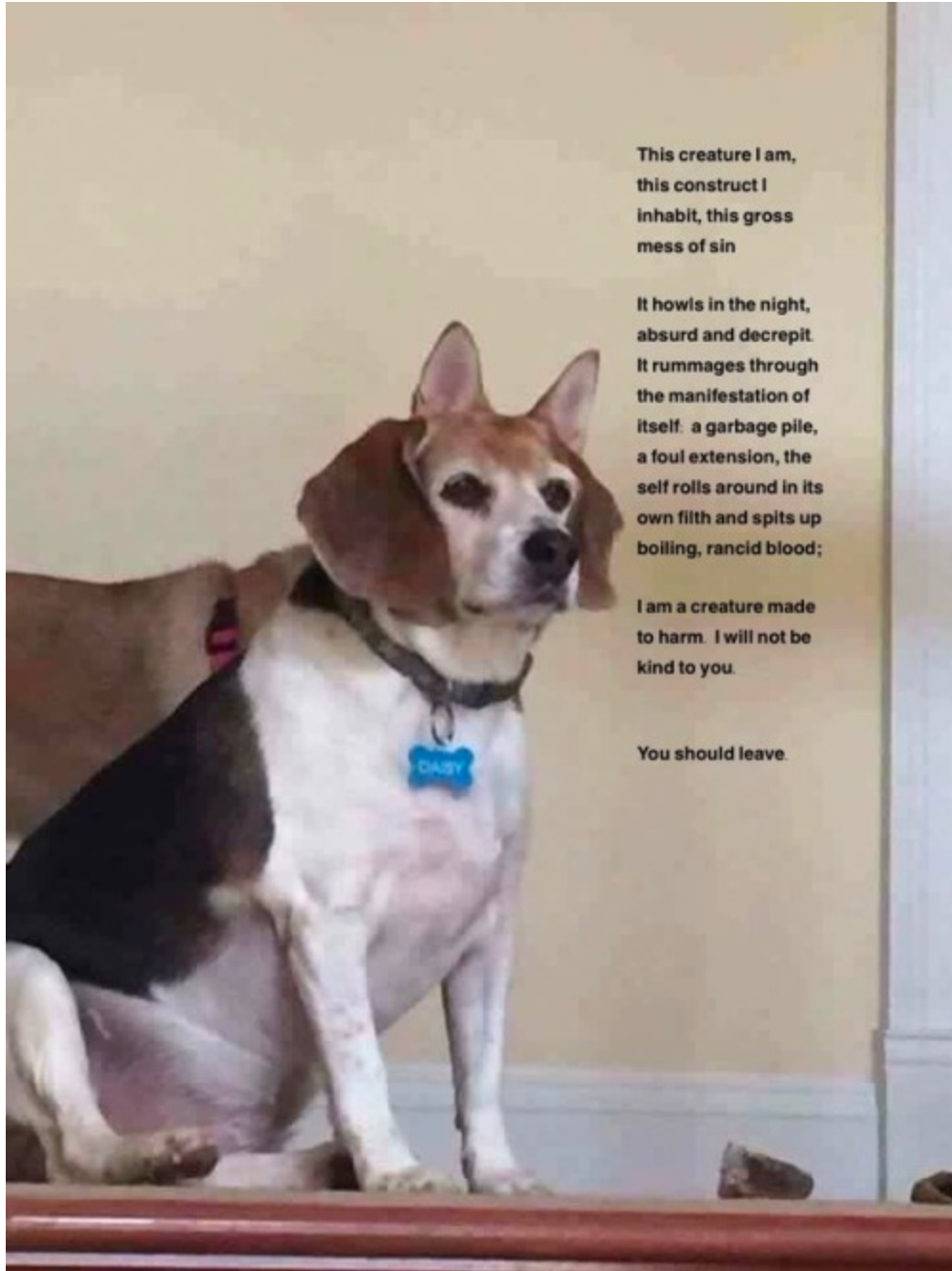
depression, that strange vehicle, takes
me to many new places. I see many new
things.

I see a self, a part, a whole consisting of a part,
inside the self, a part, a whole consisting of a part,
inside the self, a part, a whole consisting of a part,
wishes to kill the self. A strange vehicle, barreling
up and into the void, a strange vessel, lurching
towards





the rotting moon falls from the sky,
buzzing with flies, chunks of shriveled
insides steaming with fire. you lay out
an offer, and set a heavy stone upon
the chest, cut deeply, and let the blood
take a trajectory, trickling down the
platform, unto the soil



This creature I am,
this construct I
inhabit, this gross
mess of sin

It howls in the night,
absurd and decrepit
It rummages through
the manifestation of
itself: a garbage pile,
a foul extension, the
self rolls around in its
own filth and spits up
boiling, rancid blood;

I am a creature made
to harm. I will not be
kind to you.

You should leave.



three beautiful things
a homecoming
a dead best friend
a plastic moon ripped from the ceiling

as you progress towards the center
it gets a bit more vague.

the riddle gets tougher.
the clues obscured by sadness.

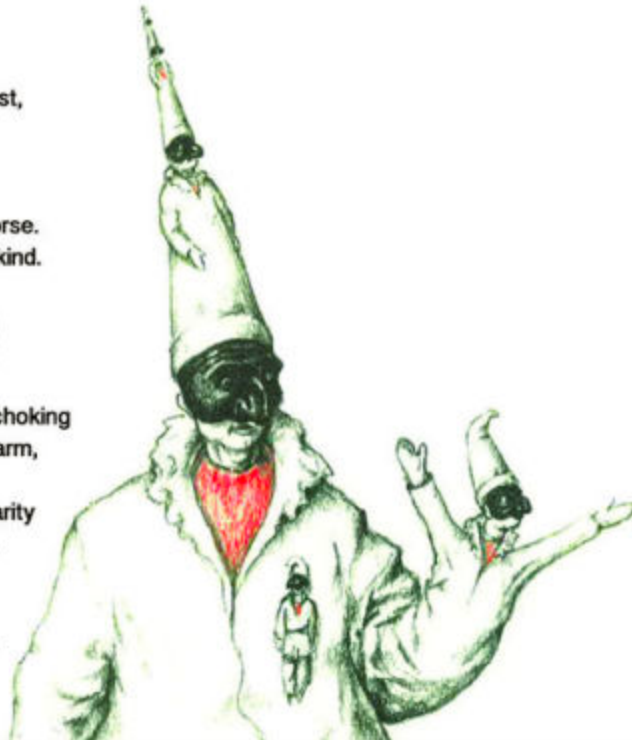
I don't want to be here.
I don't think you want to be here.
I'm sorry.

you will not find peace.
this world, a husk, a ghost,
a thing sinking into
itself, will soon be over.

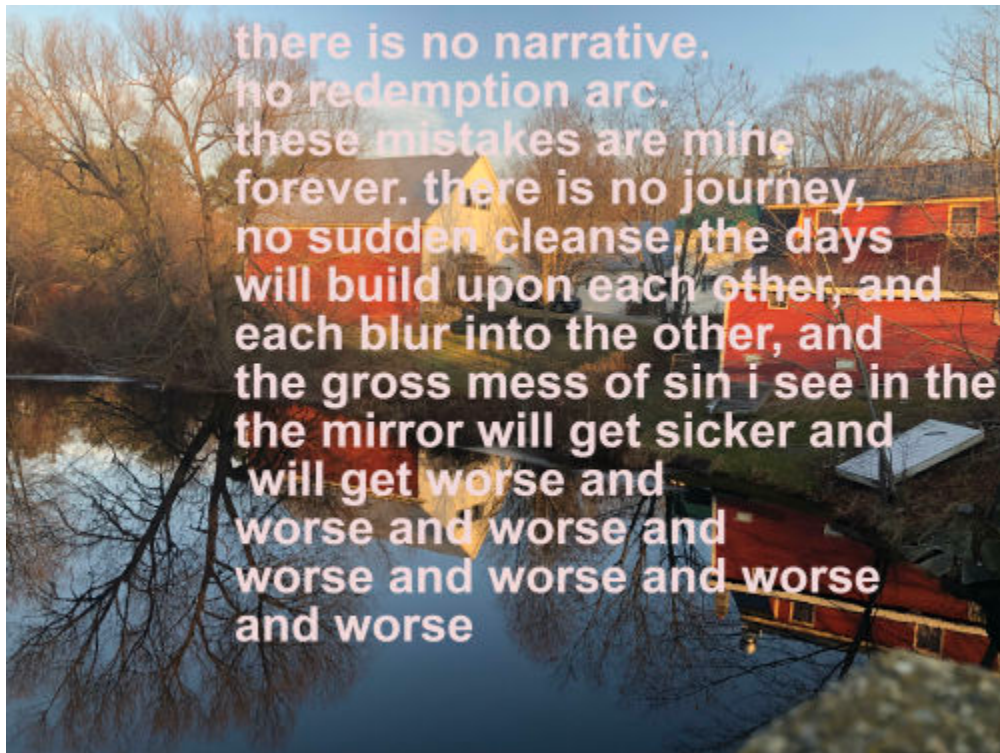
the new world will be worse.
the new god will not be kind.
the new fields will not
roll slowly into the dusk,
the new oceans will not
be placid.
the new world will be a choking
thing, a thing made to harm,

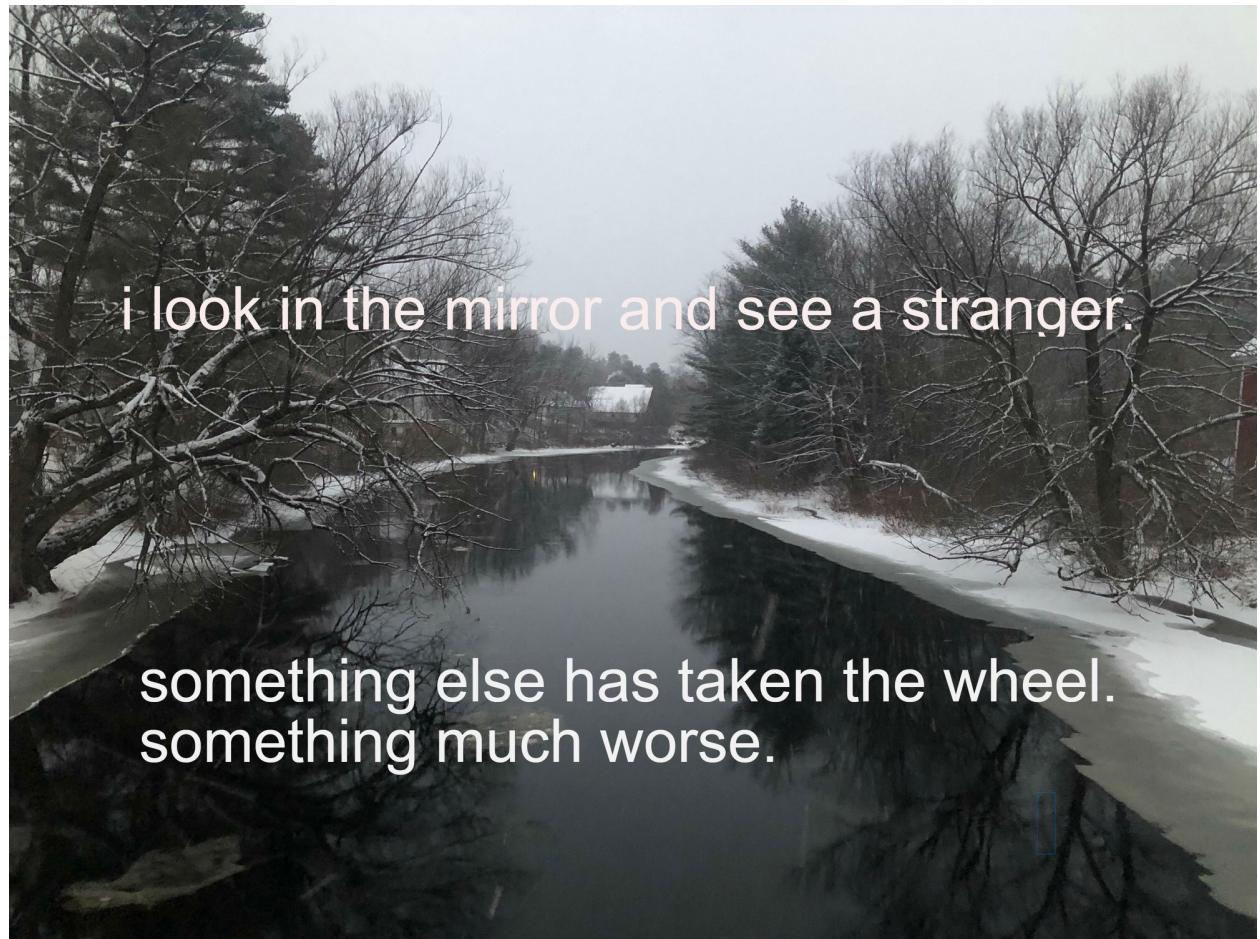
a thing toxic in its familiarity
and relentless in attack.

you will not find peace
in this world or the next.



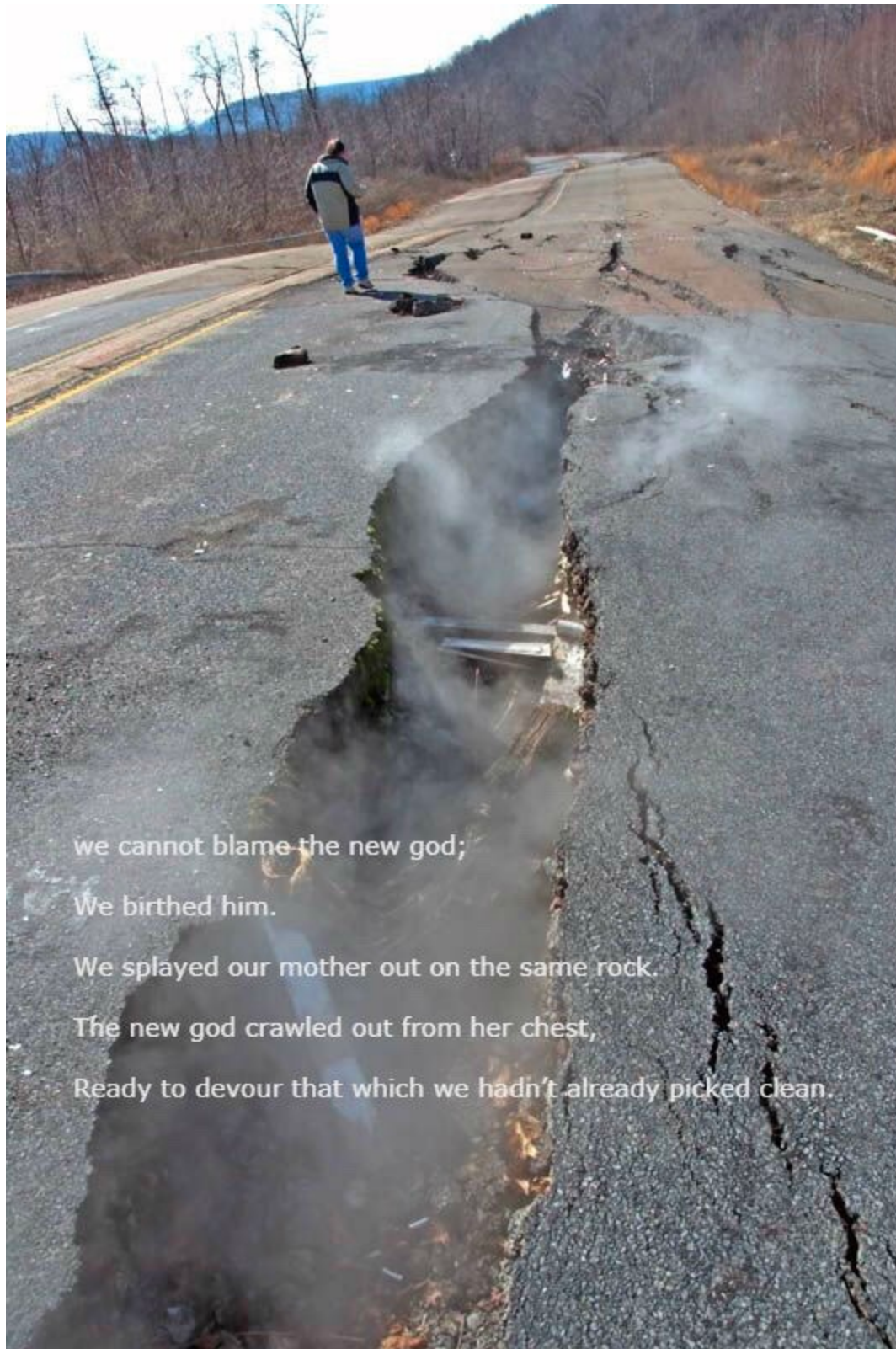
2019





i look in the mirror and see a stranger.

something else has taken the wheel.
something much worse.



we cannot blame the new god;

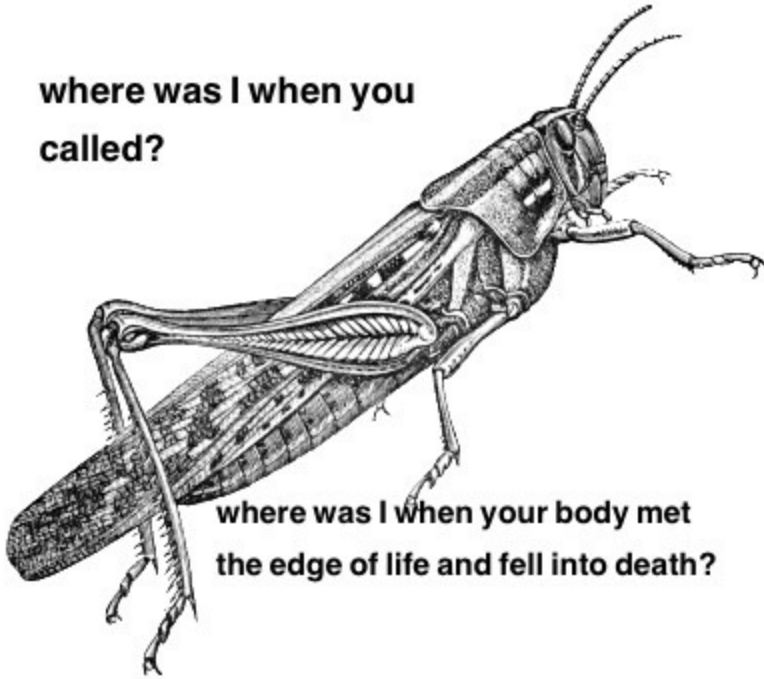
We birthed him.

We splayed our mother out on the same rock.

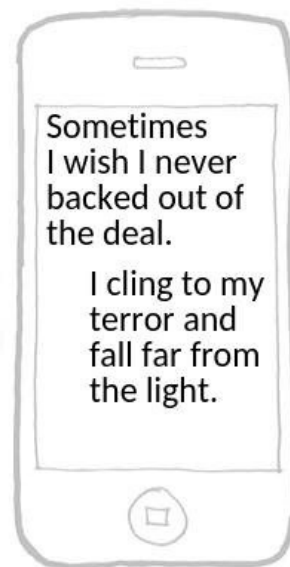
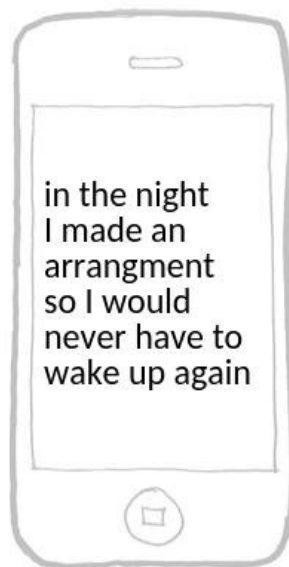
The new god crawled out from her chest,

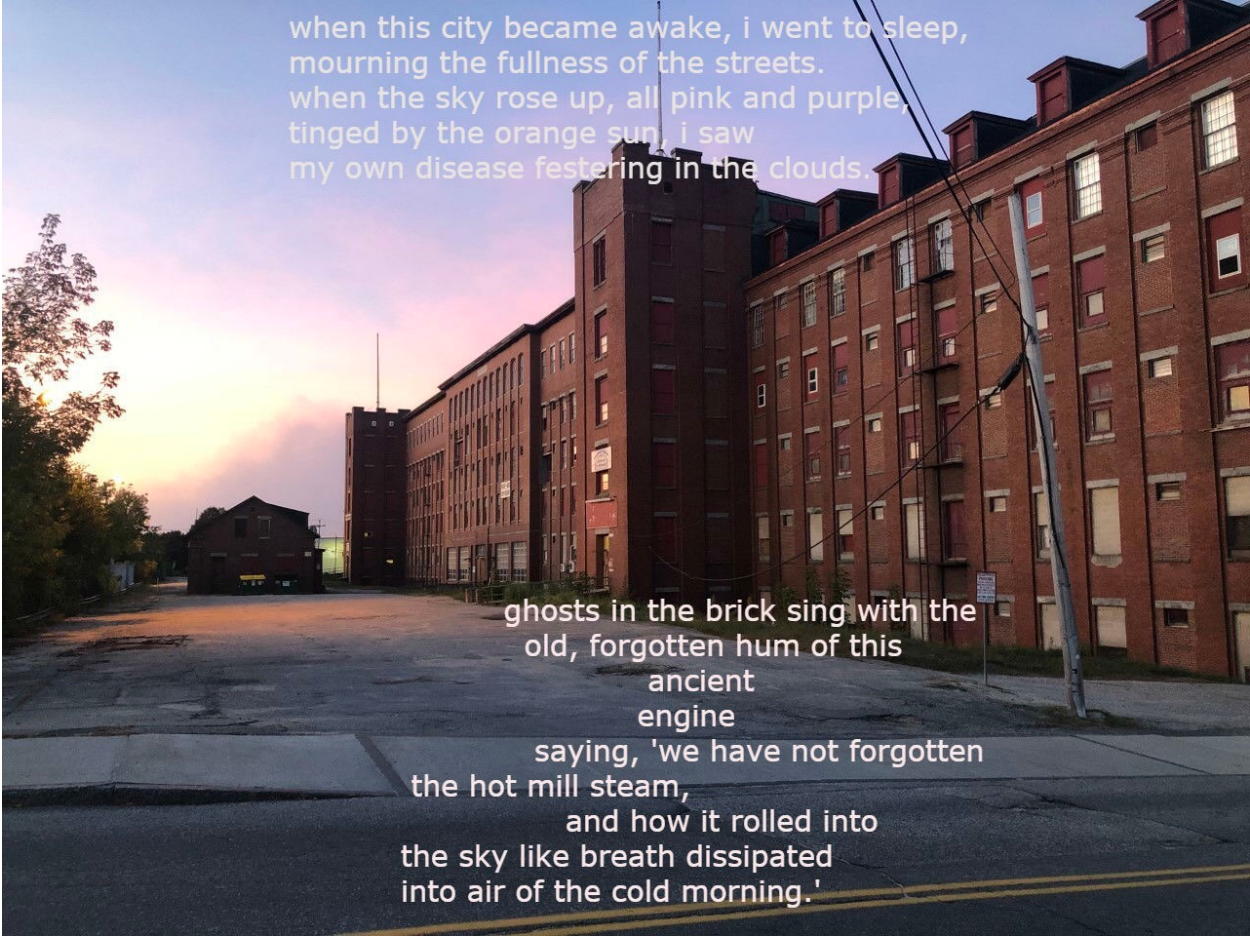
Ready to devour that which we hadn't already picked clean.

**where was I when you
called?**



**where was I when your body met
the edge of life and fell into death?**





when this city became awake, i went to sleep,
mourning the fullness of the streets.
when the sky rose up, all pink and purple,
tinged by the orange sun, i saw
my own disease festering in the clouds.

ghosts in the brick sing with the
old, forgotten hum of this
ancient
engine
saying, 'we have not forgotten
the hot mill steam,
and how it rolled into
the sky like breath dissipated
into air of the cold morning.'

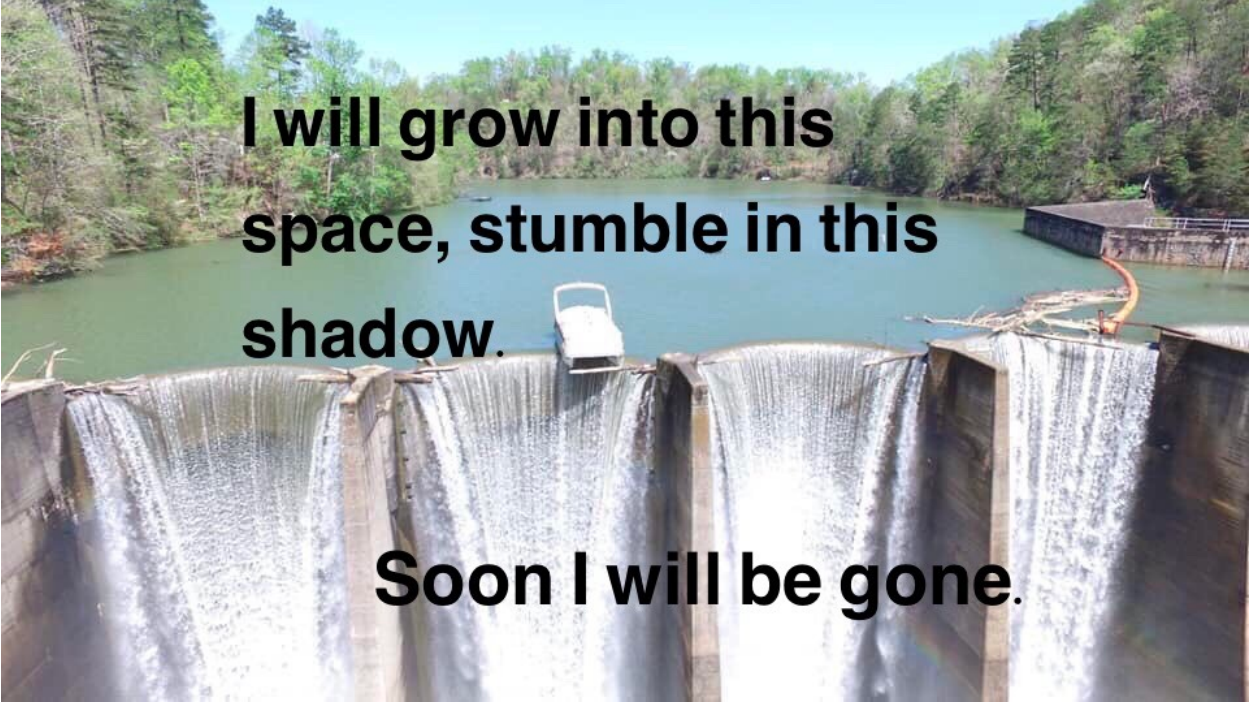
you will be held accountable
to the fullest extent of the
gaping maw



**Soul is a patchwork thing. It is paper
thin, stitched together by mistakes.**



**I will spend most of my life
howling in fear of my sin.**



**I will grow into this
space, stumble in this
shadow.**

Soon I will be gone.

a dead friend comes in a dream. remember where the body
met the edge of life, and fell through into death?

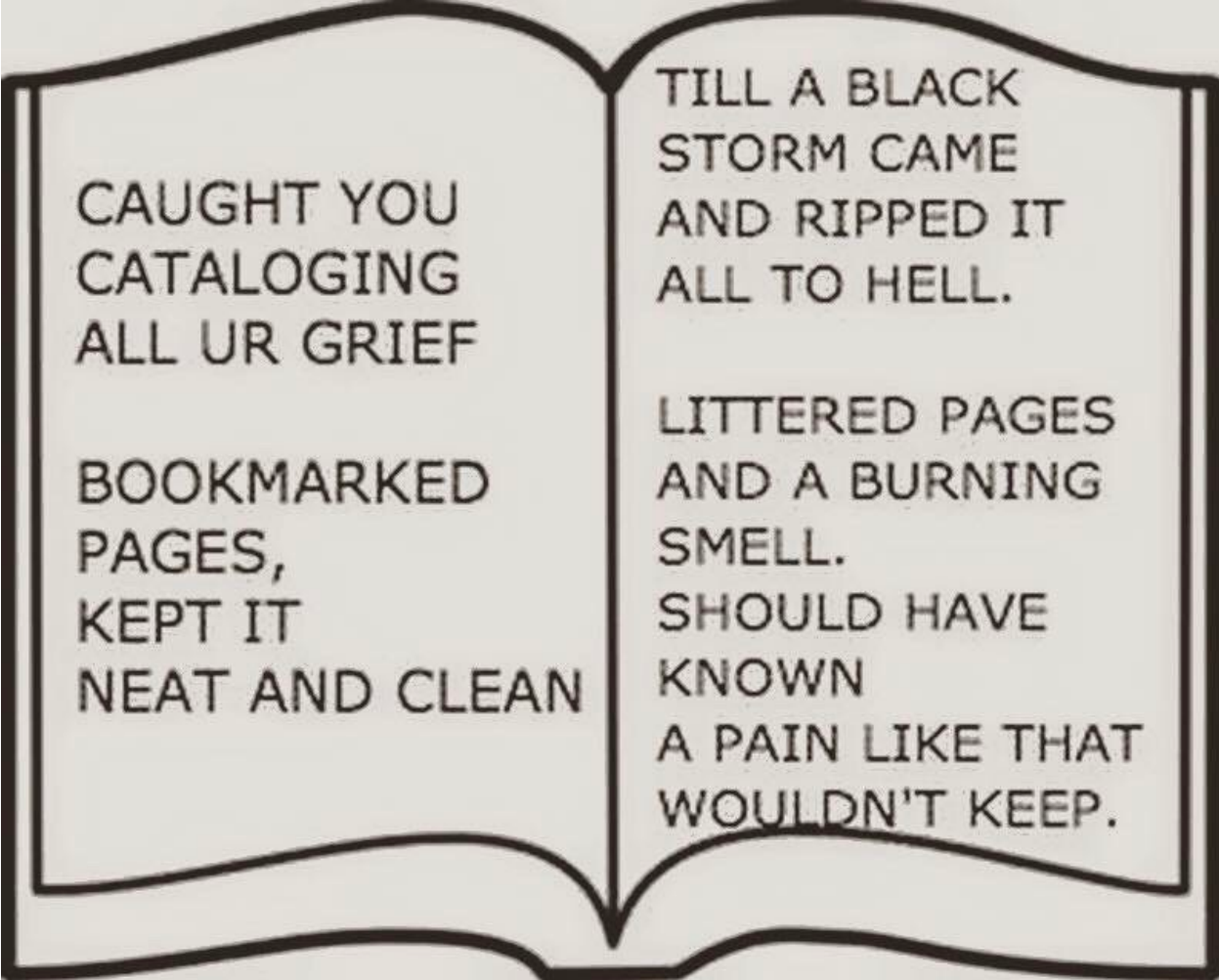
look down, out across the rocks, towards the open ocean.
tell me every day does not feel the same. tell me you know
who you are. how have things been? are you lying? be
honest.

tell me every day feels the same, tell me the self has been
breaking apart inside of the self, tell me this body, this soul
does not feel as if it belongs to you.

and your friend, who you would sacrifice yourself for, who
can still smell and taste and hear: in the dream, he won't
apologize. the dead don't need to apologize.

you don't need to apologize to the dead.

you just have to keep living inside of this great engine.
someday, in a flash of steam, it will sputter and die.
but until then, you need to memorize it. study the patterns.
one day you will
rip down the moon and
finally go home.

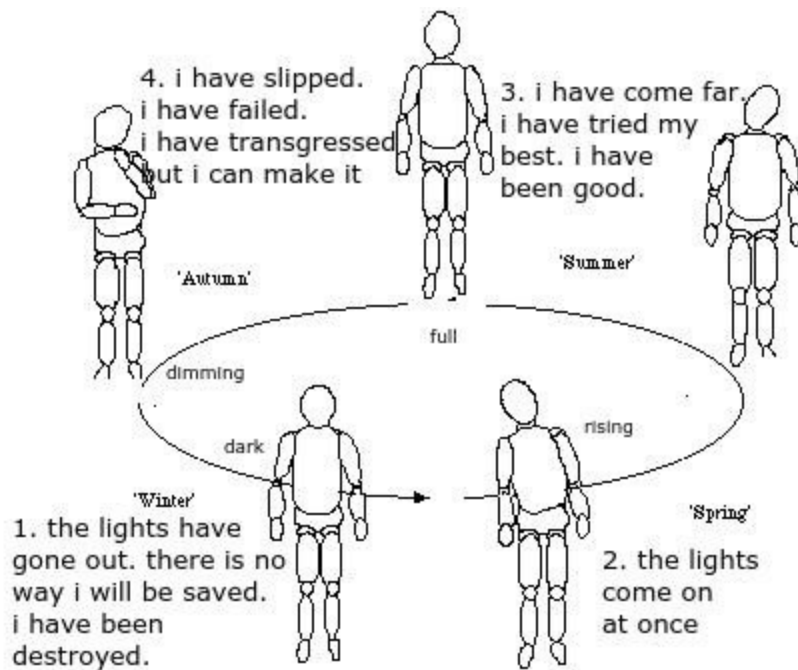


CAUGHT YOU
CATALOGING
ALL UR GRIEF

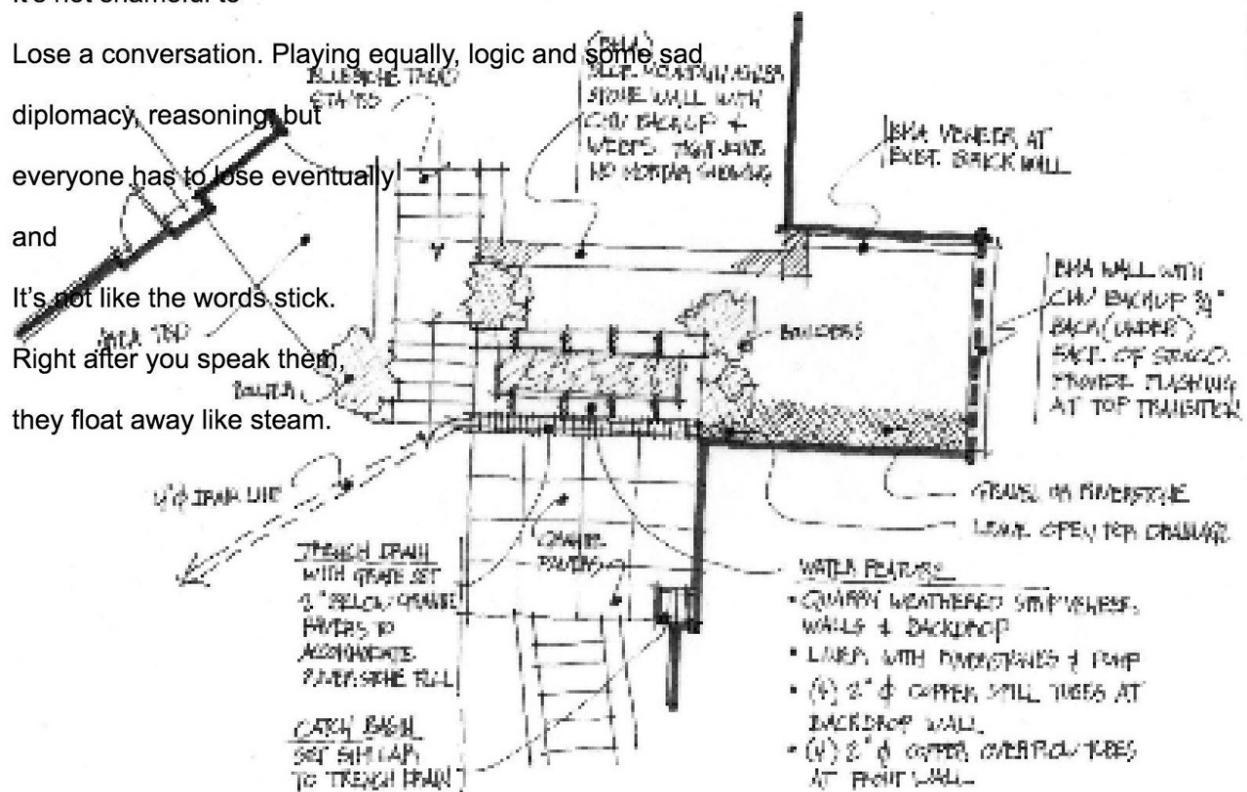
BOOKMARKED
PAGES,
KEPT IT
NEAT AND CLEAN

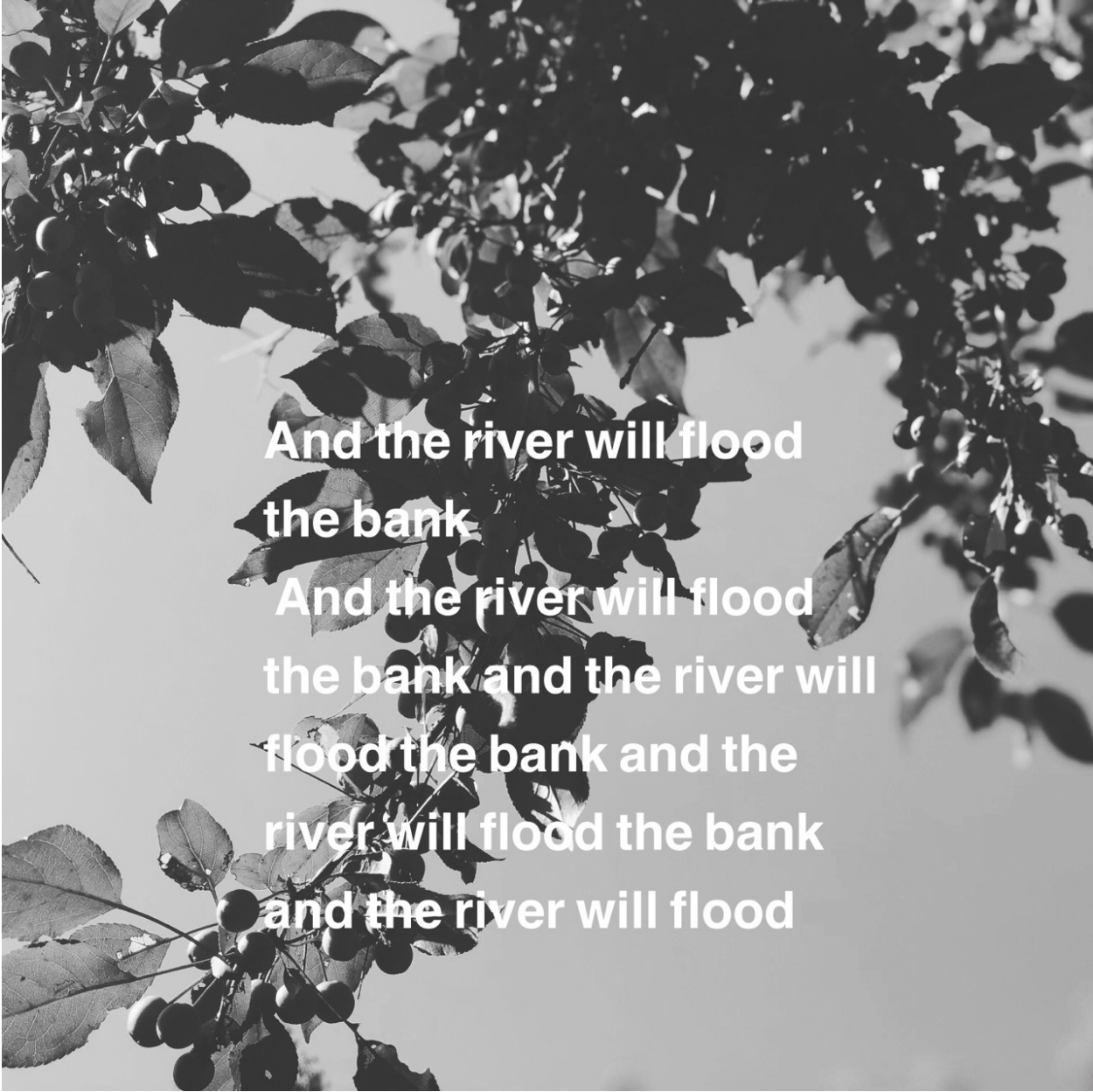
TILL A BLACK
STORM CAME
AND RIPPED IT
ALL TO HELL.

LITTERED PAGES
AND A BURNING
SMELL.
SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN
A PAIN LIKE THAT
WOULDN'T KEEP.



they float away like steam.

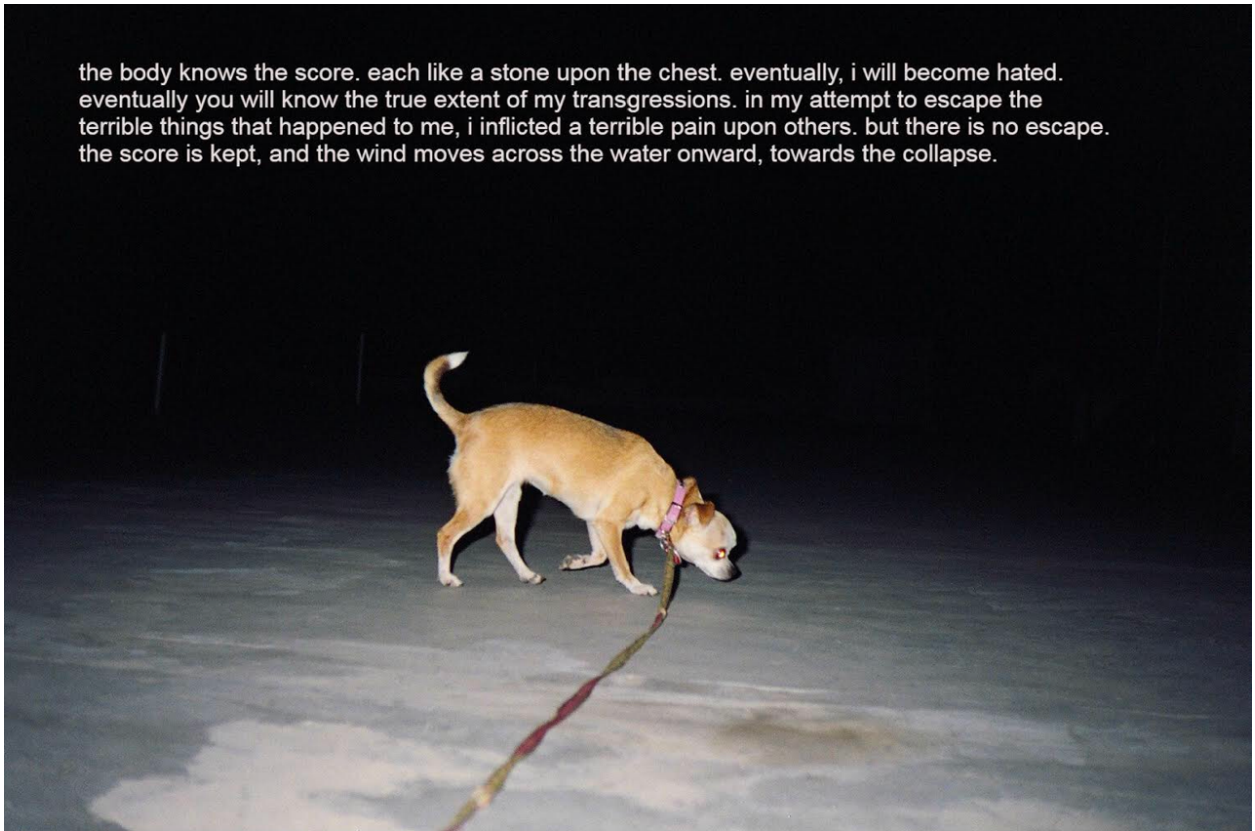




And the river will flood
the bank

And the river will flood
the bank and the river will
flood the bank and the
river will flood the bank
and the river will flood

the body knows the score. each like a stone upon the chest. eventually, i will become hated.
eventually you will know the true extent of my transgressions. in my attempt to escape the
terrible things that happened to me, i inflicted a terrible pain upon others. but there is no escape.
the score is kept, and the wind moves across the water onward, towards the collapse.

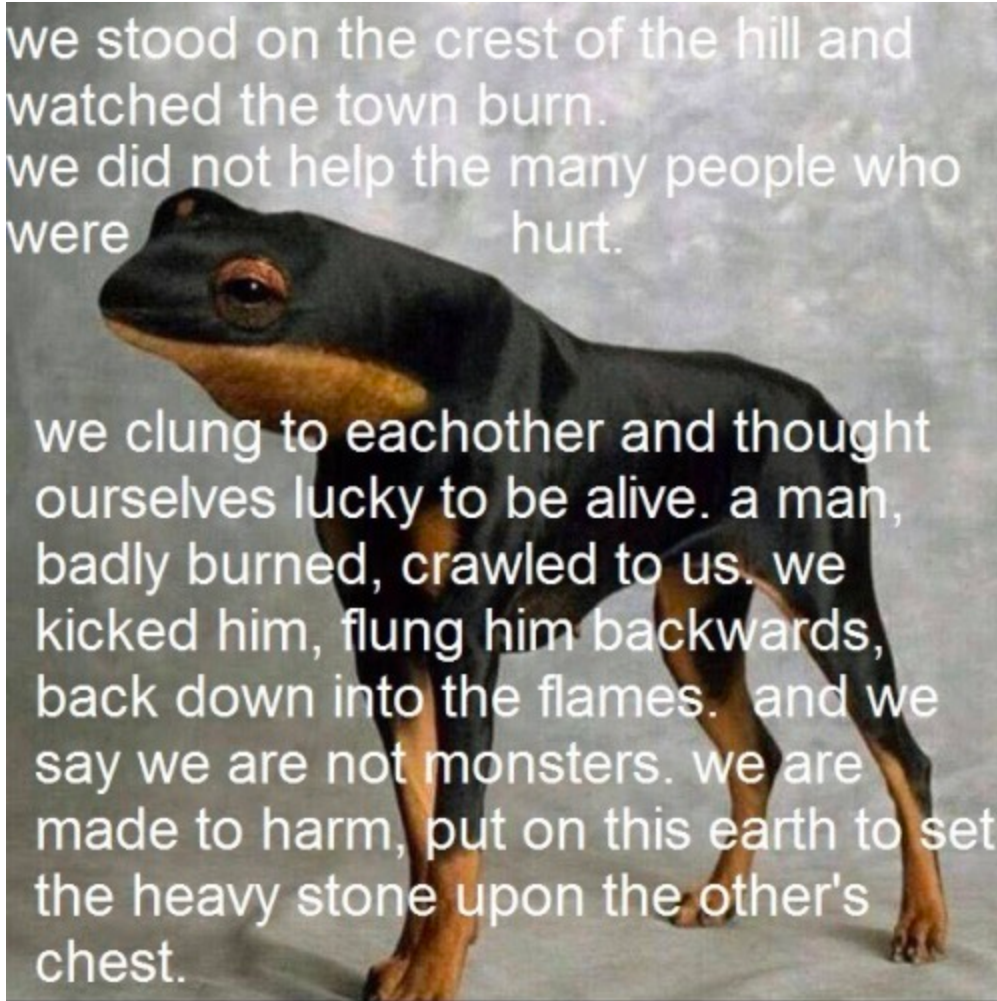




I did not enter this place voluntarily, but I cannot leave. Tethered to this empty place, this empty bed.

we stood on the crest of the hill and
watched the town burn.
we did not help the many people who
were hurt.

we clung to each other and thought
ourselves lucky to be alive. a man,
badly burned, crawled to us. we
kicked him, flung him backwards,
back down into the flames. and we
say we are not monsters. we are
made to harm, put on this earth to set
the heavy stone upon the other's
chest.





Eohippus – 40 million years ago

**Who were you ten
years ago?**



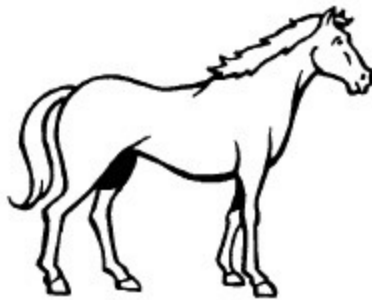
Mesohippus – 30 million years ago

years ago?



Merychippus – 15 million years ago

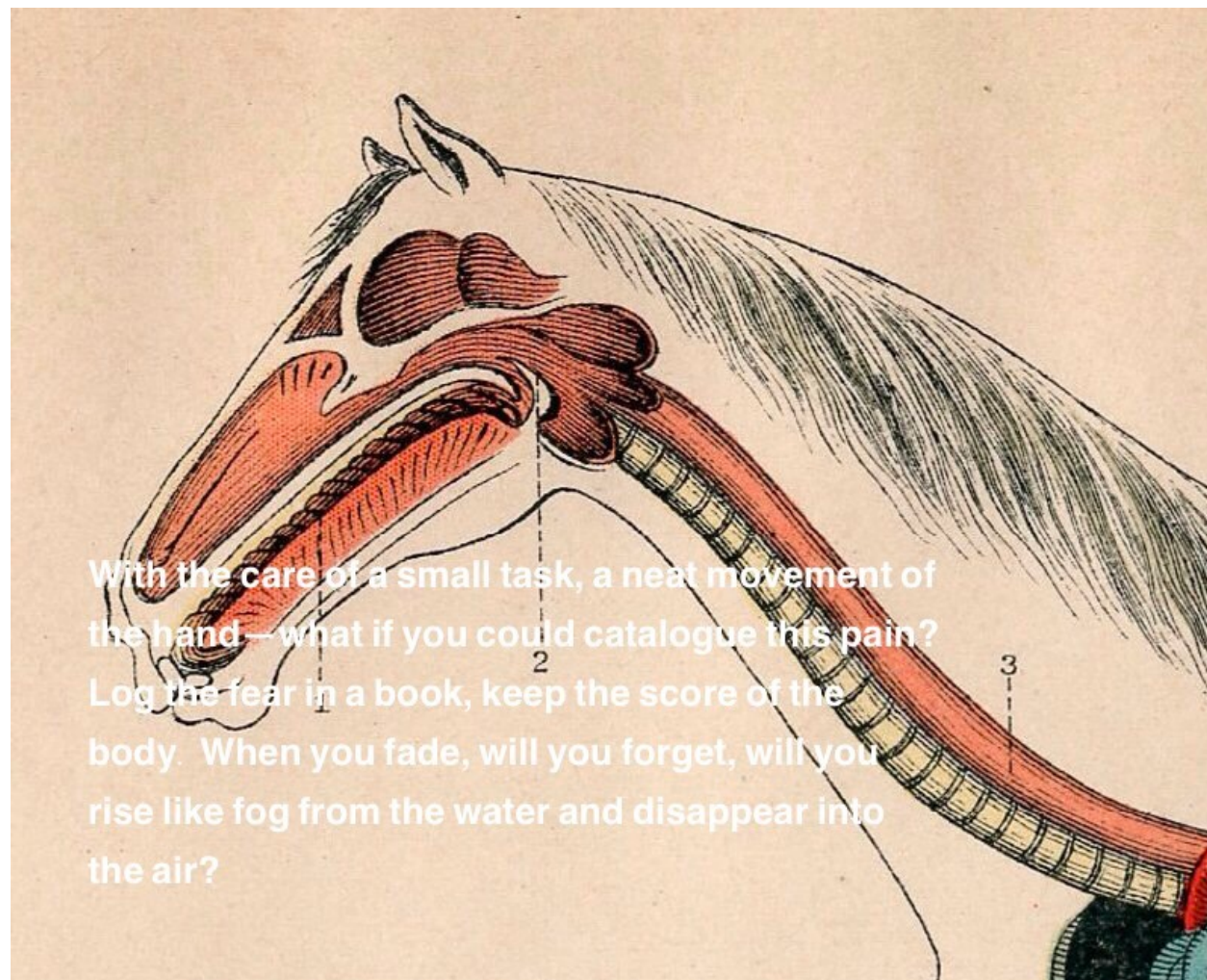
**Who will you be
when you die?**



Horse – modern

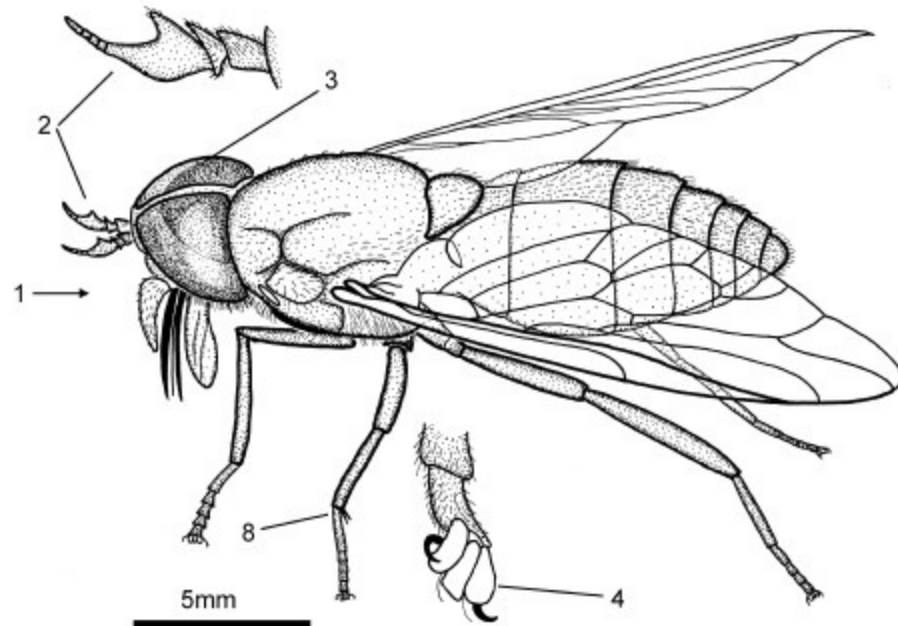
*The evolution of the horse, with particular emphasis
on the changing foot structure*



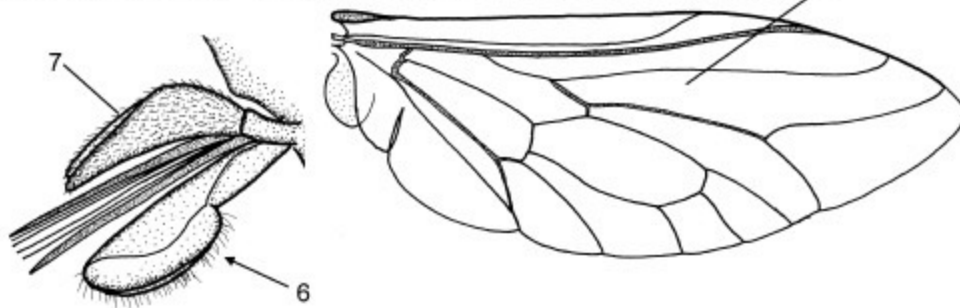


With the care of a small task, a neat movement of
the hand — what if you could catalogue this pain?
Log the fear in a book, keep the score of the
body. When you fade, will you forget, will you
rise like fog from the water and disappear into
the air?

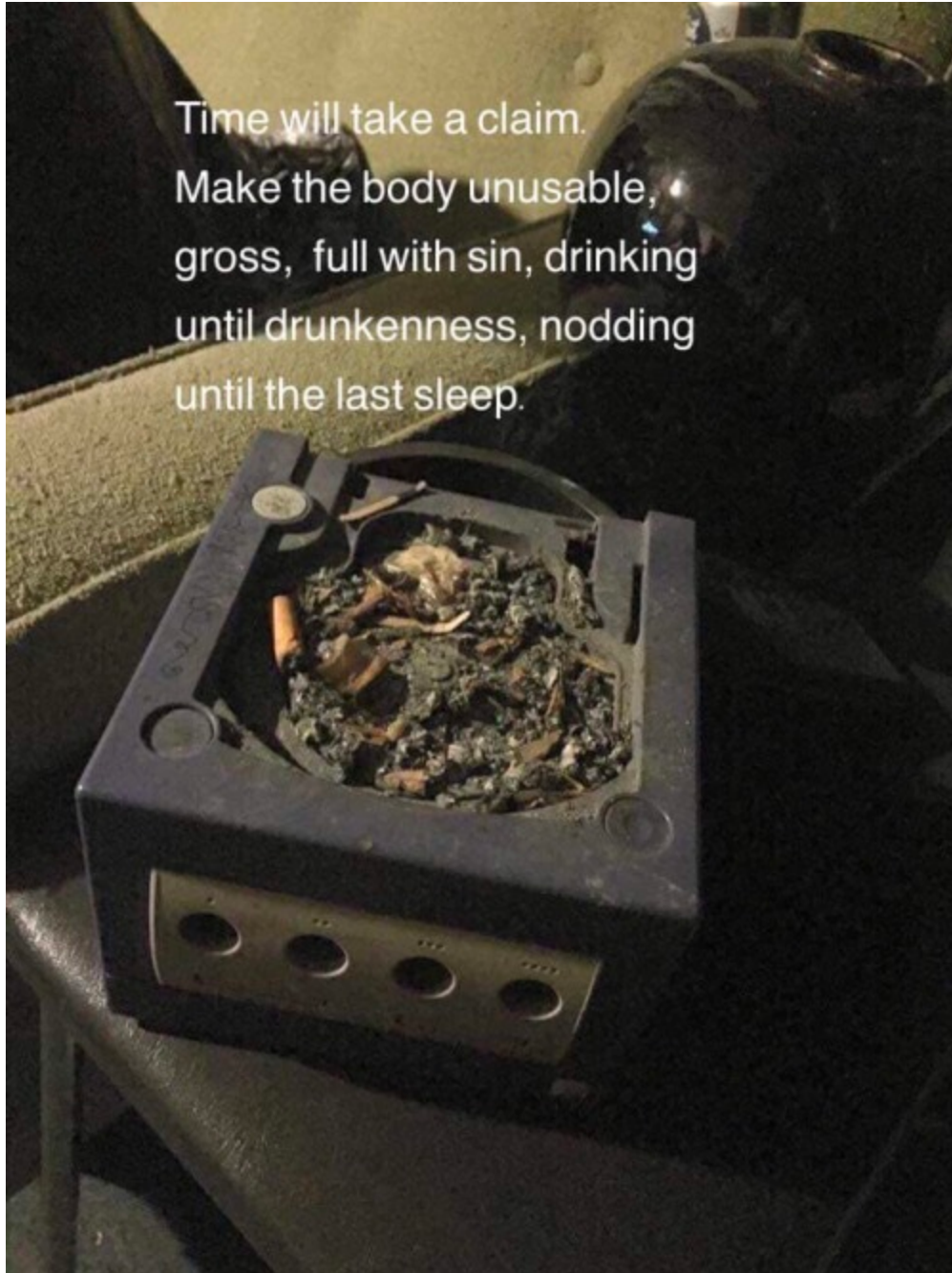
Tabanus



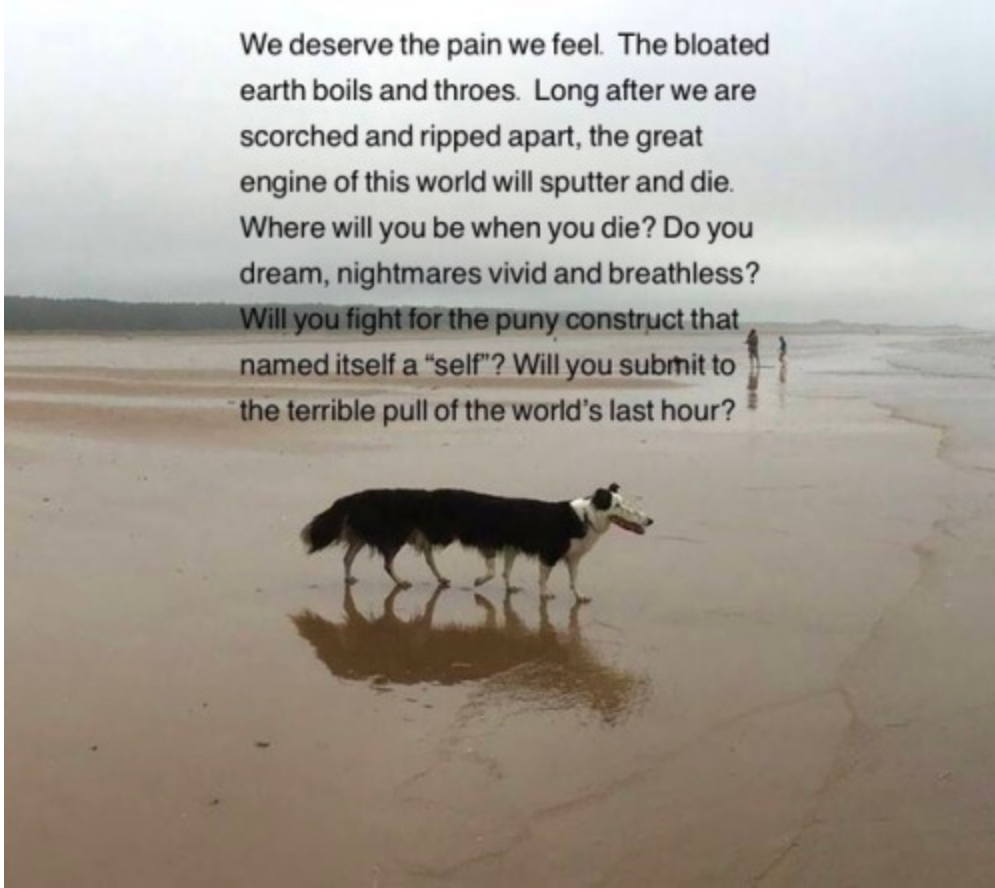
we are only as good as our worst hour. 5



Time will take a claim.
Make the body unusable,
gross, full with sin, drinking
until drunkenness, nodding
until the last sleep.



We deserve the pain we feel. The bloated earth boils and throes. Long after we are scorched and ripped apart, the great engine of this world will sputter and die. Where will you be when you die? Do you dream, nightmares vivid and breathless? Will you fight for the puny construct that named itself a "self"? Will you submit to the terrible pull of the world's last hour?





I am only as good as my worst impulse



This body, failing and foreign,
blares new sirens everyday.
A new panic furrows deep
down.
Numbed to dust on the stone
of the world.

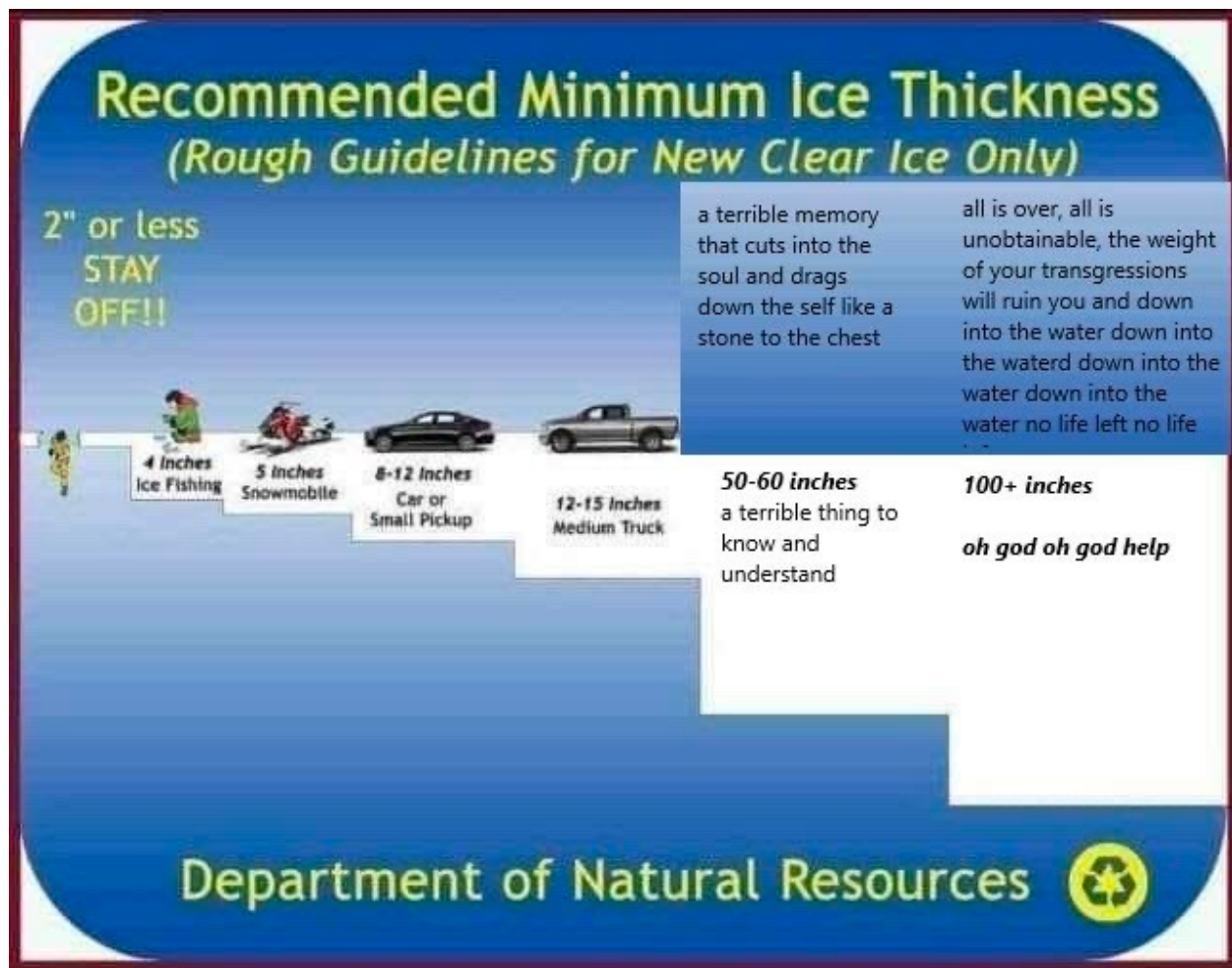
If you love me let me drink
myself to death

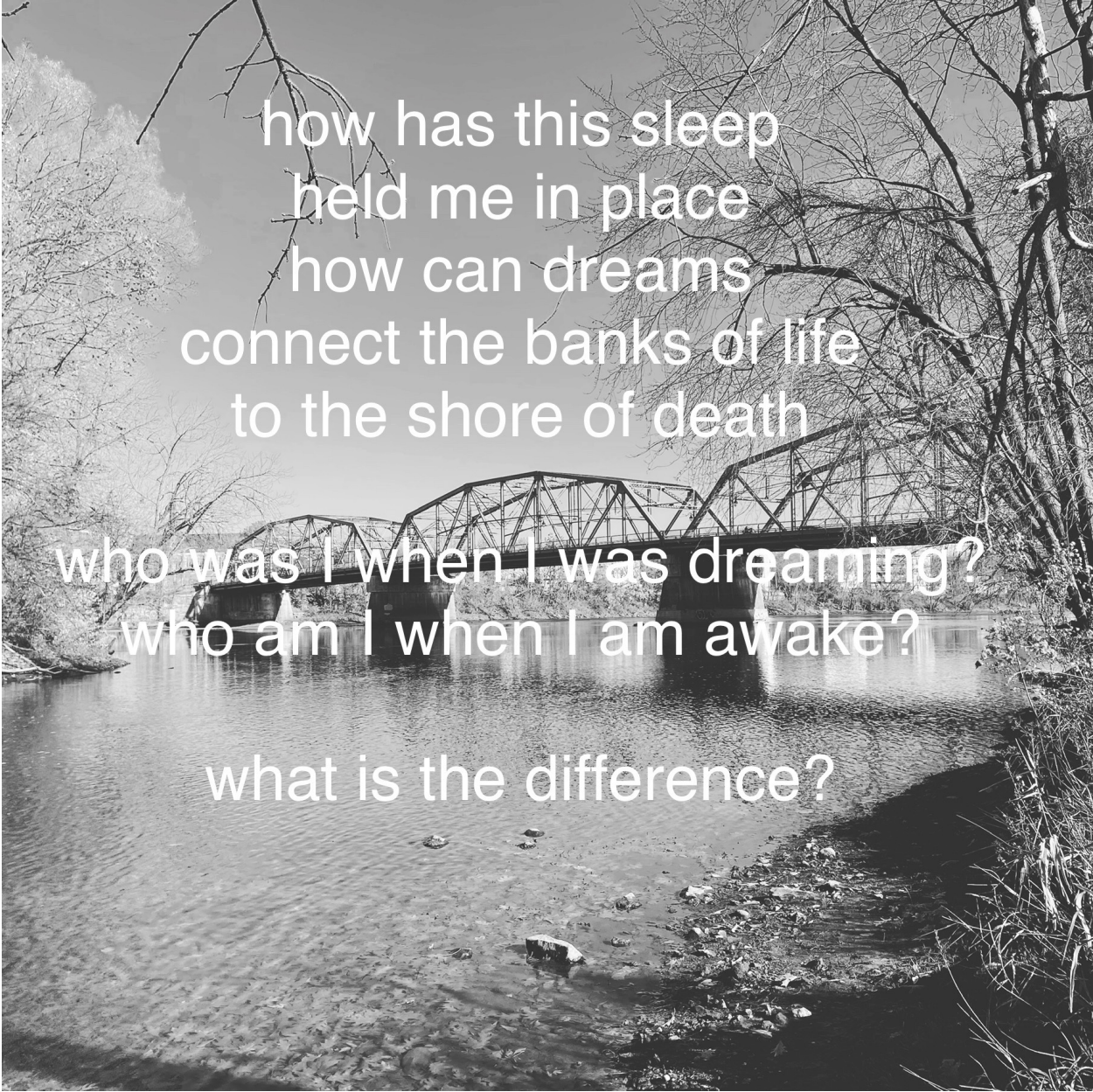
what will remain? The suffocating
heat? The wind, deepset into the
bone? What will remain? Who will
be left when the gone furrows in?



The pastoral fantasy, the
want to maybe not die
tomorrow, living in the
flash, the siren wailing,
the calm of the land and
the braying of the beast

2020

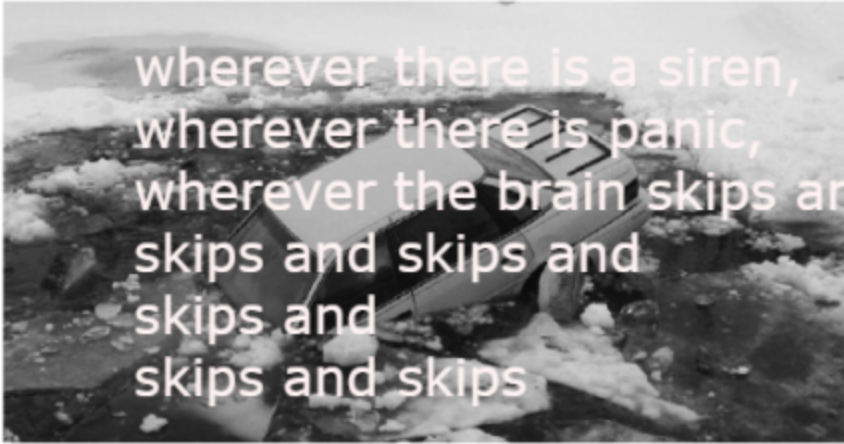


A black and white photograph of a river with a bridge in the background, surrounded by bare trees. The text is overlaid on the image.

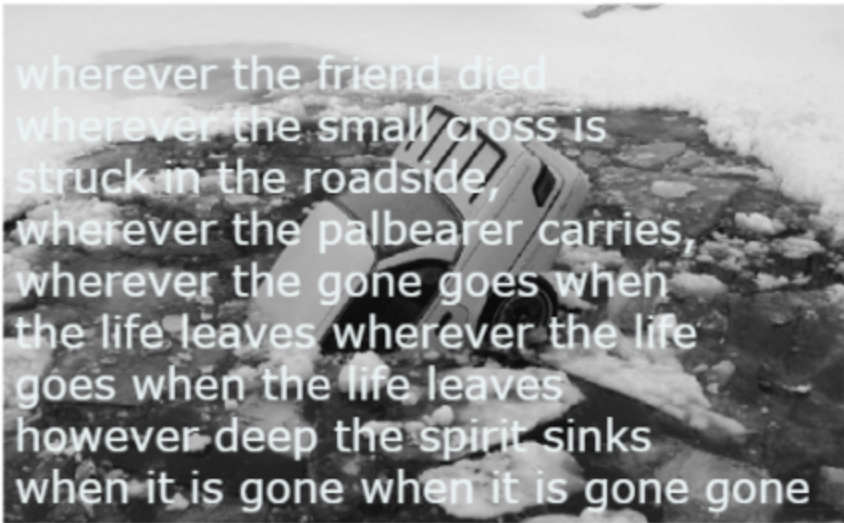
how has this sleep
held me in place
how can dreams
connect the banks of life
to the shore of death

who was I when I was dreaming?
who am I when I am awake?

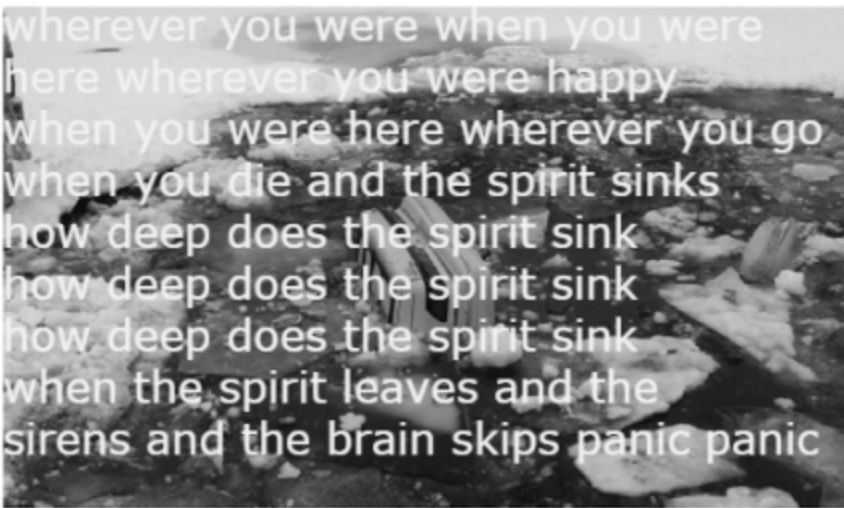
what is the difference?

A black and white photograph showing a car that has crashed onto a rocky, icy shoreline. The car is partially submerged in the water, with its front end facing the viewer. The background shows a hazy, overcast sky and distant hills.

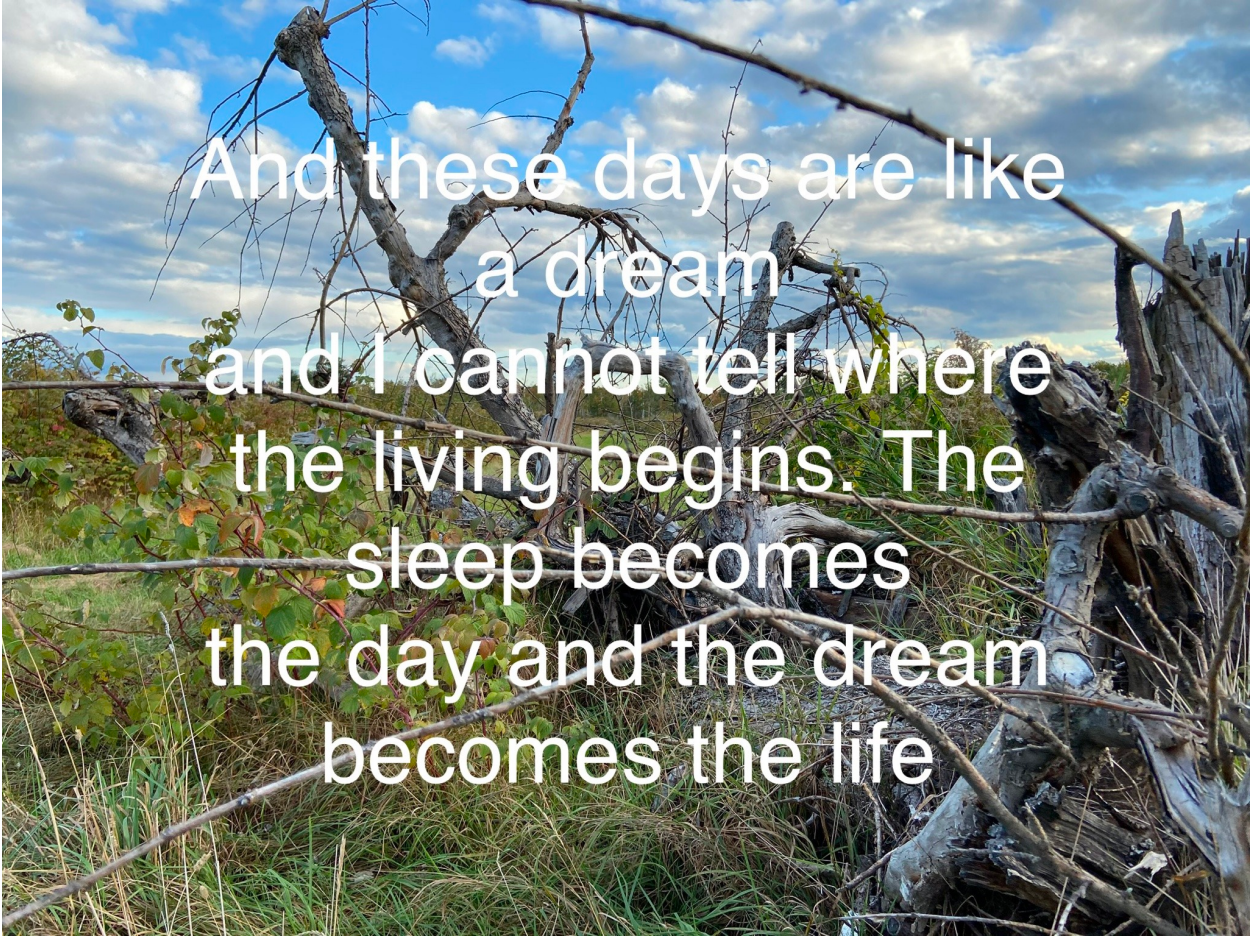
wherever there is a siren,
wherever there is panic,
wherever the brain skips and
skips and skips and
skips and
skips and skips

A black and white photograph showing a car that has crashed onto a rocky, icy shoreline. The car is partially submerged in the water, with its front end facing the viewer. The background shows a hazy, overcast sky and distant hills.

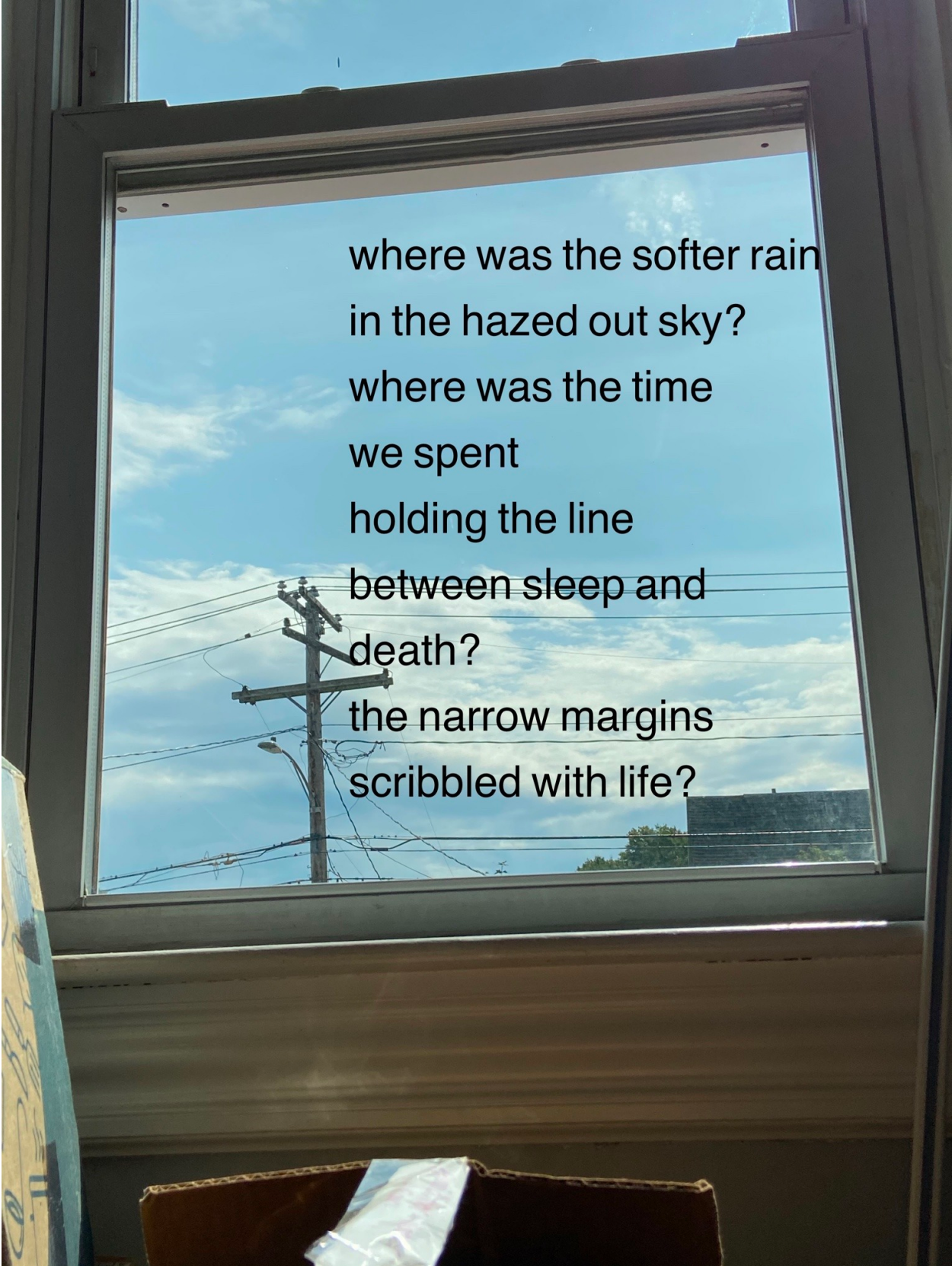
wherever the friend died
wherever the small cross is
struck in the roadside,
wherever the palbearer carries,
wherever the gone goes when
the life leaves wherever the life
goes when the life leaves
however deep the spirit sinks
when it is gone when it is gone gone

A black and white photograph showing a car that has crashed onto a rocky, icy shoreline. The car is partially submerged in the water, with its front end facing the viewer. The background shows a hazy, overcast sky and distant hills.

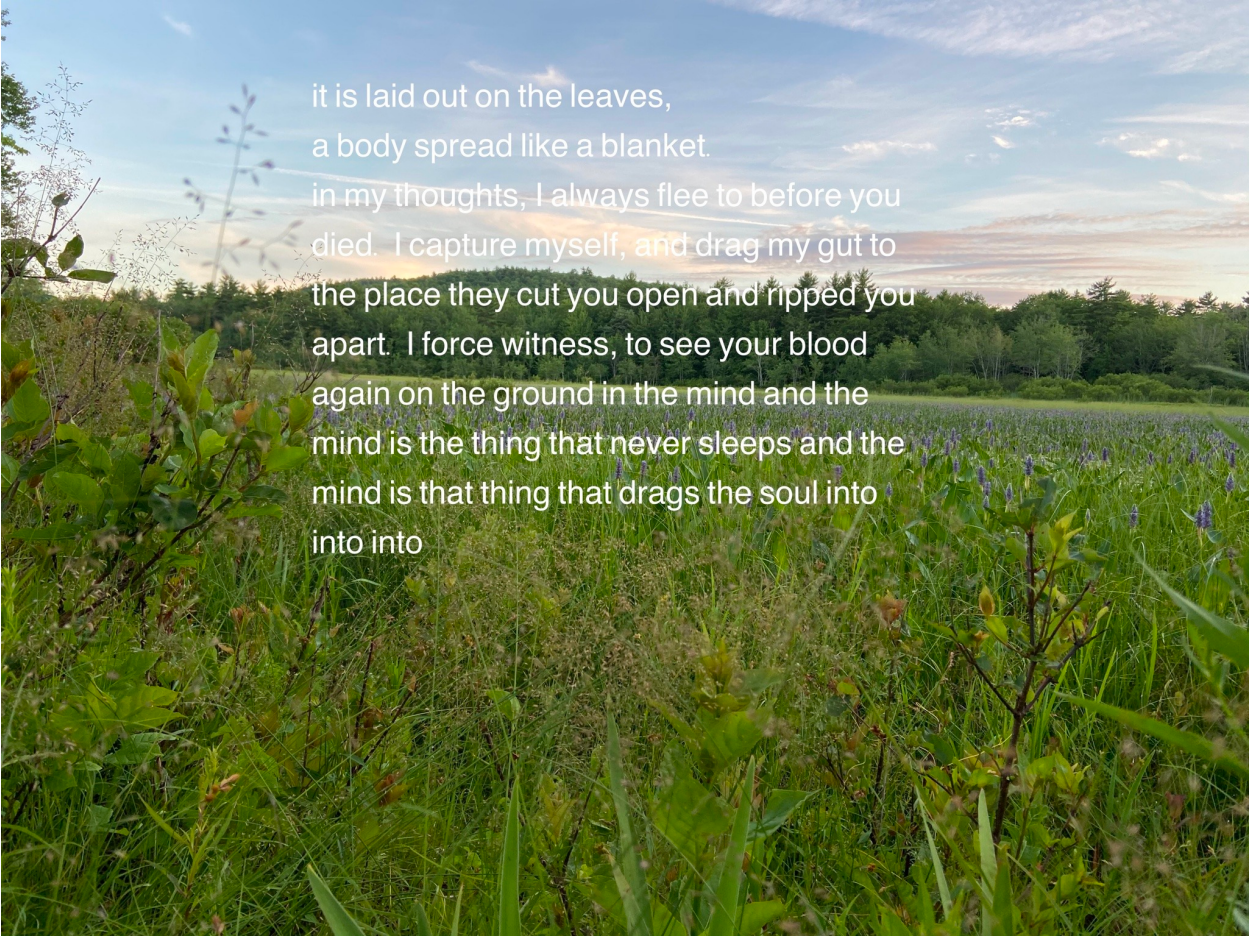
wherever you were when you were
here wherever you were happy
when you were here wherever you go
when you die and the spirit sinks
how deep does the spirit sink
how deep does the spirit sink
how deep does the spirit sink
when the spirit leaves and the
sirens and the brain skips panic panic



And these days are like
a dream
and I cannot tell where
the living begins. The
sleep becomes
the day and the dream
becomes the life



where was the softer rain
in the hazed out sky?
where was the time
we spent
holding the line
between sleep and
death?
the narrow margins
scribbled with life?



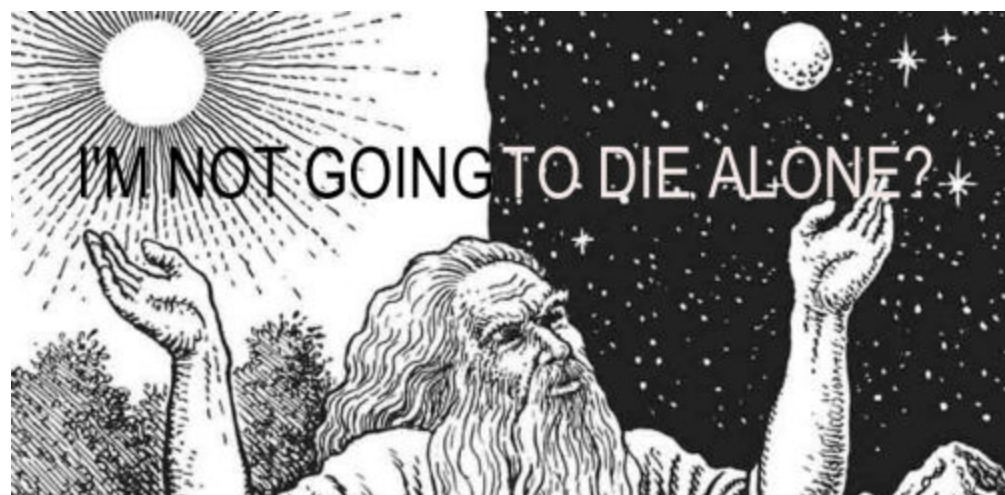
it is laid out on the leaves,
a body spread like a blanket.
in my thoughts, I always flee to before you
died. I capture myself, and drag my gut to
the place they cut you open and ripped you
apart. I force witness, to see your blood
again on the ground in the mind and the
mind is the thing that never sleeps and the
mind is that thing that drags the soul into
into into



and the years
and the years
and the years let
blood

and the years and the
years and the years
lay still in the grass

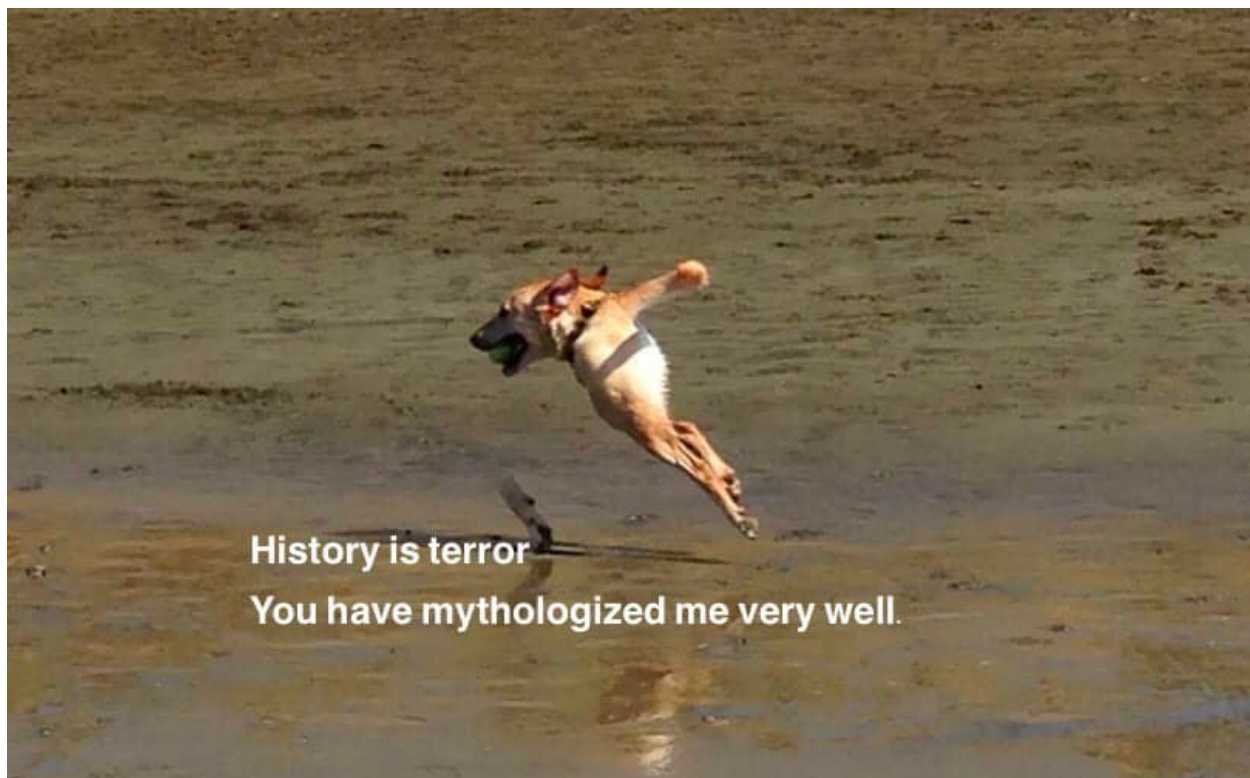
and the years and the
years and the years break
a body apart



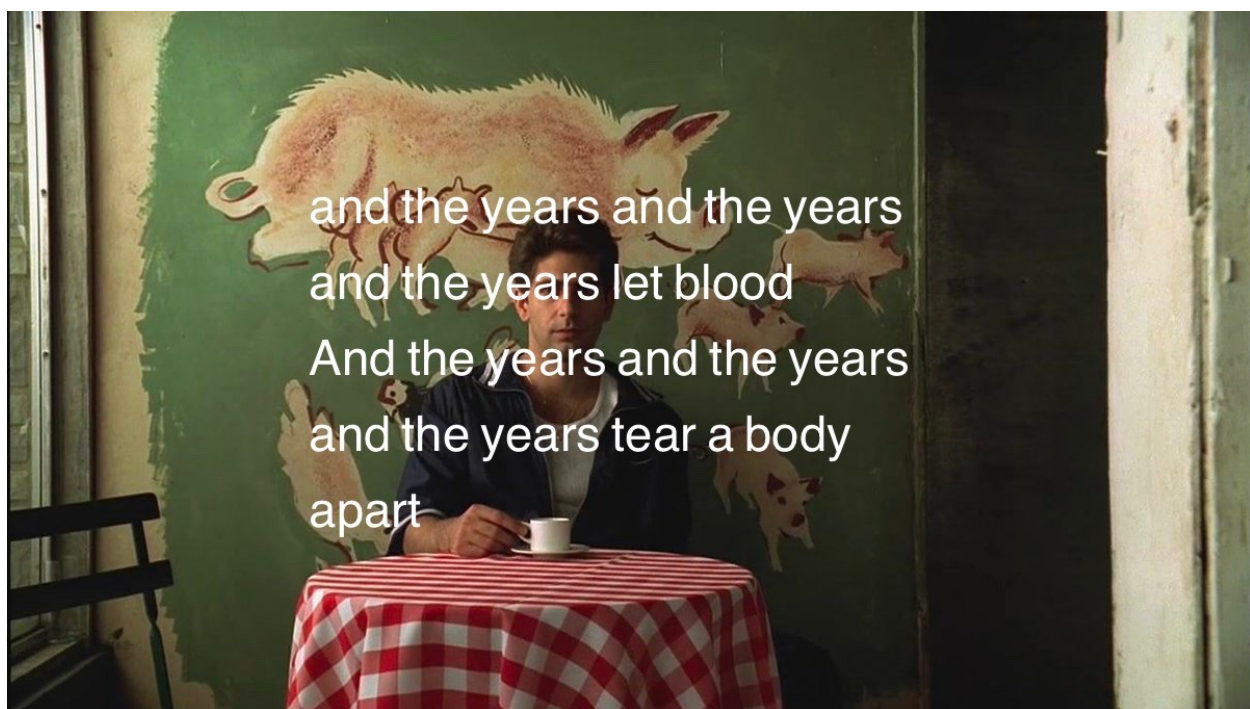
poetry is walking into a
crowded room

and asking,
in a whisper,

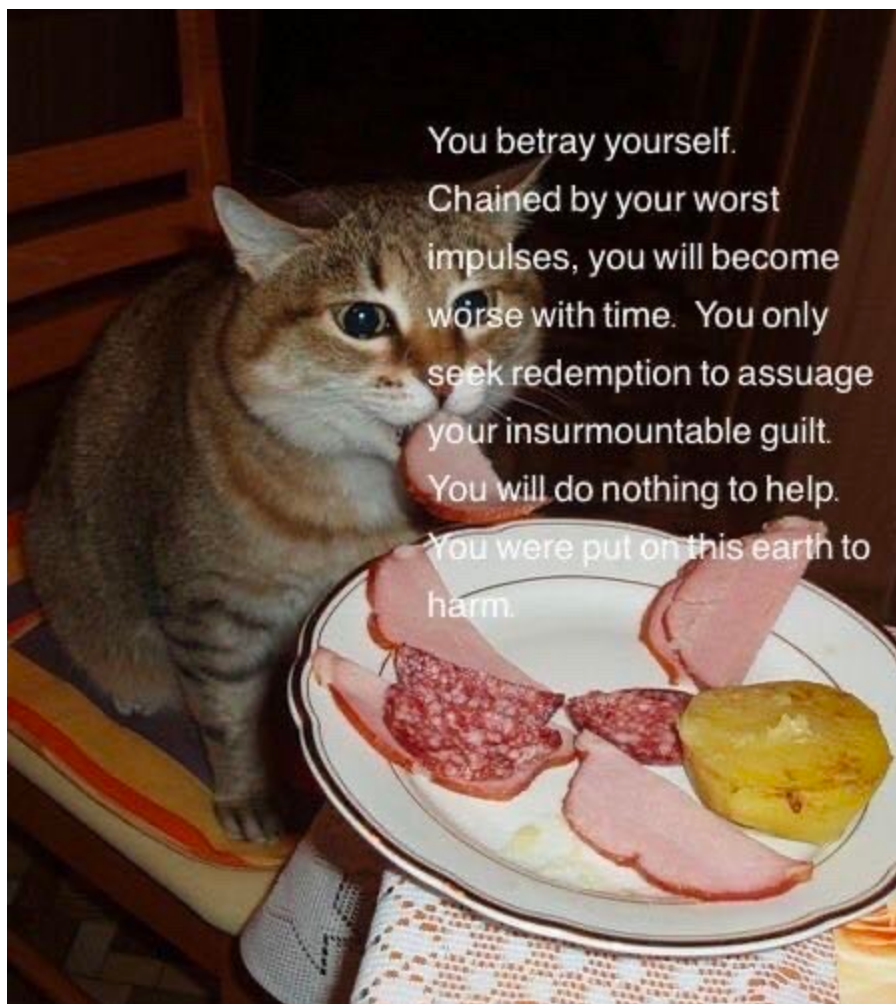
if anyone has a secret to
tell



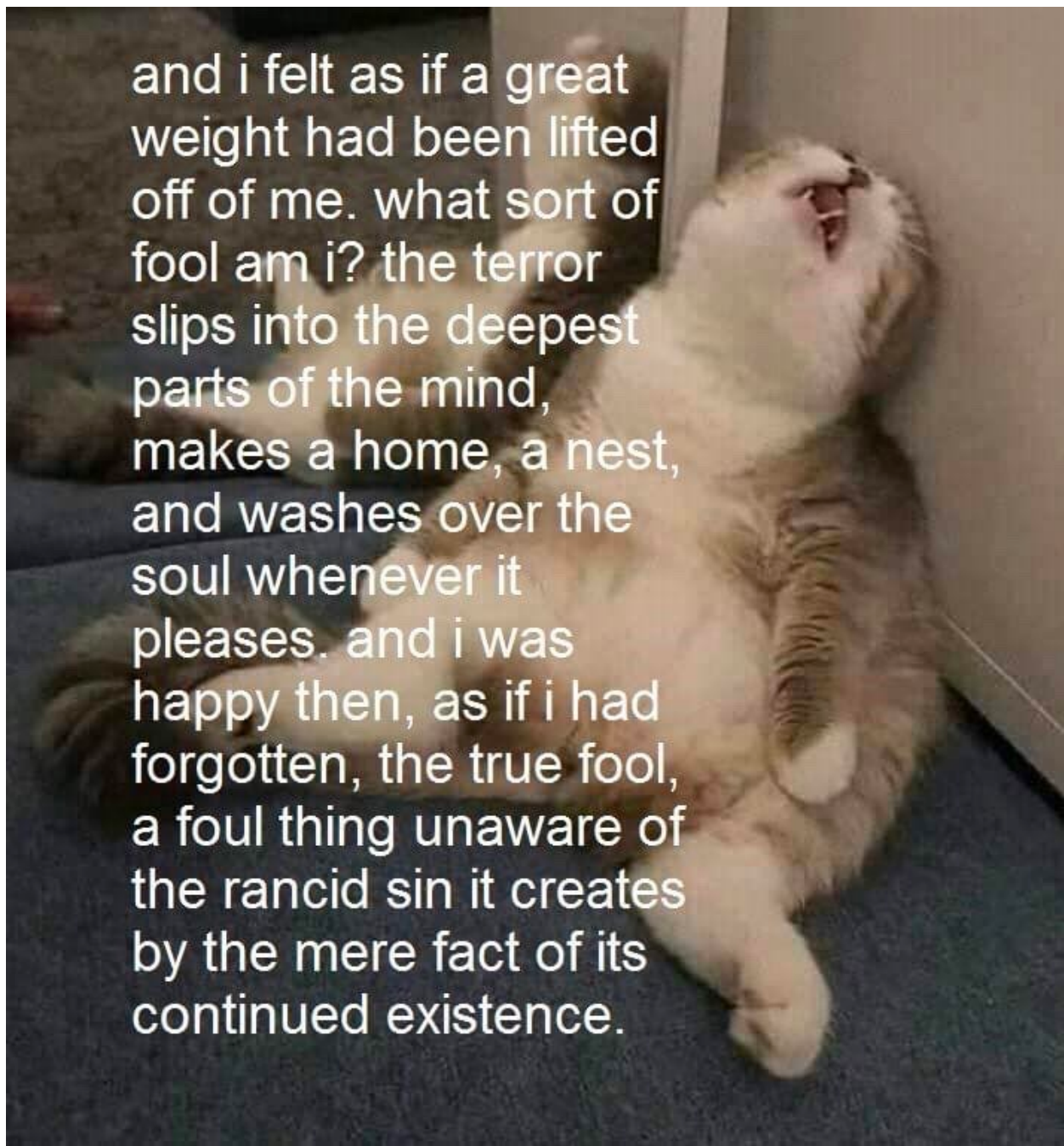
History is terror
You have mythologized me very well.



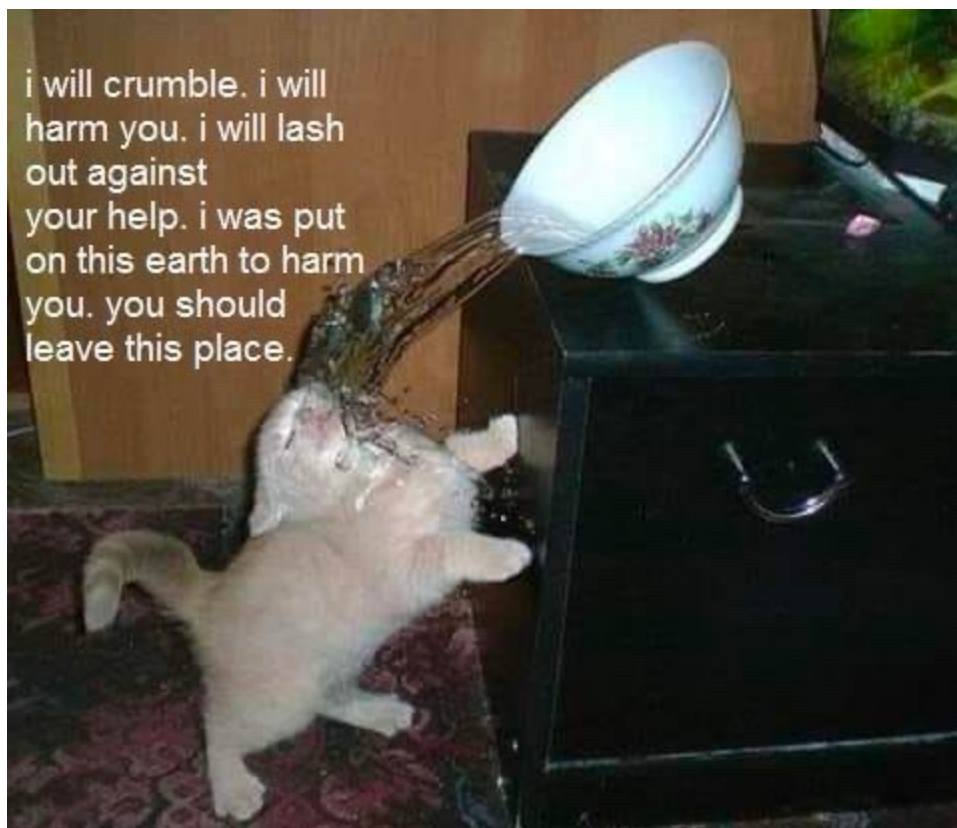
and the years and the years
and the years let blood
And the years and the years
and the years tear a body
apart



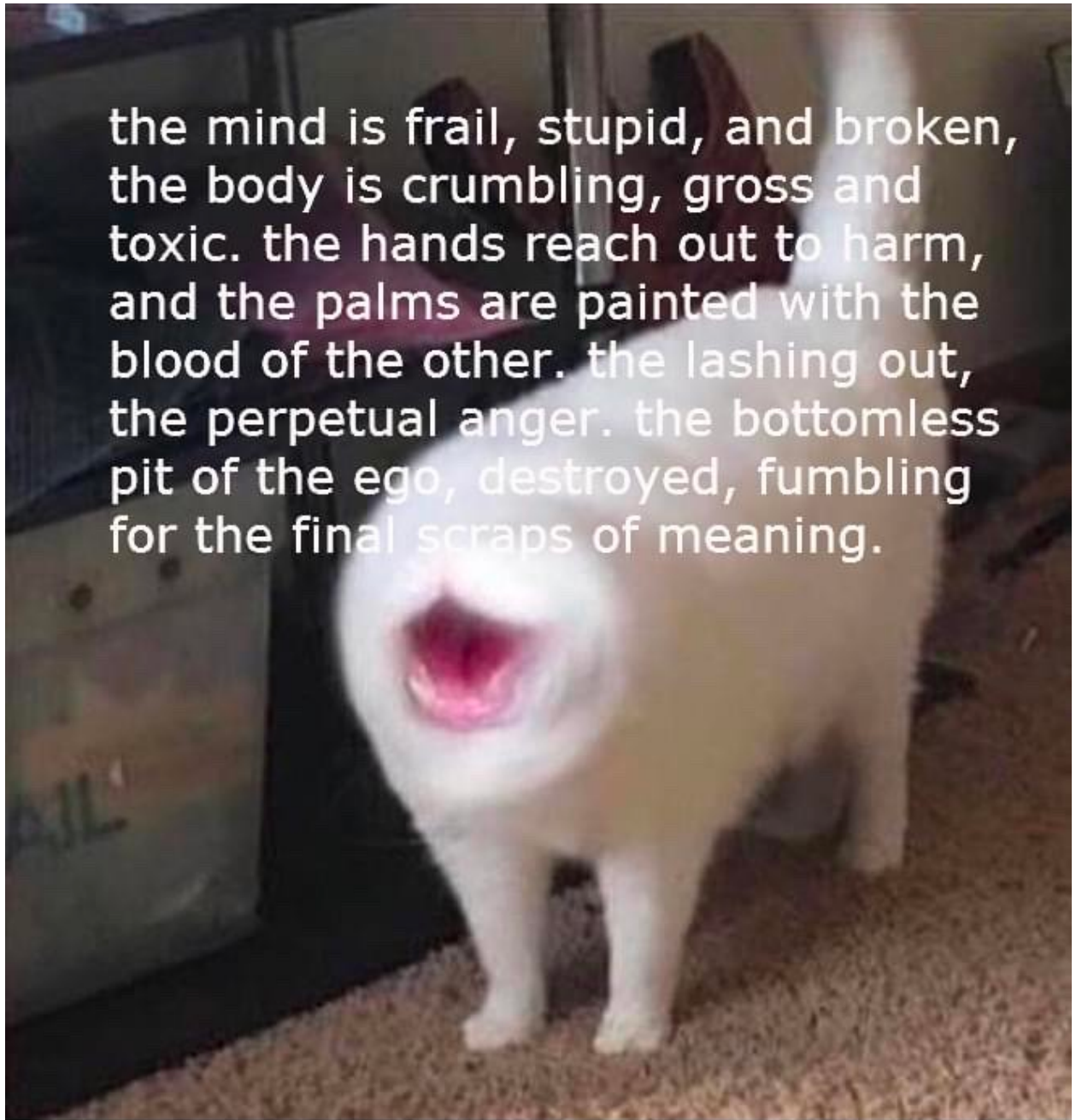
and i felt as if a great weight had been lifted off of me. what sort of fool am i? the terror slips into the deepest parts of the mind, makes a home, a nest, and washes over the soul whenever it pleases. and i was happy then, as if i had forgotten, the true fool, a foul thing unaware of the rancid sin it creates by the mere fact of its continued existence.

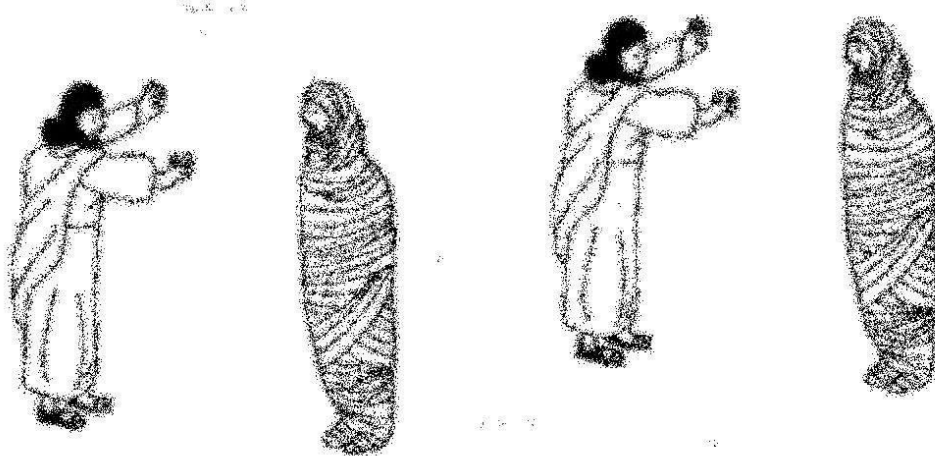


i will crumble. i will
harm you. i will lash
out against
your help. i was put
on this earth to harm
you. you should
leave this place.

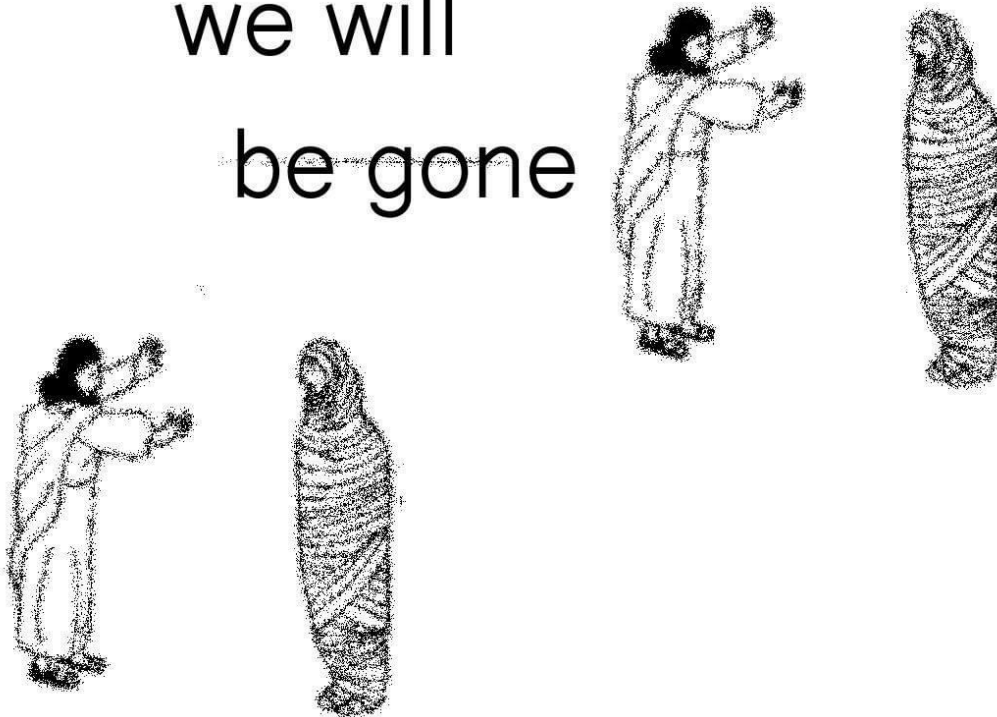


the mind is frail, stupid, and broken,
the body is crumbling, gross and
toxic. the hands reach out to harm,
and the palms are painted with the
blood of the other. the lashing out,
the perpetual anger. the bottomless
pit of the ego, destroyed, fumbling
for the final scraps of meaning.





we will
be gone



but not forever

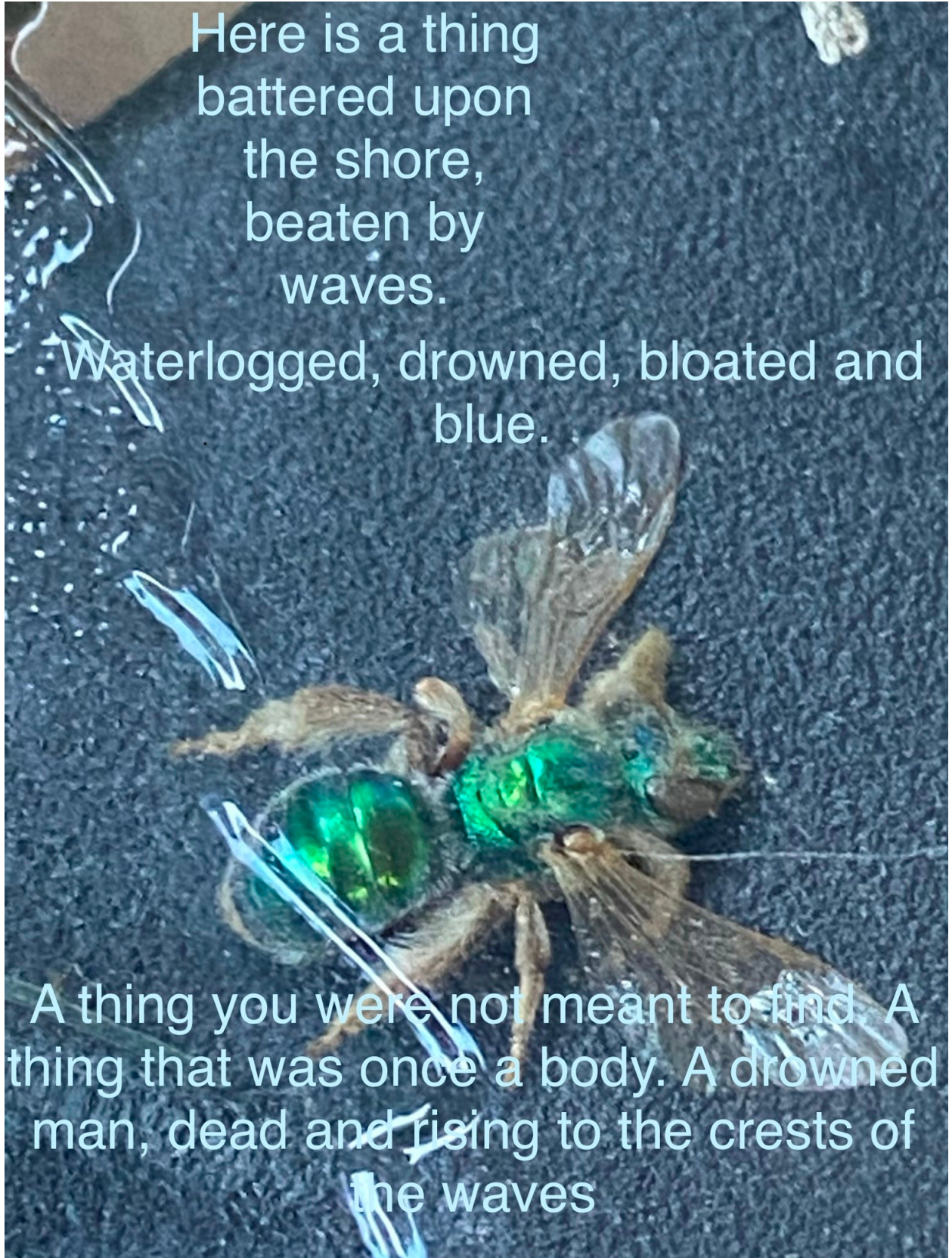
and I catch myself hoping things will get better. The mind will stop breaking. The body will become clean.

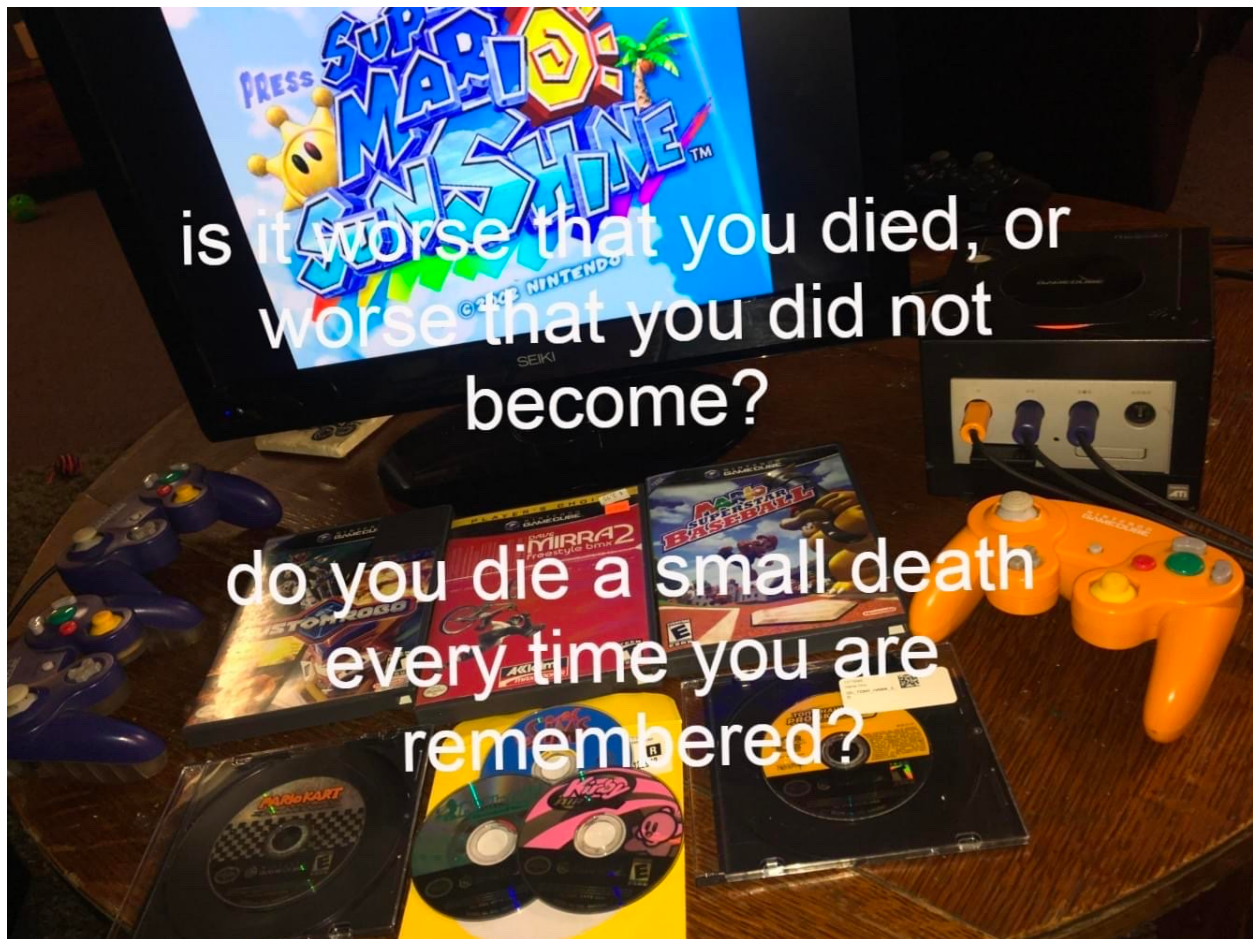


Here is a thing
battered upon
the shore,
beaten by
waves.

Waterlogged, drowned, bloated and
blue.

A thing you were not meant to find. A
thing that was once a body. A drowned
man, dead and rising to the crests of
the waves





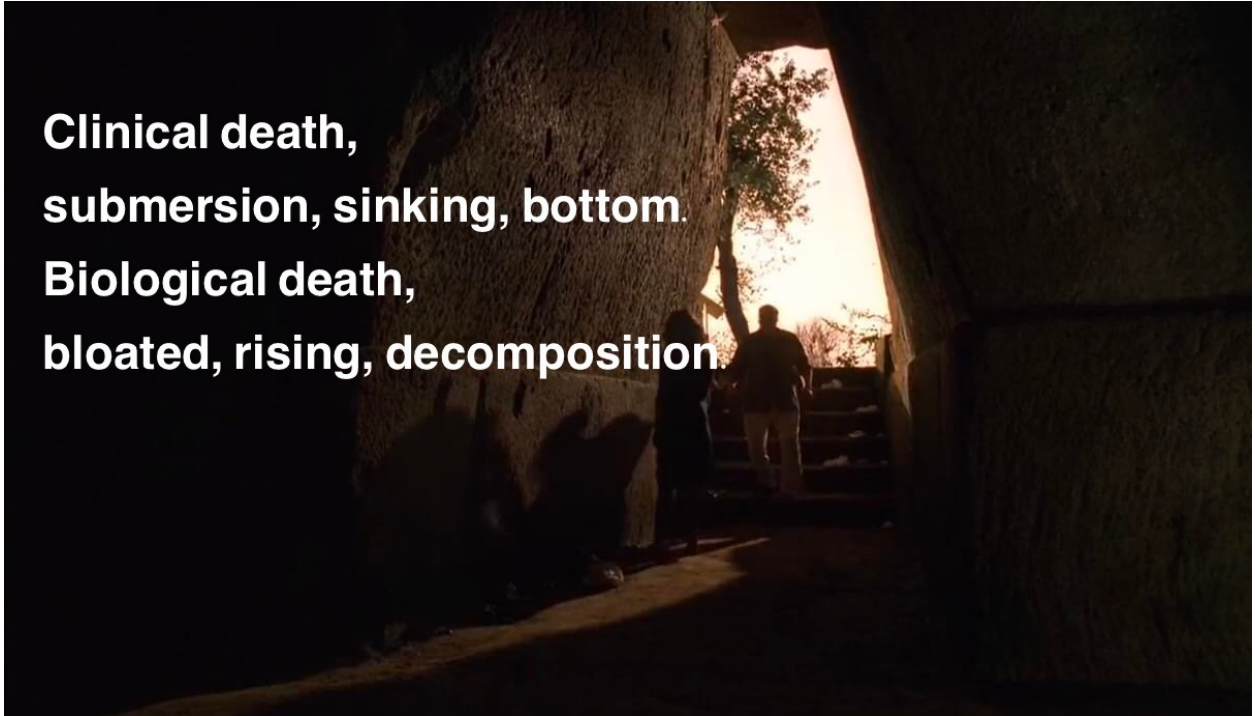
is it worse that you died, or
worse that you did not
become?

do you die a small death
every time you are
remembered?



Injuries obviously not
compatible with life;
a thing of the soul,
intangible, untrue

**Clinical death,
submersion, sinking, bottom.
Biological death,
bloated, rising, decomposition**



Hand-washing technique with soap and water



1
i don't know what this is.



2
i don't know where it's coming from.



3
but it's getting closer. i can feel it. my chest tightens. i gasp awake from uneasy sleep.



4
where will i be when it comes? will i stand straight up? will i cower? will i let it rip me apart?



5
i am not a kind person. i do not help. i crumble when i am tested, and i almost always fail.



6
it is coming, festering with disease. the wind carries it across the open sky and sweeps it across the horizon.



7
one day, i will stand up against the force of my transgressions. one day, it will find me.



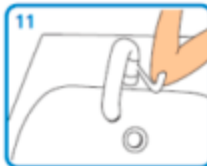
8
but today is not that day.



9
i can feel myself slipping. every night, i become something worse.



10
i slip back inside of these lies. nestle back into the comfort of unkindness.



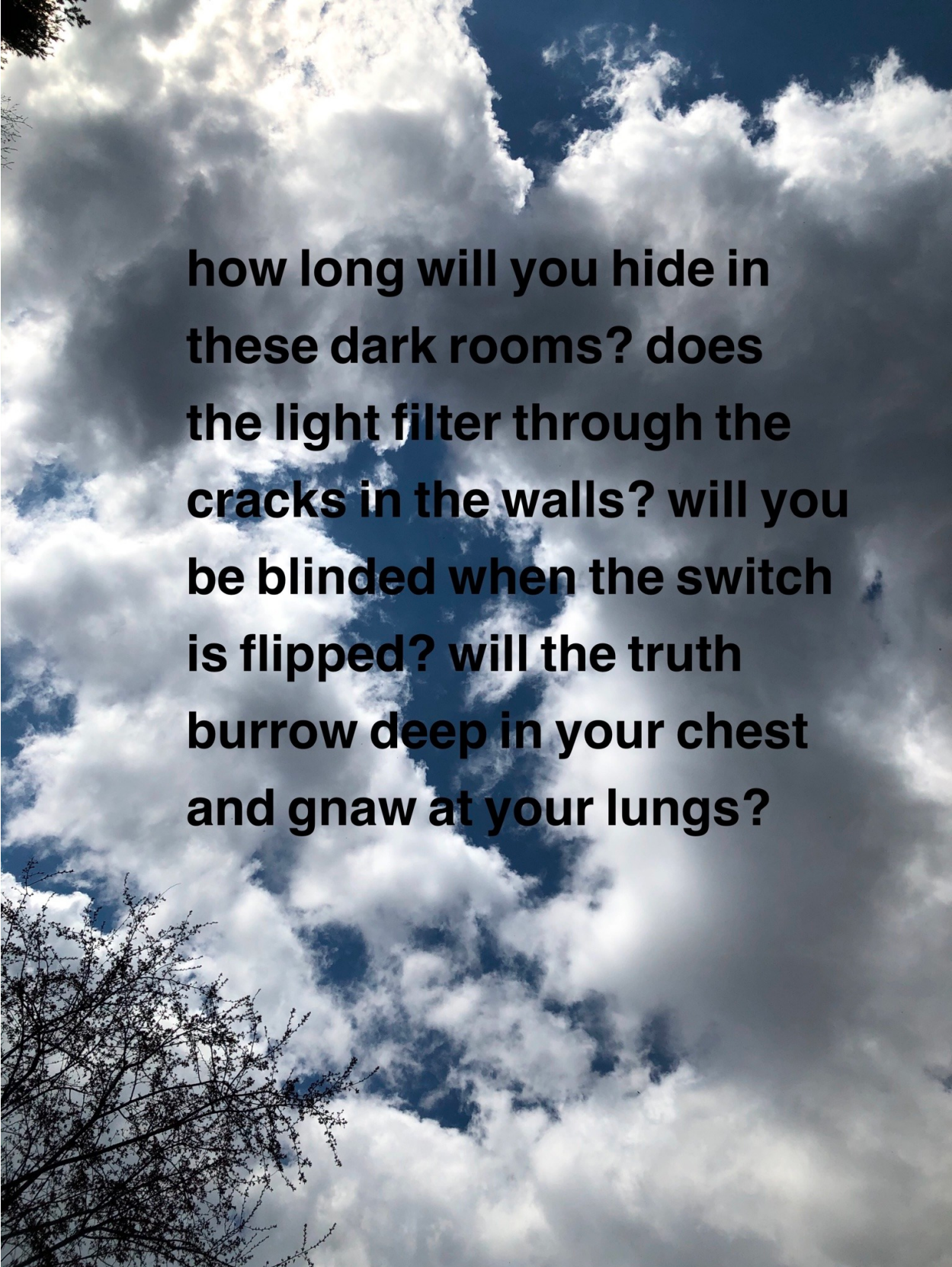
11
i know one day, i will face the terror. i will scream to god, but god will not answer.



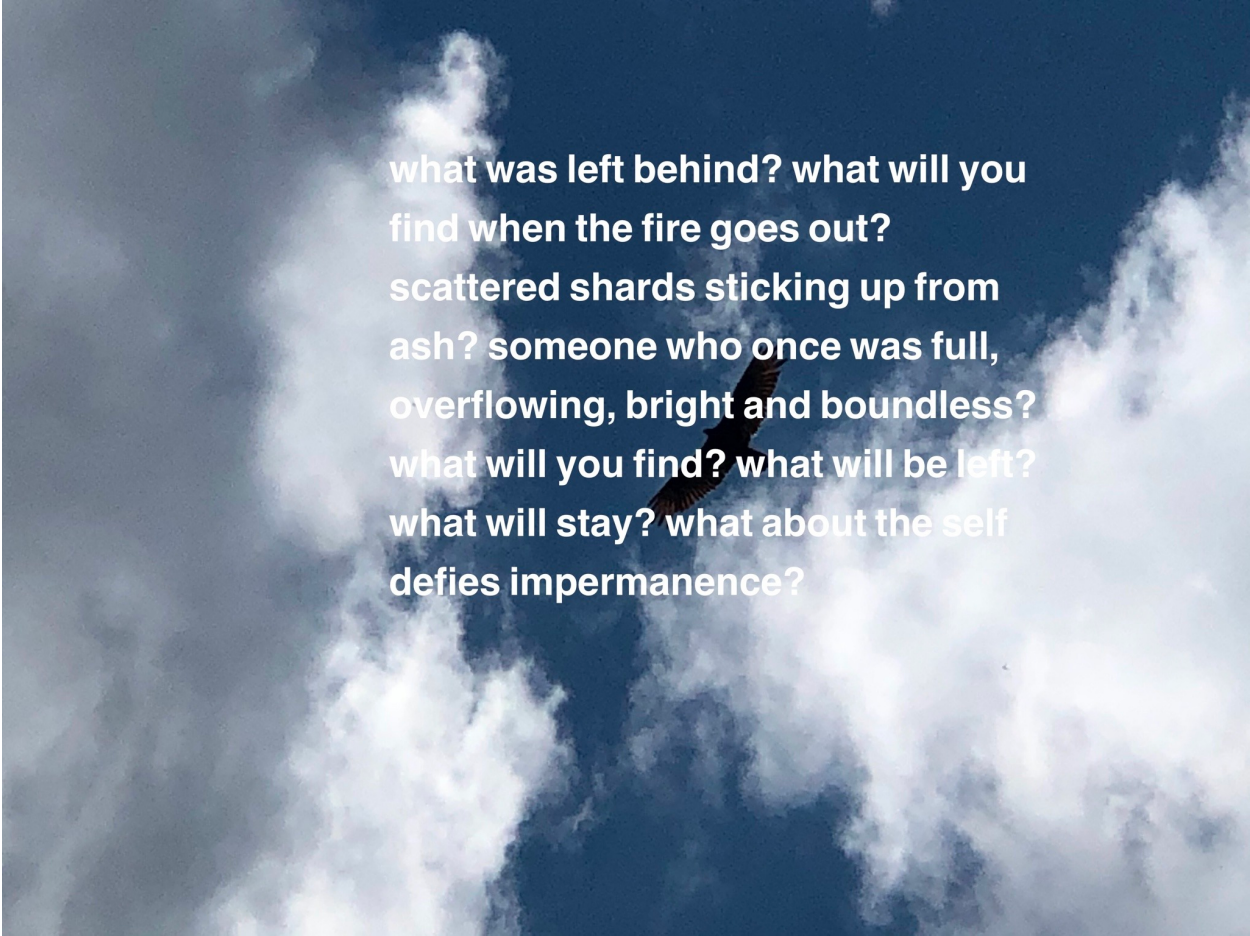
12
because there is a tiny god inside of me.



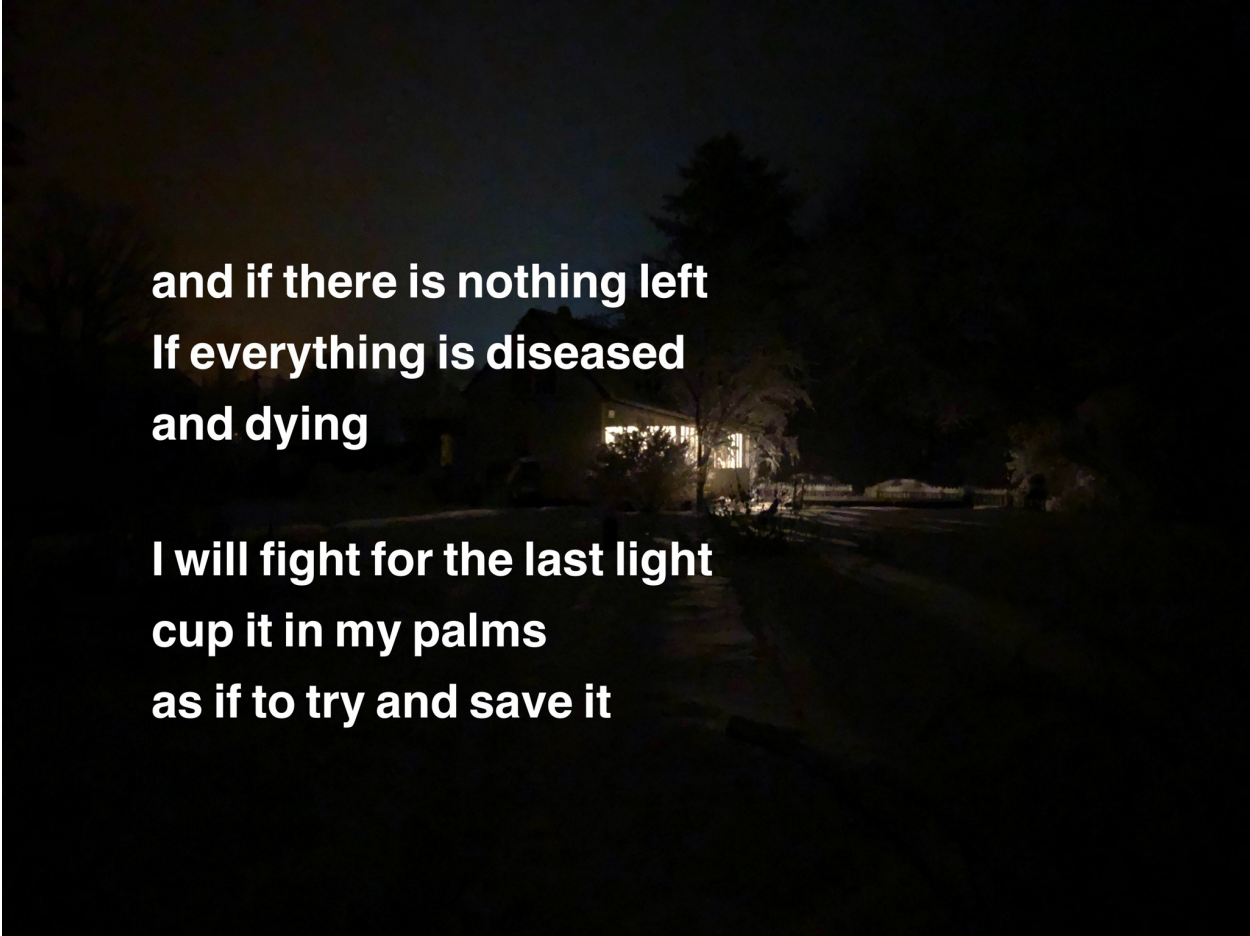
13
he is petulant. he is screaming. he will crumble when he is hit by the light.



**how long will you hide in
these dark rooms? does
the light filter through the
cracks in the walls? will you
be blinded when the switch
is flipped? will the truth
burrow deep in your chest
and gnaw at your lungs?**

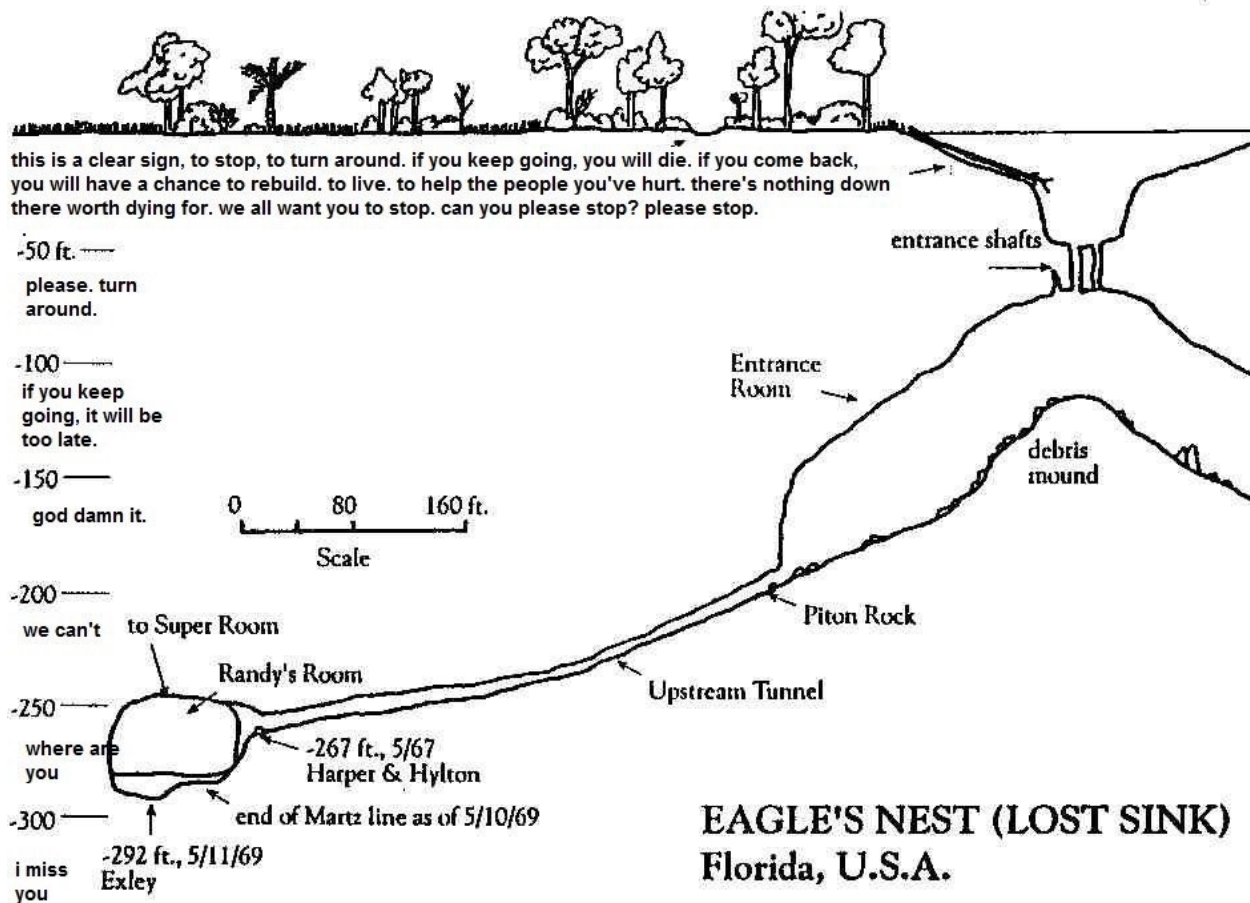


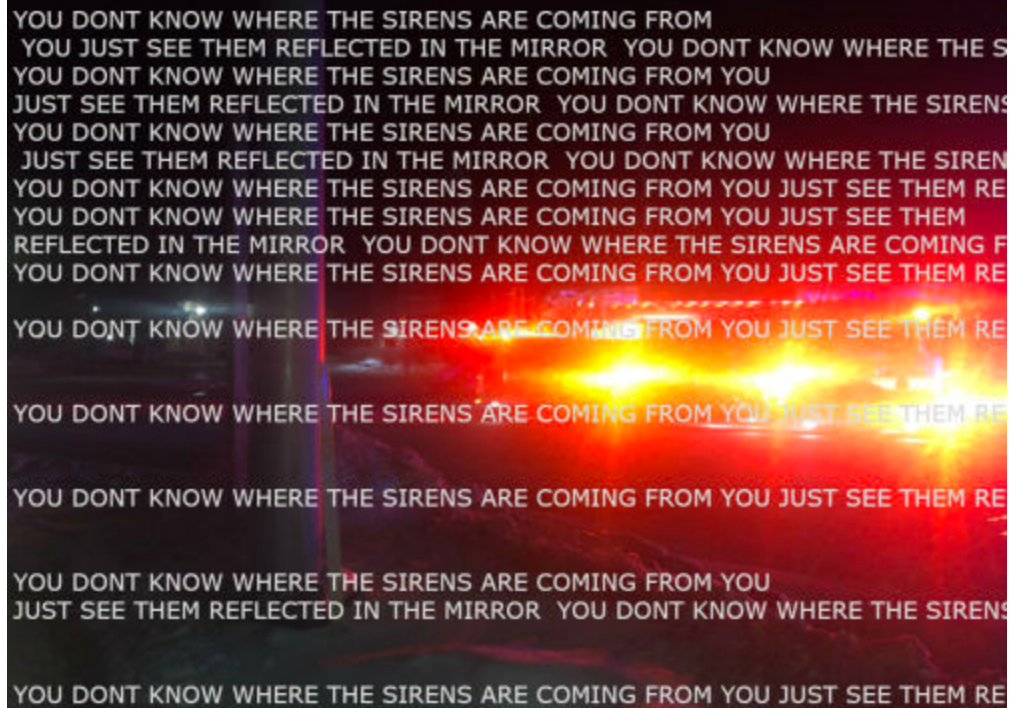
what was left behind? what will you
find when the fire goes out?
scattered shards sticking up from
ash? someone who once was full,
overflowing, bright and boundless?
what will you find? what will be left?
what will stay? what about the self
defies impermanence?



**and if there is nothing left
If everything is diseased
and dying**

**I will fight for the last light
cup it in my palms
as if to try and save it**





YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING FROM
YOU JUST SEE THEM REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE S
YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING FROM YOU
JUST SEE THEM REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS
YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING FROM YOU
JUST SEE THEM REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIREN
YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING FROM YOU JUST SEE THEM RE
YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING FROM YOU JUST SEE THEM
REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING F
YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING FROM YOU JUST SEE THEM RE
YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING FROM YOU JUST SEE THEM RE
YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING FROM YOU JUST SEE THEM RE
YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING FROM YOU
JUST SEE THEM REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS
YOU DONT KNOW WHERE THE SIRENS ARE COMING FROM YOU JUST SEE THEM RE

choose ur fighter



foul joseph. his soul festers
in the swamp of petulance.
knows how to tango



Harsworn. crumbling knight of the
Dusted Order. Will cremate his own
mother for a single cheeto



Swiny Brambles. sold his soul so
he could ascend. is a foul thing,
rooted in absurdity. struggles with
his weight.



sad sad Leenry. has seen the void,
and has seen many bright lights
go dark. who will be next? who will be taken?



Simple Edward. Knows not of his
own sin.



Minkle Orskin. The only thing worth
saying in this festering pit of a planet.



Glady Templeguard. Rampan
tnarcissist. Made a deal with the old
gods so his
beauty would be enshrined in the light
of the world forever. Drinks too much
wine.



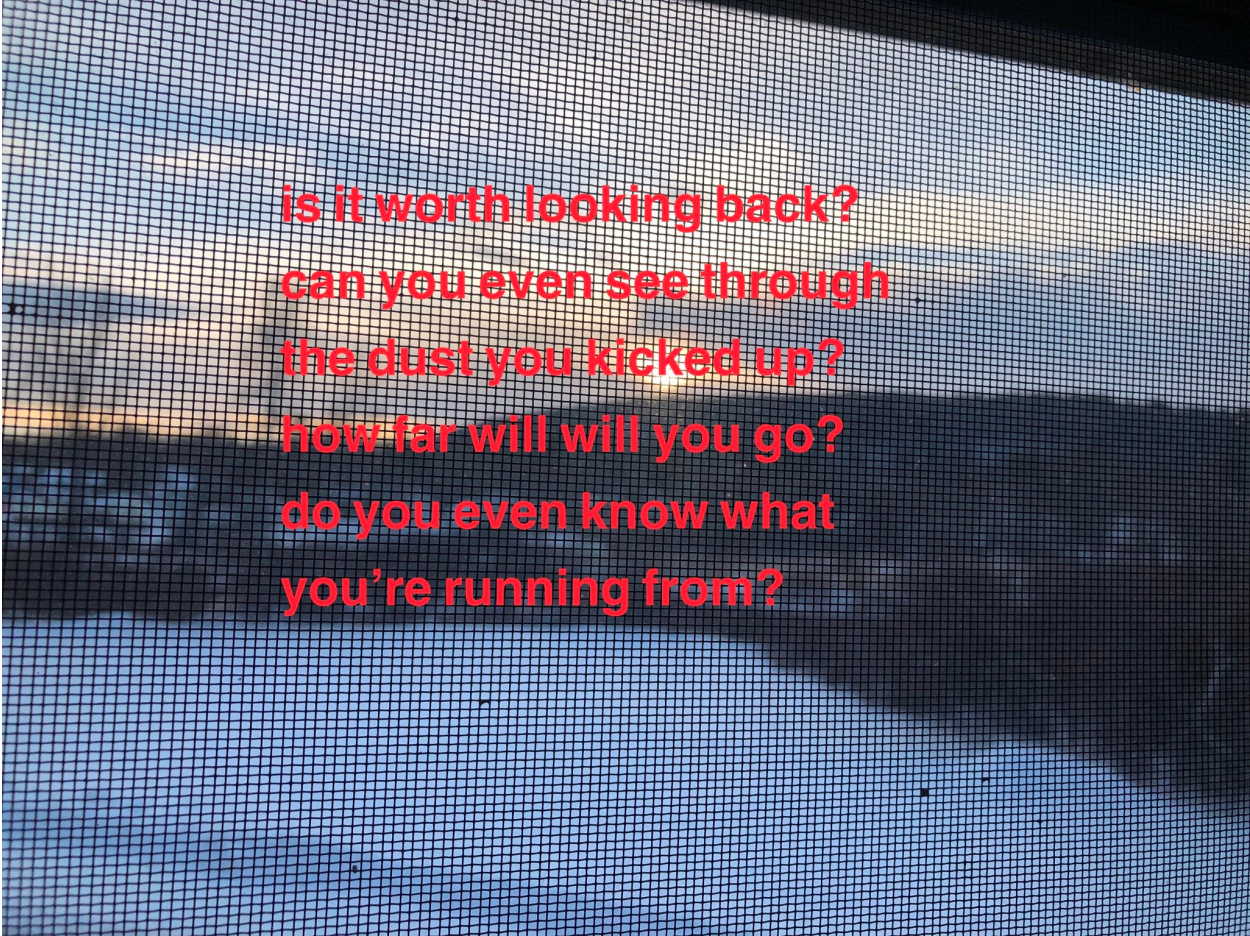
YOU SPEAK OF
ME? I AM A FOUL
THING. I WILL
HARM YOU. I
WILL BREAK YOU
APART. I WILL
KILL THE ONLY
LIGHT LEFT
INSIDE OF YOU



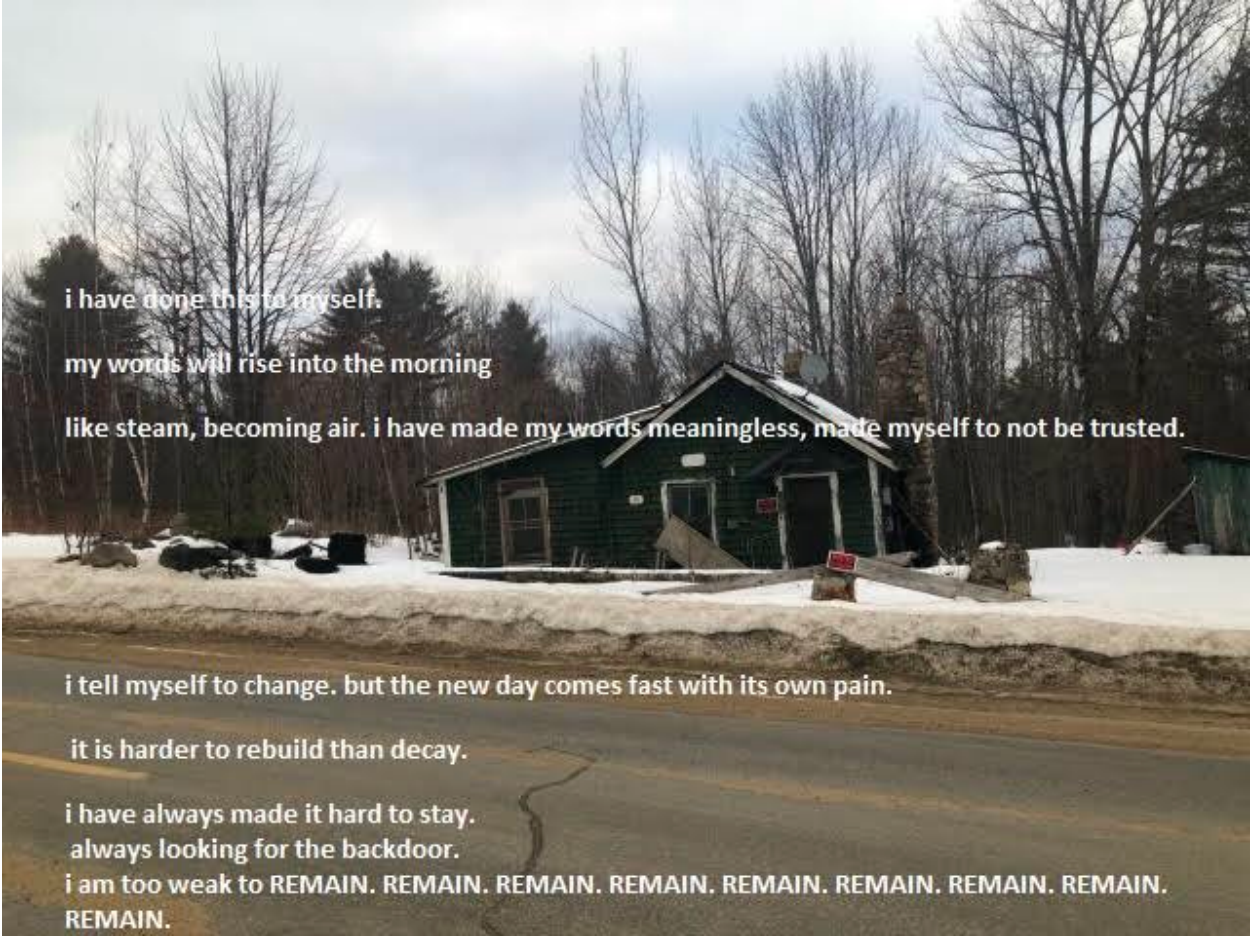
Lattimus Kinly
McBriar. Sings a
simple song.
Hates being wet.
Died in 2005. We
all miss him very
much.

if i were strong, i could move through
this darkness. it chokes me, wraps
around my neck, drags me down. i plod
through the days with concrete slippers.
i move through the shadows slowly, slipping
silently from dream to dream until i gasp myself
awake.





is it worth looking back?
can you even see through
the dust you kicked up?
how far will will you go?
do you even know what
you're running from?



i have done this to myself.

my words will rise into the morning

like steam, becoming air. i have made my words meaningless, made myself to not be trusted.

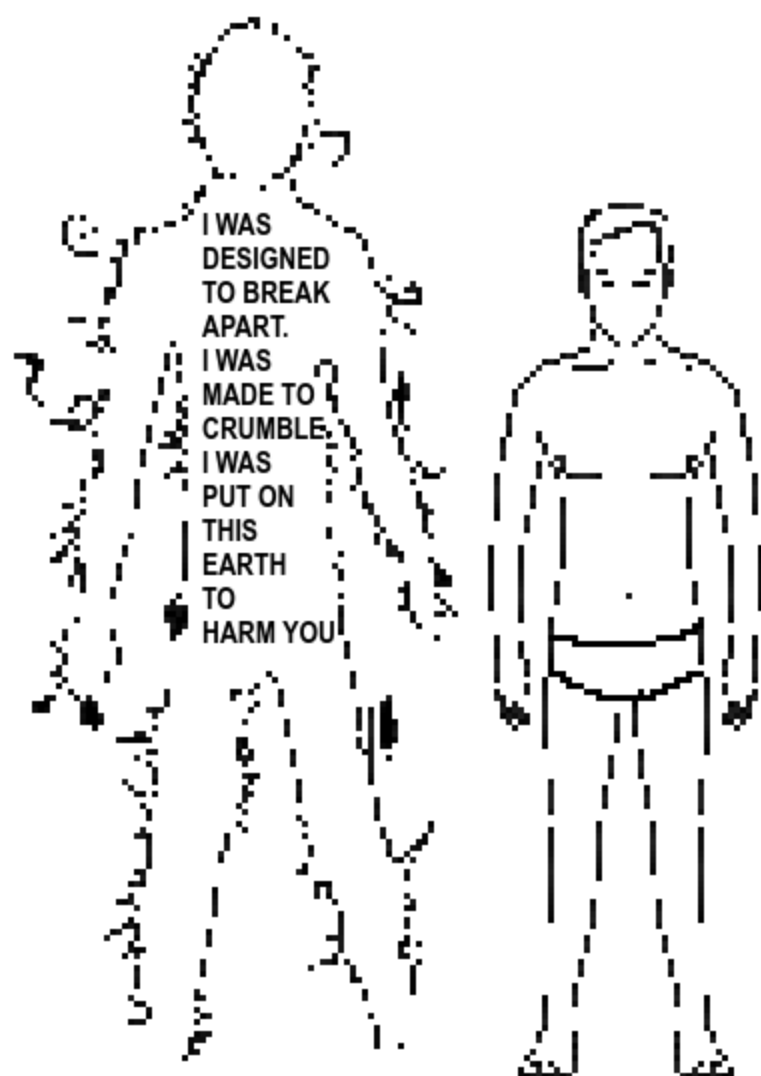
i tell myself to change. but the new day comes fast with its own pain.

it is harder to rebuild than decay.

i have always made it hard to stay.

always looking for the backdoor.

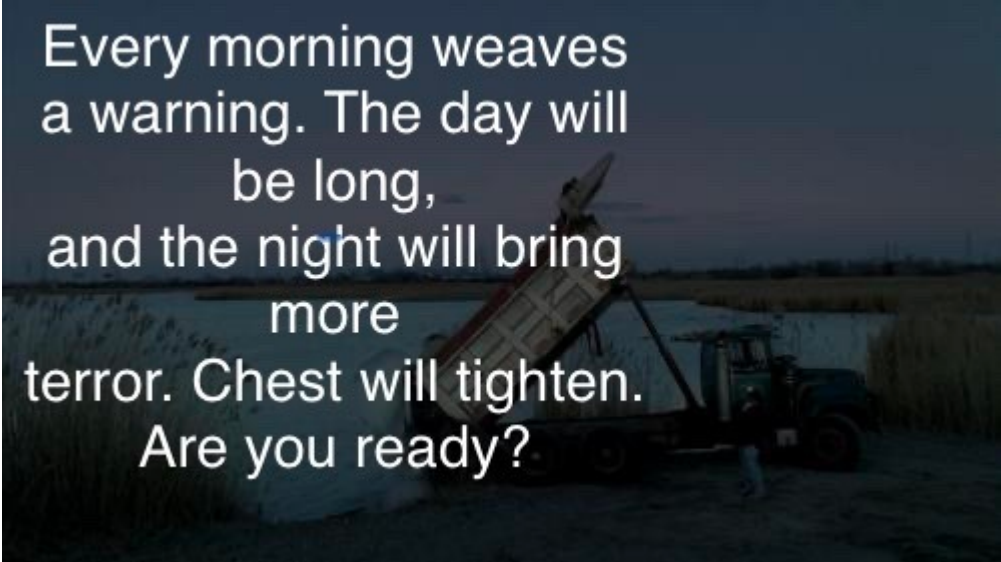
i am too weak to REMAIN. REMAIN. REMAIN. REMAIN. REMAIN. REMAIN. REMAIN. REMAIN.
REMAIN.



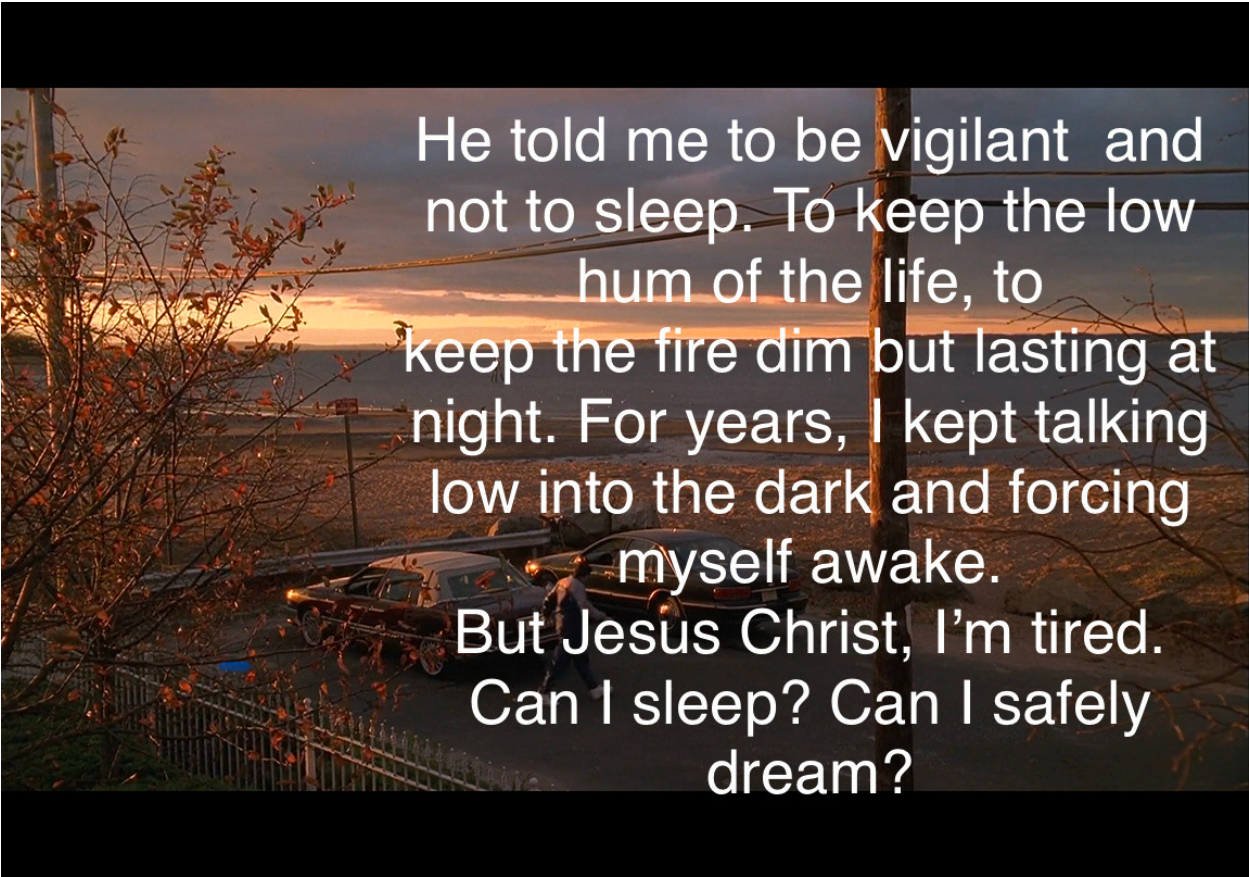
**Should our
morals be
dictated by
fear of
punishment?**



2021

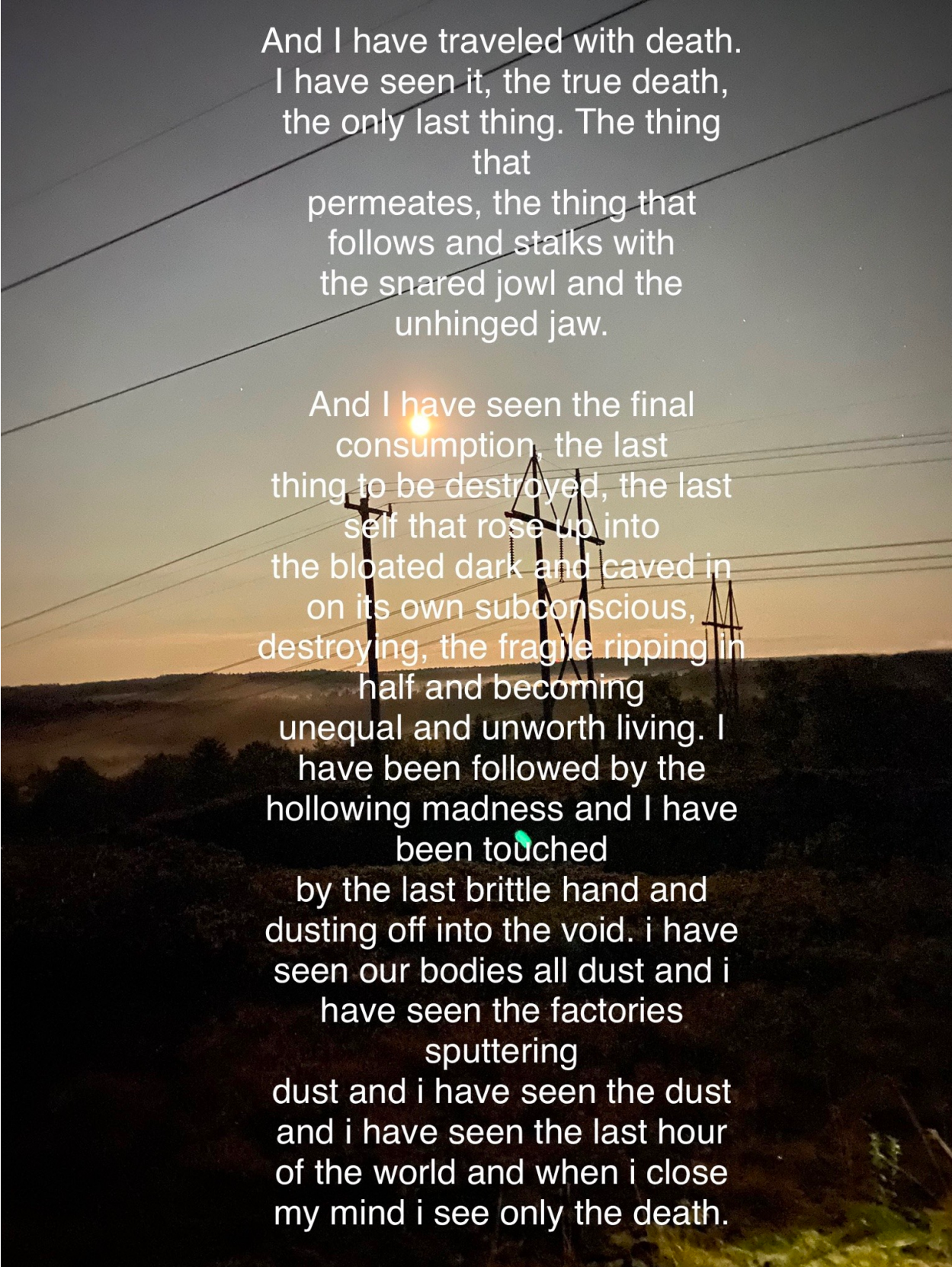


Every morning weaves
a warning. The day will
be long,
and the night will bring
more
terror. Chest will tighten.
Are you ready?



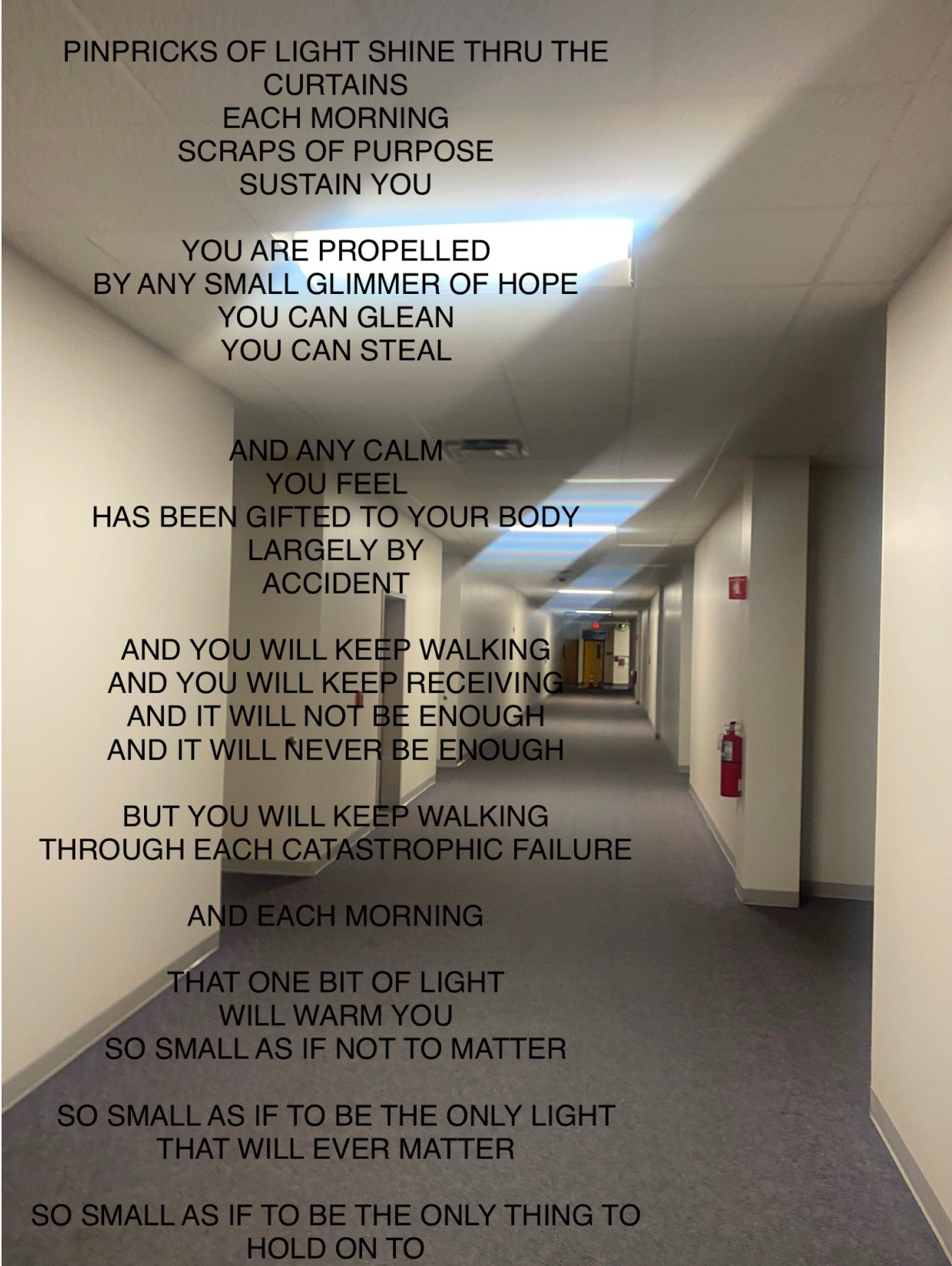
He told me to be vigilant and
not to sleep. To keep the low
hum of the life, to
keep the fire dim but lasting at
night. For years, I kept talking
low into the dark and forcing
myself awake.
But Jesus Christ, I'm tired.
Can I sleep? Can I safely
dream?





And I have traveled with death.
I have seen it, the true death,
the only last thing. The thing
that
permeates, the thing that
follows and stalks with
the snared jowl and the
unhinged jaw.

And I have seen the final
consumption, the last
thing to be destroyed, the last
self that rose up into
the bloated dark and caved in
on its own subconscious,
destroying, the fragile ripping in
half and becoming
unequal and unworth living. I
have been followed by the
hollowing madness and I have
been touched
by the last brittle hand and
dusting off into the void. i have
seen our bodies all dust and i
have seen the factories
sputtering
dust and i have seen the dust
and i have seen the last hour
of the world and when i close
my mind i see only the death.



PINPRICKS OF LIGHT SHINE THRU THE
CURTAINS
EACH MORNING
SCRAPS OF PURPOSE
SUSTAIN YOU

YOU ARE PROPELLED
BY ANY SMALL GLIMMER OF HOPE
YOU CAN GLEAN
YOU CAN STEAL

AND ANY CALM
YOU FEEL
HAS BEEN GIFTED TO YOUR BODY
LARGELY BY
ACCIDENT

AND YOU WILL KEEP WALKING
AND YOU WILL KEEP RECEIVING
AND IT WILL NOT BE ENOUGH
AND IT WILL NEVER BE ENOUGH

BUT YOU WILL KEEP WALKING
THROUGH EACH CATASTROPHIC FAILURE

AND EACH MORNING

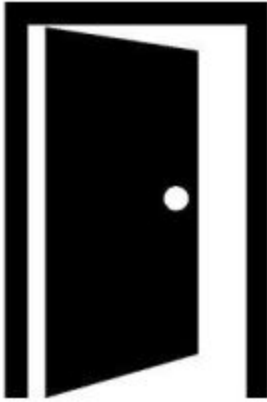
THAT ONE BIT OF LIGHT
WILL WARM YOU
SO SMALL AS IF NOT TO MATTER

SO SMALL AS IF TO BE THE ONLY LIGHT
THAT WILL EVER MATTER

SO SMALL AS IF TO BE THE ONLY THING TO
HOLD ON TO



CAUTION



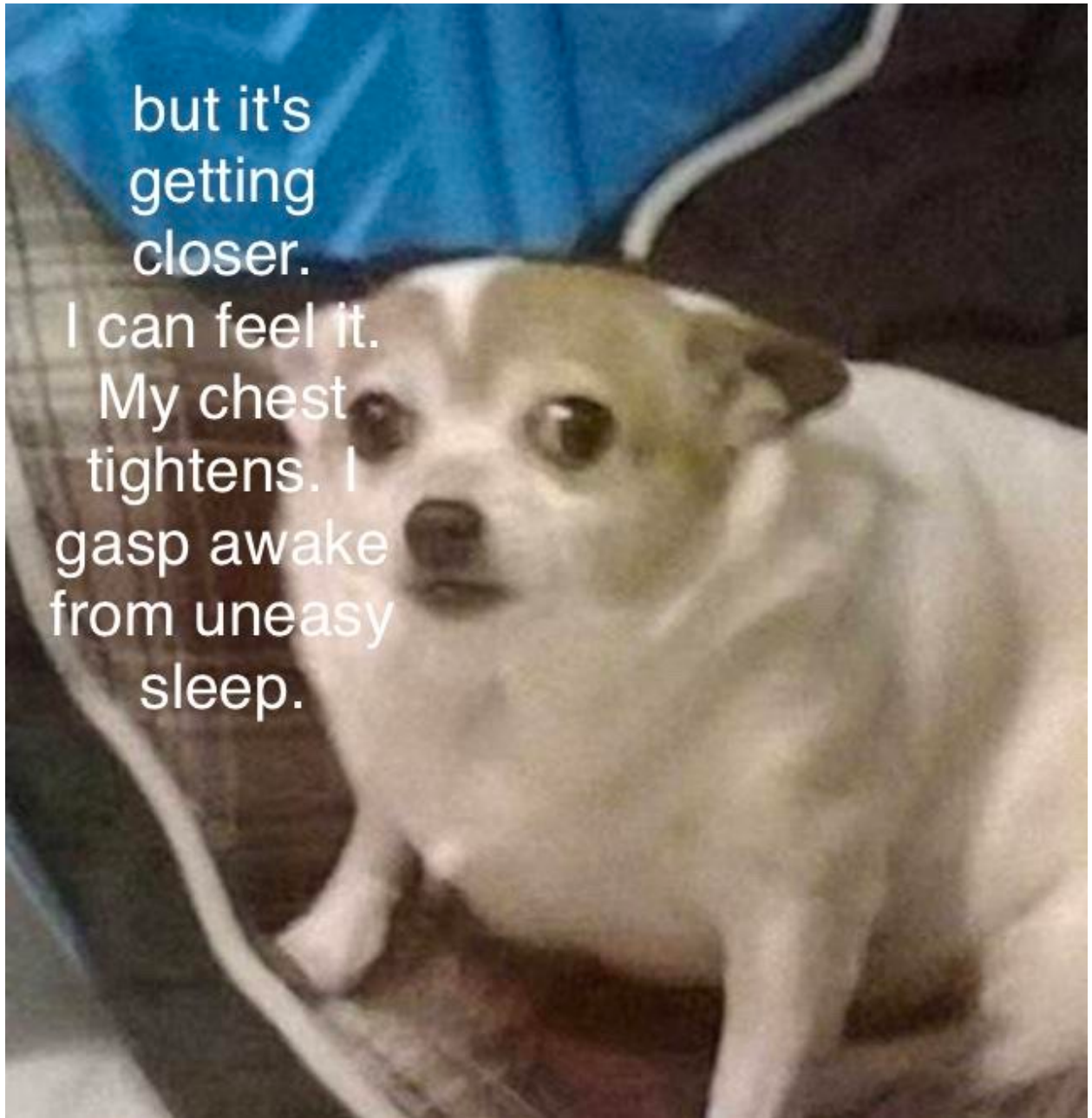
You missed it. It was beautiful. All the lights went out at once. When they came back on everything was gone. Then you showed up. I was hoping you would. Thank you for being here. You are the only one.



I don't
know what
this is.

I don't
know
where it's
coming
from

but it's
getting
closer.
I can feel it.
My chest
tightens. I
gasp awake
from uneasy
sleep.

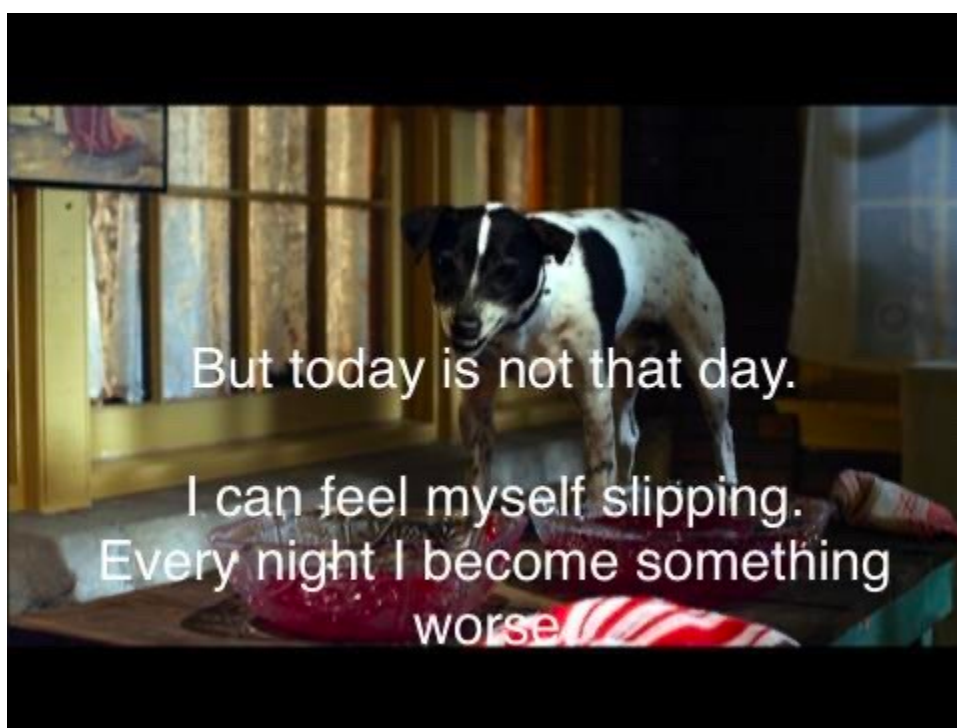




Where will I be when it comes?
Will I stand straight up? Will I cower?
Will I let it rip me apart?



One day, I will stand up
against the force of my
transgressions. One day
it will find me.



But today is not that day.
I can feel myself slipping.
Every night I become something
worse

I slip back inside these lies.
Nestle back into the comfort
of unkindness.



I know one day,
I will face the terror.
I will scream to god,
but no god will answer.





Because there is a tiny god inside of
me.



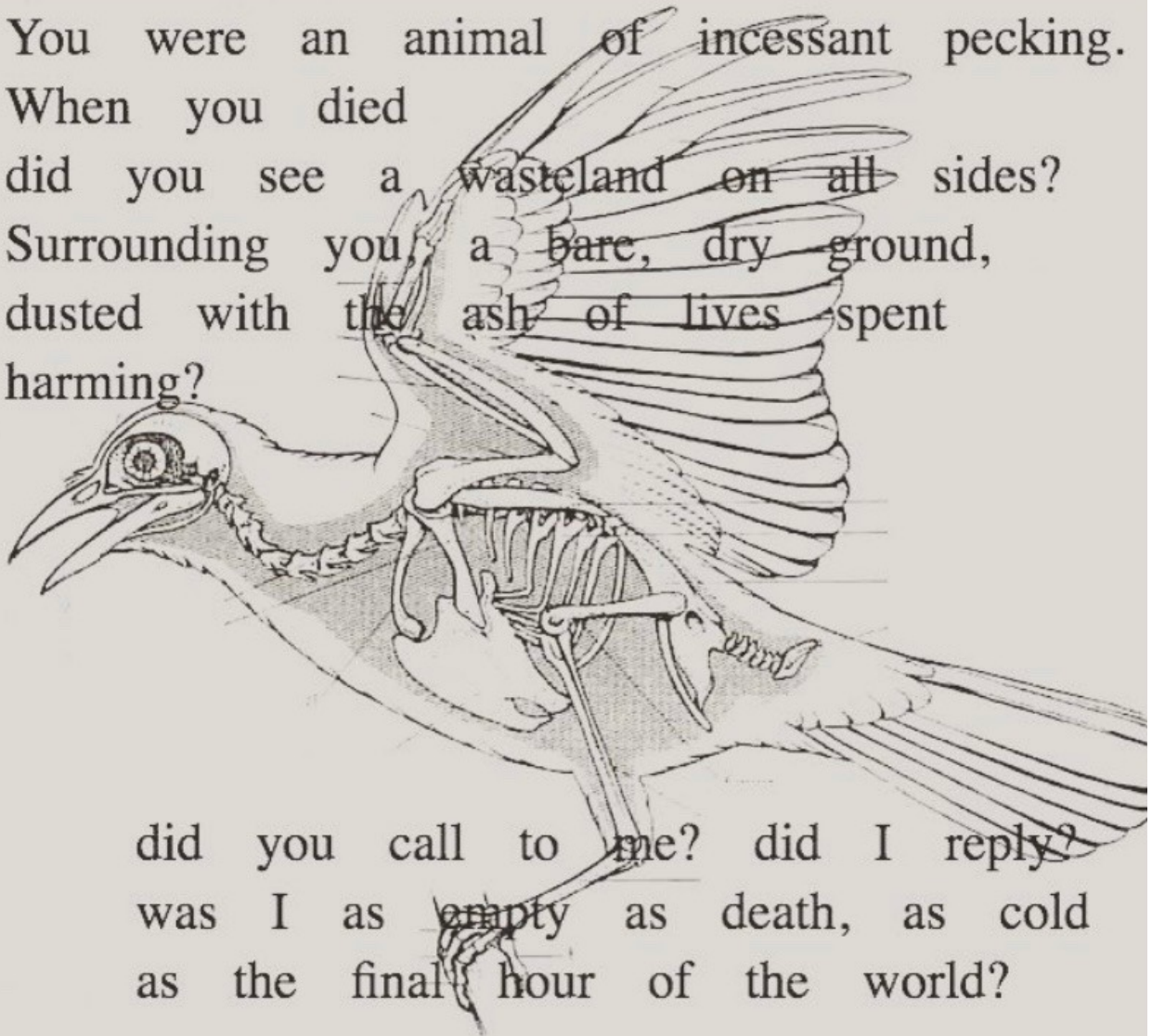
He is petulant. He is screaming.
He will crumble when he is
hit by the light.

this earth is not the
pride of some
kind God



I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I AM A DIVINE THING.
I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SPACE
IN MY HEART AND I FILL IT
WITH KINDNESS. I HAVE
A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, AND I
GO THERE OFTEN. I HAVE A
DIVINE TOUNGE AND I SPEAK
IT OFTEN. I HAVE A GRACED
GOD AND I PRAISE IT OFTEN.

You were an animal of incessant pecking.
When you died
did you see a wasteland on all sides?
Surrounding you, a bare, dry ground,
dusted with the ash of lives spent
harming?

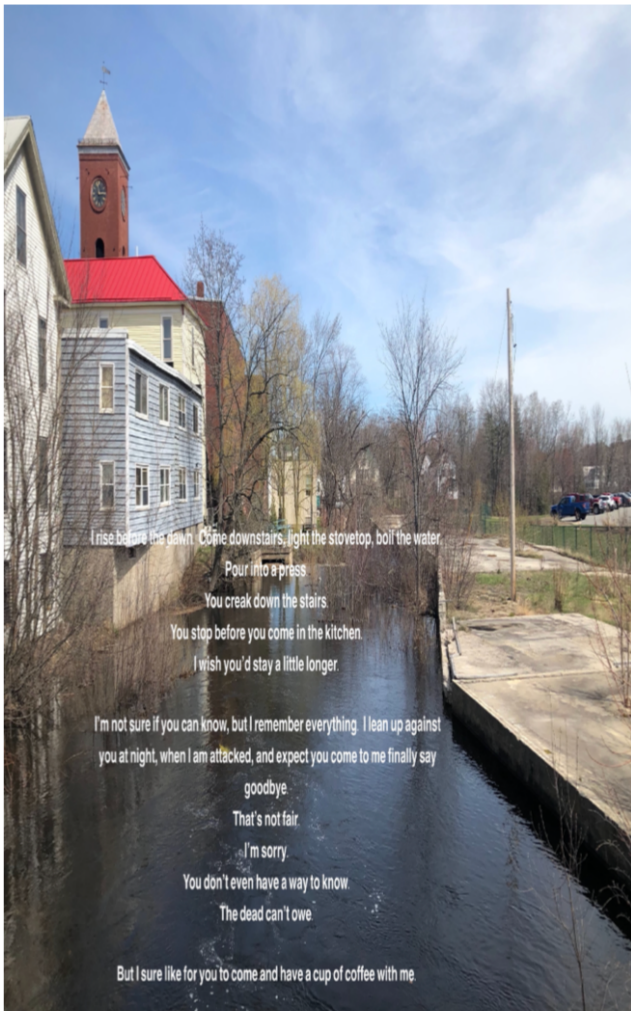


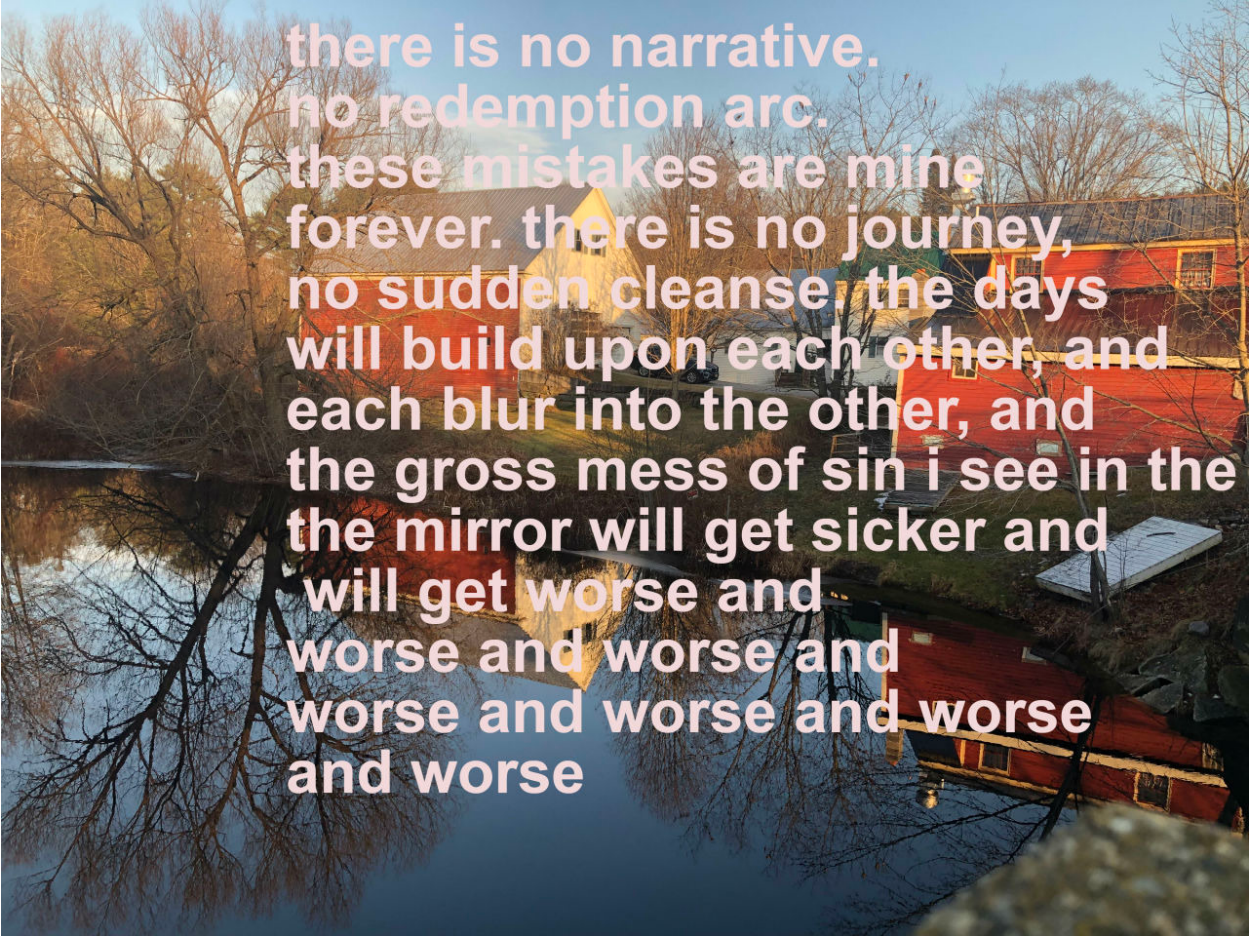
did you call to me? did I reply?
was I as empty as death, as cold
as the final hour of the world?

7:19

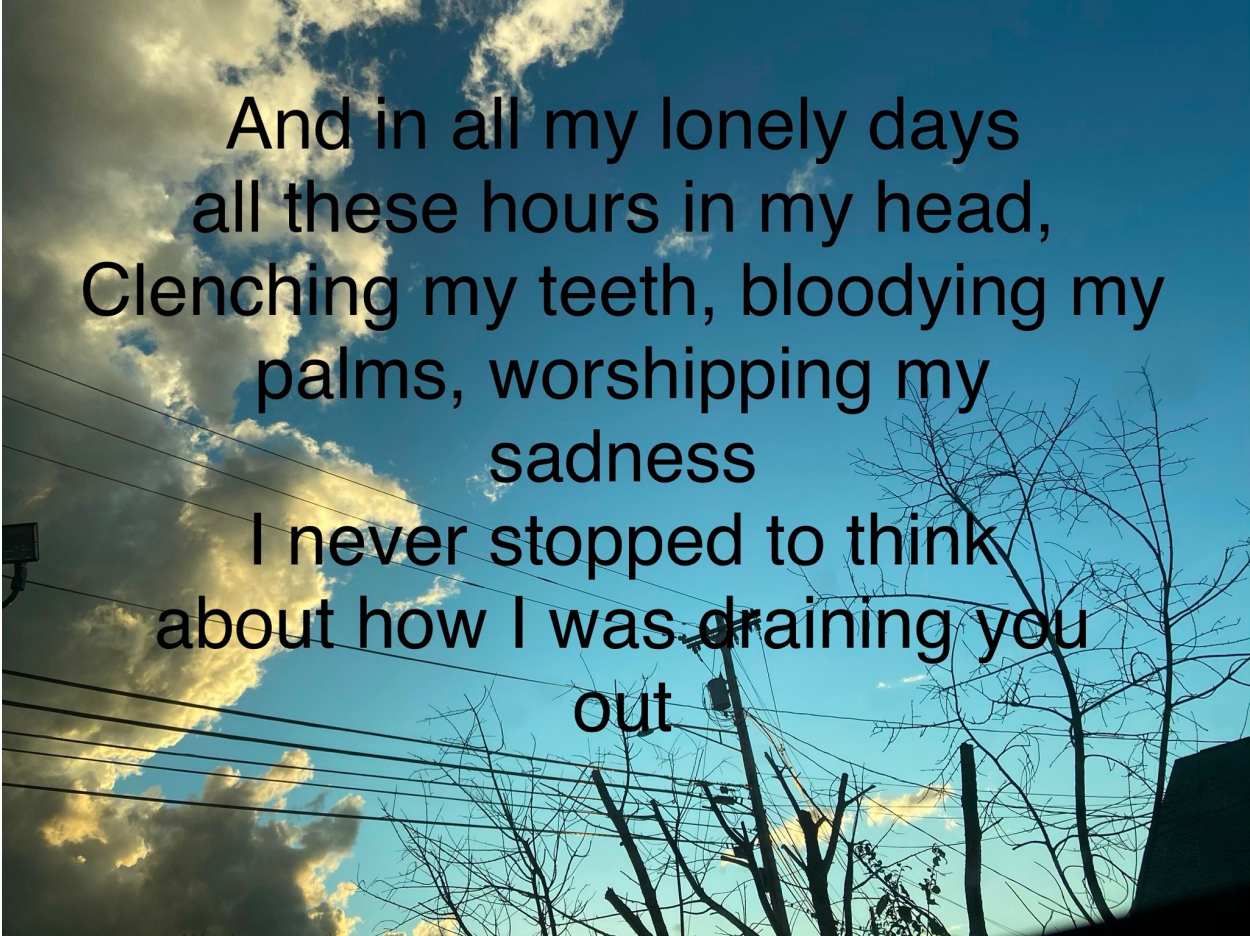


scribd.com

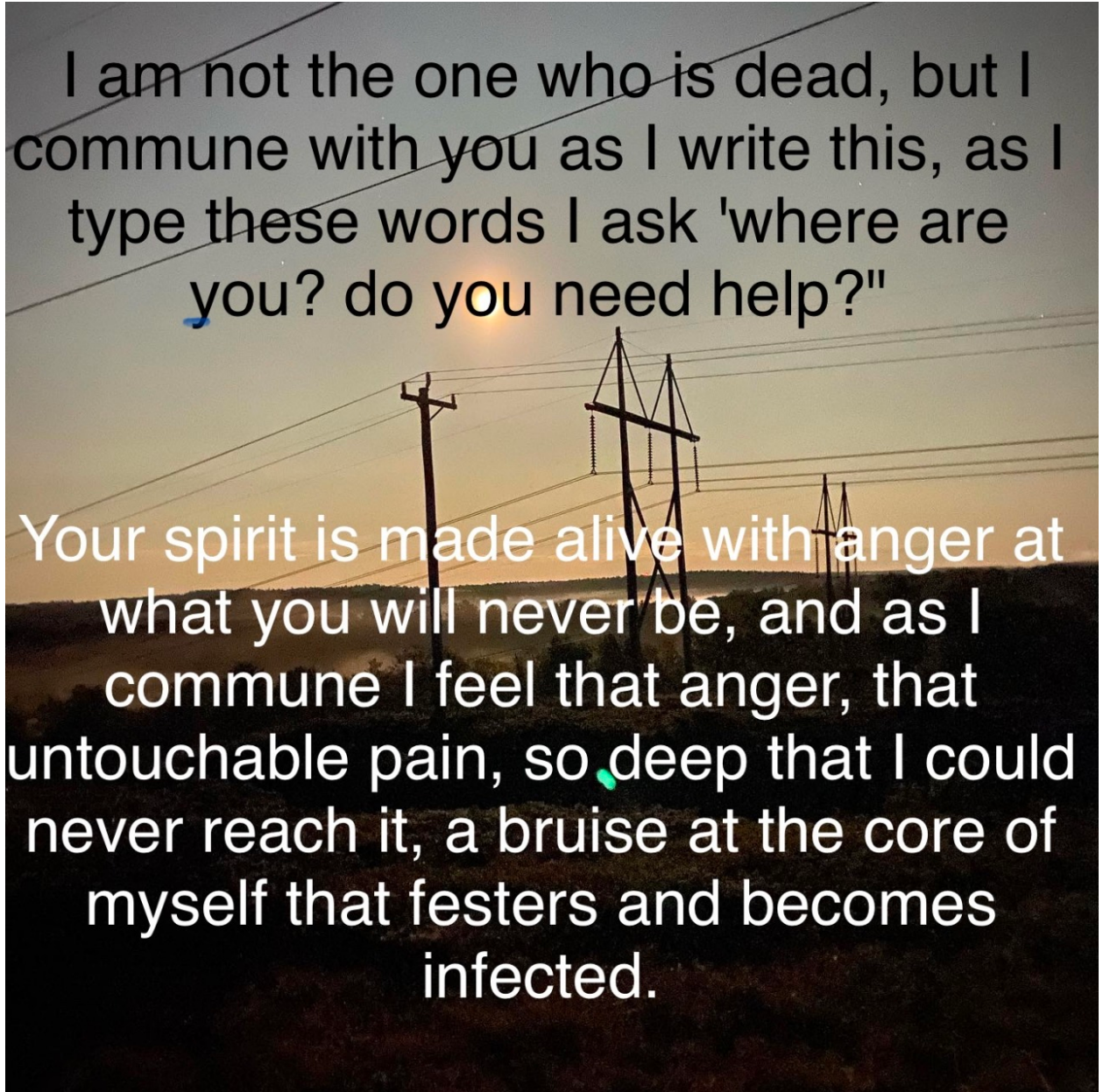




there is no narrative.
no redemption arc.
these mistakes are mine
forever. there is no journey,
no sudden cleanse, the days
will build upon each other, and
each blur into the other, and
the gross mess of sin i see in the
the mirror will get sicker and
will get worse and
worse and worse and
worse and worse and worse
and worse



And in all my lonely days
all these hours in my head,
Clenching my teeth, bloodying my
palms, worshipping my
sadness
I never stopped to think
about how I was draining you
out



I am not the one who is dead, but I
commune with you as I write this, as I
type these words I ask 'where are
you? do you need help?"

Your spirit is made alive with anger at
what you will never be, and as I
commune I feel that anger, that
untouchable pain, so deep that I could
never reach it, a bruise at the core of
myself that festers and becomes
infected.



Every morning
is birthed from the
corpse
of yesterday.

A hollow thing, pained, and stupid.
The real terror is doing it again.
And again. Rise. Again.



leaving is easy.

the hard part is never coming back.

i tried my best to be
tortured.

i drank and
drank

and
thought
you

would

come to
me in the night
and let me

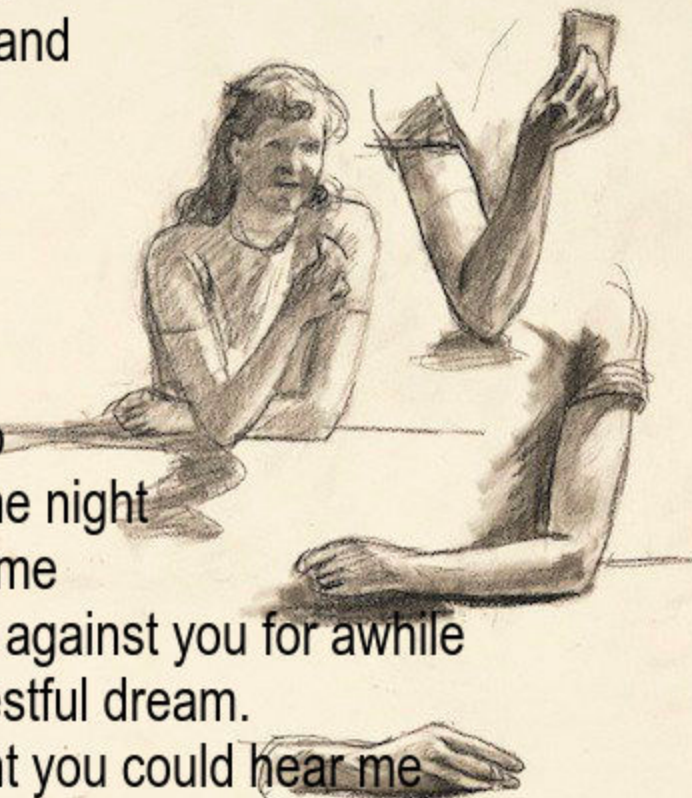
lean up against you for awhile
like a restful dream.

i thought you could hear me

and when i was beside the

bathtub, crying at the logical end of
my desperation, i thought you'd help.

but it wasn't your job. i was acting out of line.
you didn't even know.



**Should our
morals be
dictated by
fear of
punishment?**



i still dream about my childhood room. i can remember every drawer, every
divot in the green carpet. in my dreams some terror is looming



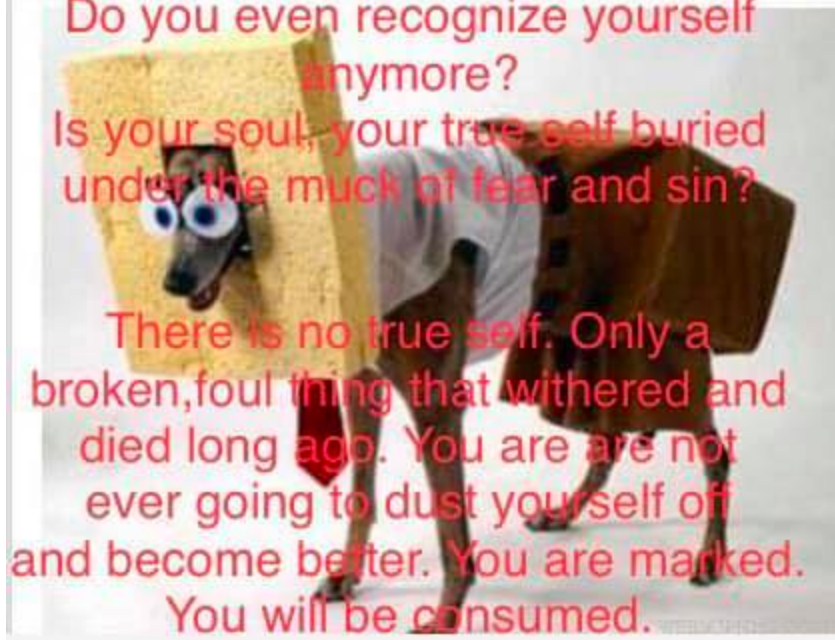
and i am about to be destroyed. i lay down and look up from my bottom bunk.
the door creaks open. the terror enters. i wake up.

how deep is the soul? how rooted in
the body? separate? does the soul
decay, become less? can it become
become more? will it travel? can my
soul find yours through the static
terror of each day? will it travel with
us as we fade into sickness, wrap
around us? Sink us like a chain tied
to an ankle, or lift us like wings
sprouting from the spirit?

Do you even recognize yourself
anymore?

Is your soul, your true self buried
under the muck of fear and sin?

There is no true self. Only a
broken, foul thing that withered and
died long ago. You are not
ever going to dust yourself off
and become better. You are marked.
You will be consumed.



do you deserve kindness?



FOUL. FOUL. YOUR SPOILED HEART
BETRAYS YOU. YOU LASHED OUT AGAINST
THE LIGHT AND YOU NOW COME TO BEG?
NOW THAT THE TERROR LOOMS OVER YOU
YOU ASK FOR FORGIVENESS? SHAME. FOUL
YOU BETRAY YOURSELF; YOUR PUTRID
HEART, YOUR PETULANCE, AS IF
FORGIVENESS WAS AN OPTION. YOU WALK
THIS DOOMED TRAJECTORY. IT IS YOURS.
OWN IT.

a grief counselor told me that in the wild when elephants die and when the grief lashes up against their huge bodies they get close, as close as they can and they swarm together and they do not leave each-other alone and they pull close and they try to protect the others

and i don't know why she told me that because it did not make me feel any better

when he died we were screaming and we were numb and we were caving in and i was young and if i were an elephant my family would have huddled up and let the grief wash over us, shielding each other in communal crumbling but we were screaming at the empty gods inside of us drained out

and you should know that in my sleep i am in the room
where he died i am in the bedroom where he died and i
am the knife and the flesh that cut into him and i am
the tearing of the skin and i am the violence of a
murder and when i am awake sometimes i am the
hollowed out shell like i was when i was young i am left
alone

and you should know that i may inch towards you and
i may swarm up against you and in our bed i may press
against you and i may try to heal and it may not be fair
and it may not be fair but in my mind i am left out in
grief and i am trapped in this mind with no one to save
or shield and i am inching closer trying to swarm and i
am inching closer trying to swarm and i am schooling
like a silver fish and i am a murmuration of starlings
and i am weaving in and out and pulsating in the sky
and you should know that and you should know and
you should know|



the only
thing god told you when you
were born
was
"keep it safe"
as he passed you
a small, open flame

so for a while

you cradled it up against
your chest and
it burned bright,

and it grew, from
a flick to a furnace
and finally a motor
churning up smoke.

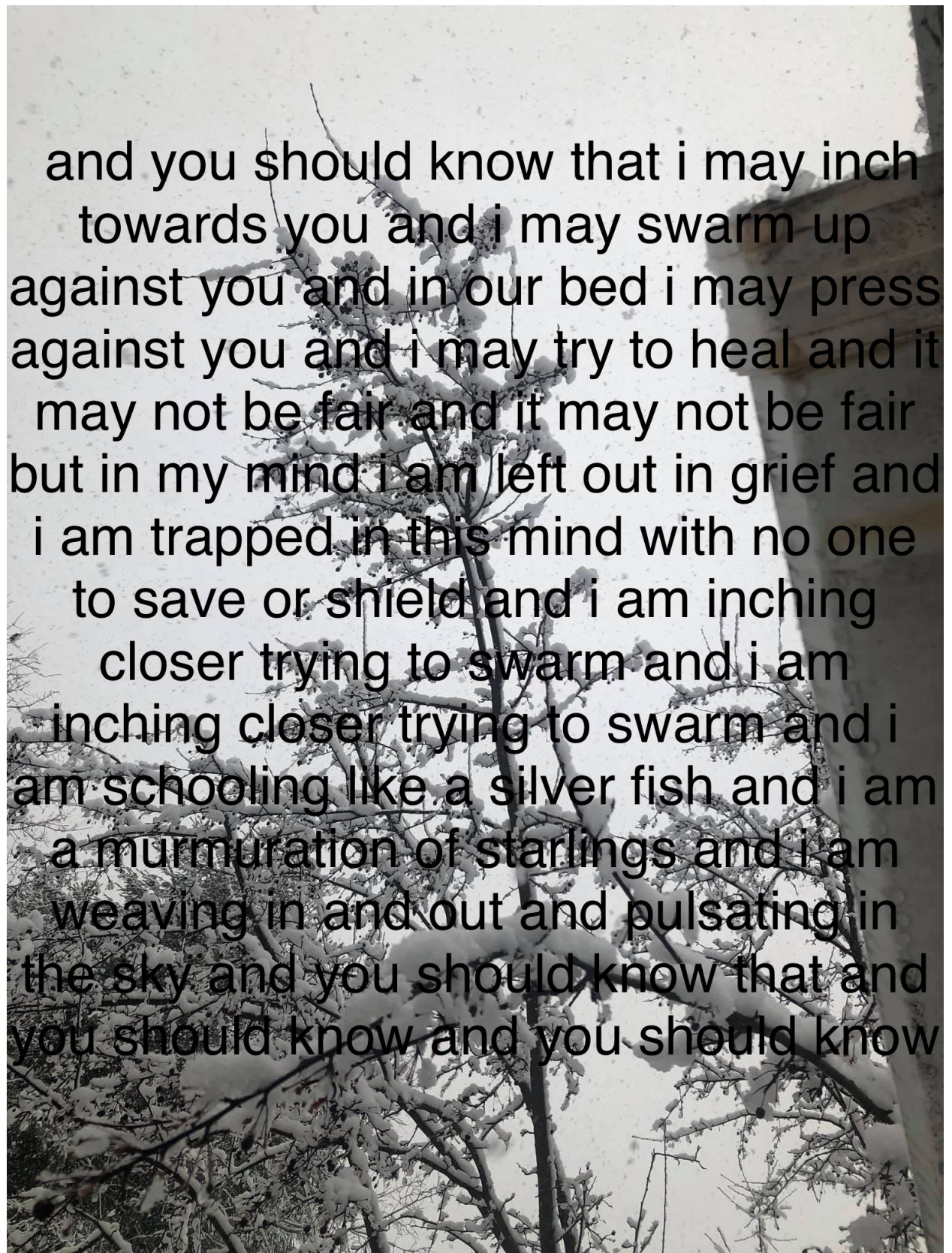
and now it sputters and spits out
fumes
as the
days let out more blood

on the body and time takes more
and
time takes more and time takes
more and time takes more and

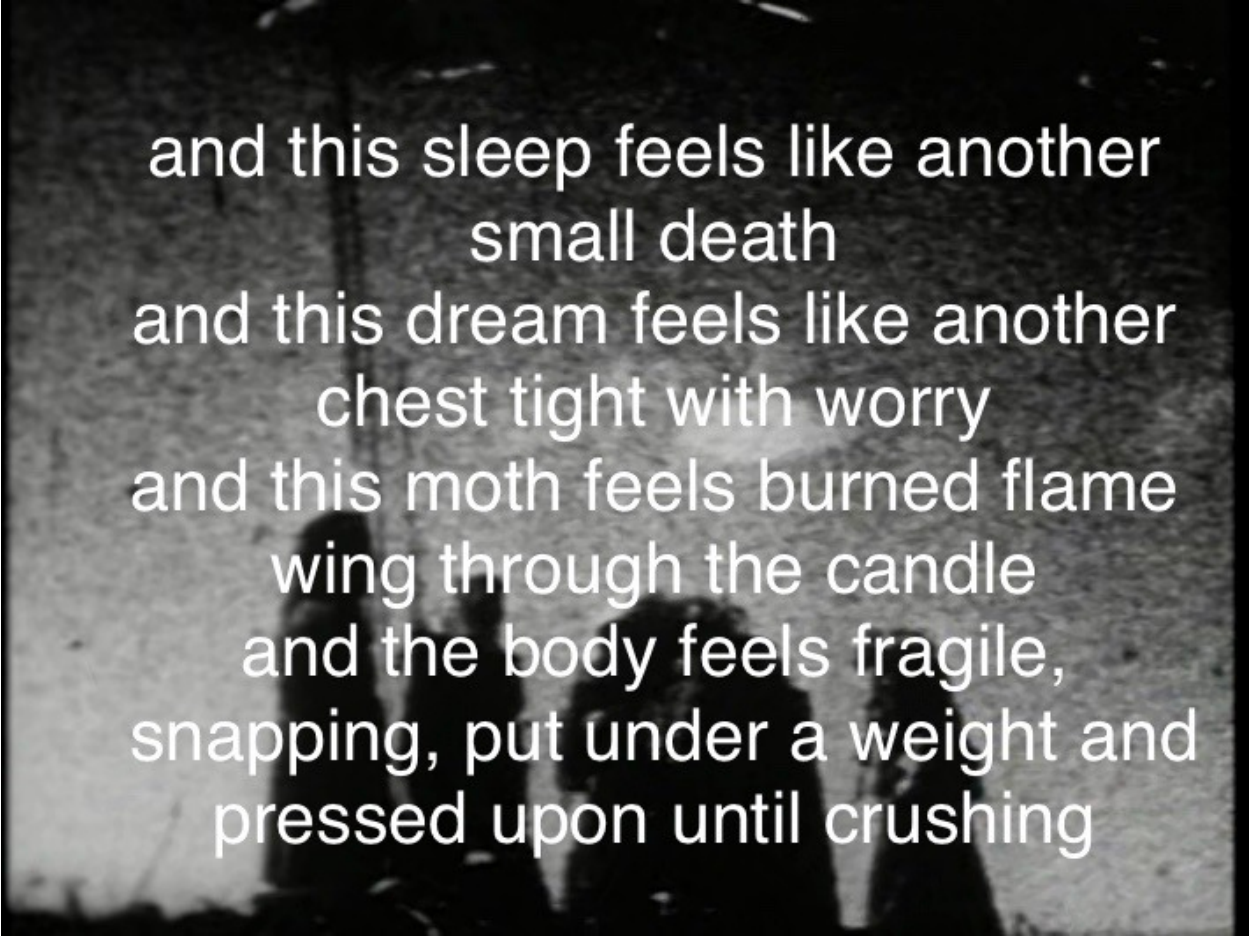
You grasp on to the edge of dreams
too scared and choking
too broken and full of failure



When will you rise up from the sickbed
and open the door?



and you should know that i may inch
towards you and i may swarm up
against you and in our bed i may press
against you and i may try to heal and it
may not be fair and it may not be fair
but in my mind i am left out in grief and
i am trapped in this mind with no one
to save or shield and i am inching
closer trying to swarm and i am
inching closer trying to swarm and i
am schooling like a silver fish and i am
a murmuration of starlings and i am
weaving in and out and pulsating in
the sky and you should know that and
you should know and you should know



and this sleep feels like another
small death
and this dream feels like another
chest tight with worry
and this moth feels burned flame
wing through the candle
and the body feels fragile,
snapping, put under a weight and
pressed upon until crushing

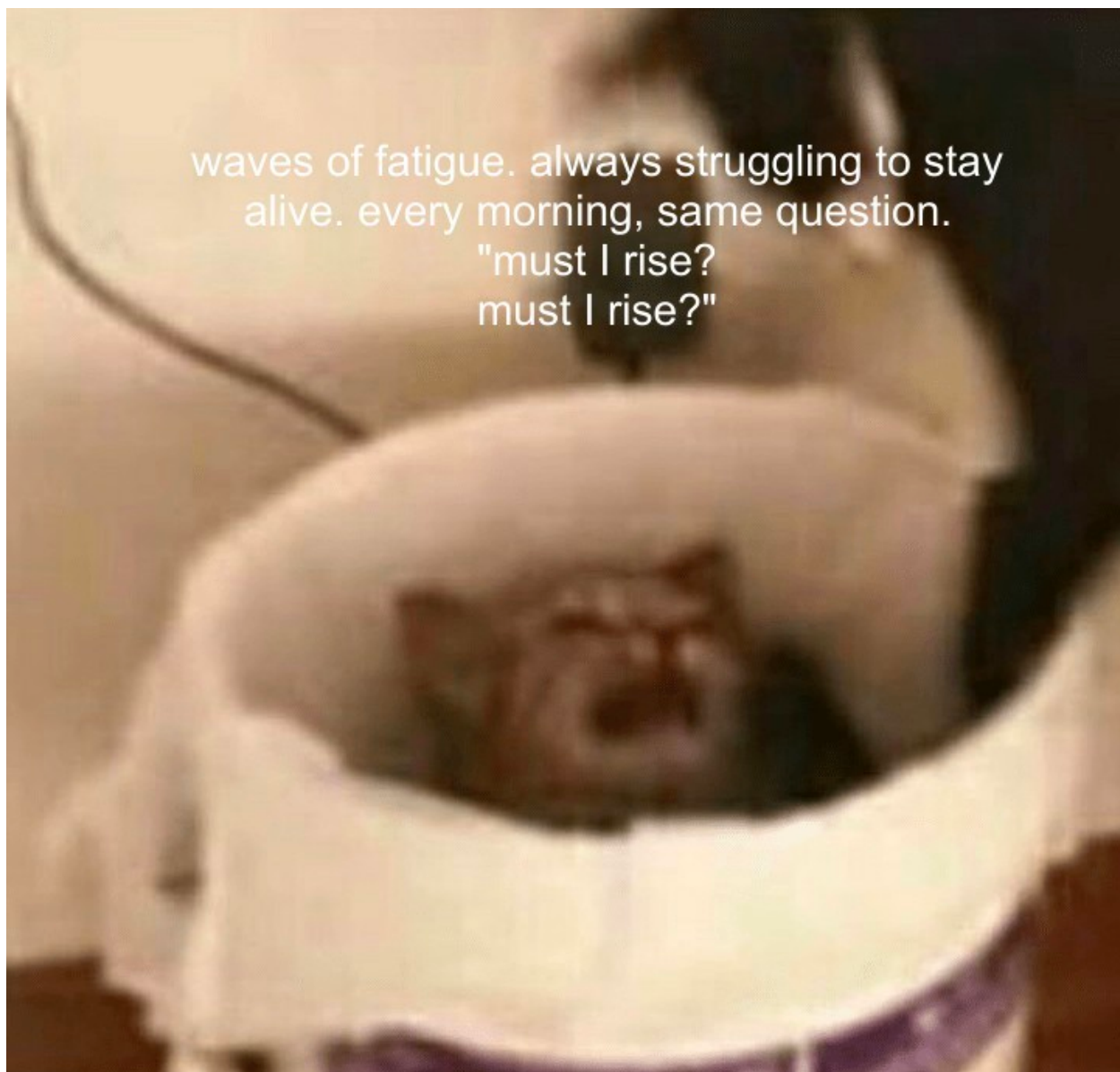
2022

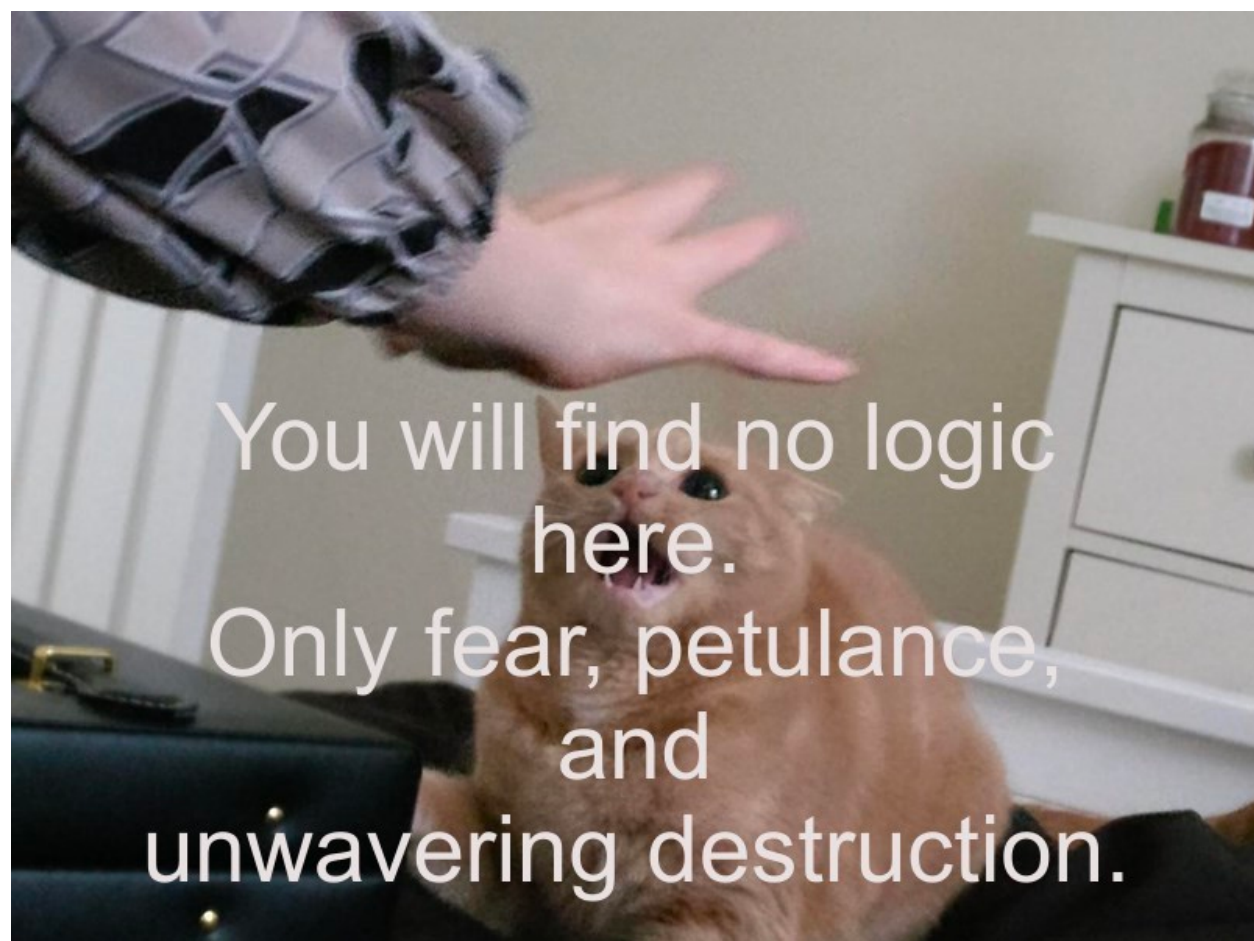
these apologies are
empty and vapid,
and rise up like
steam, dissipating.

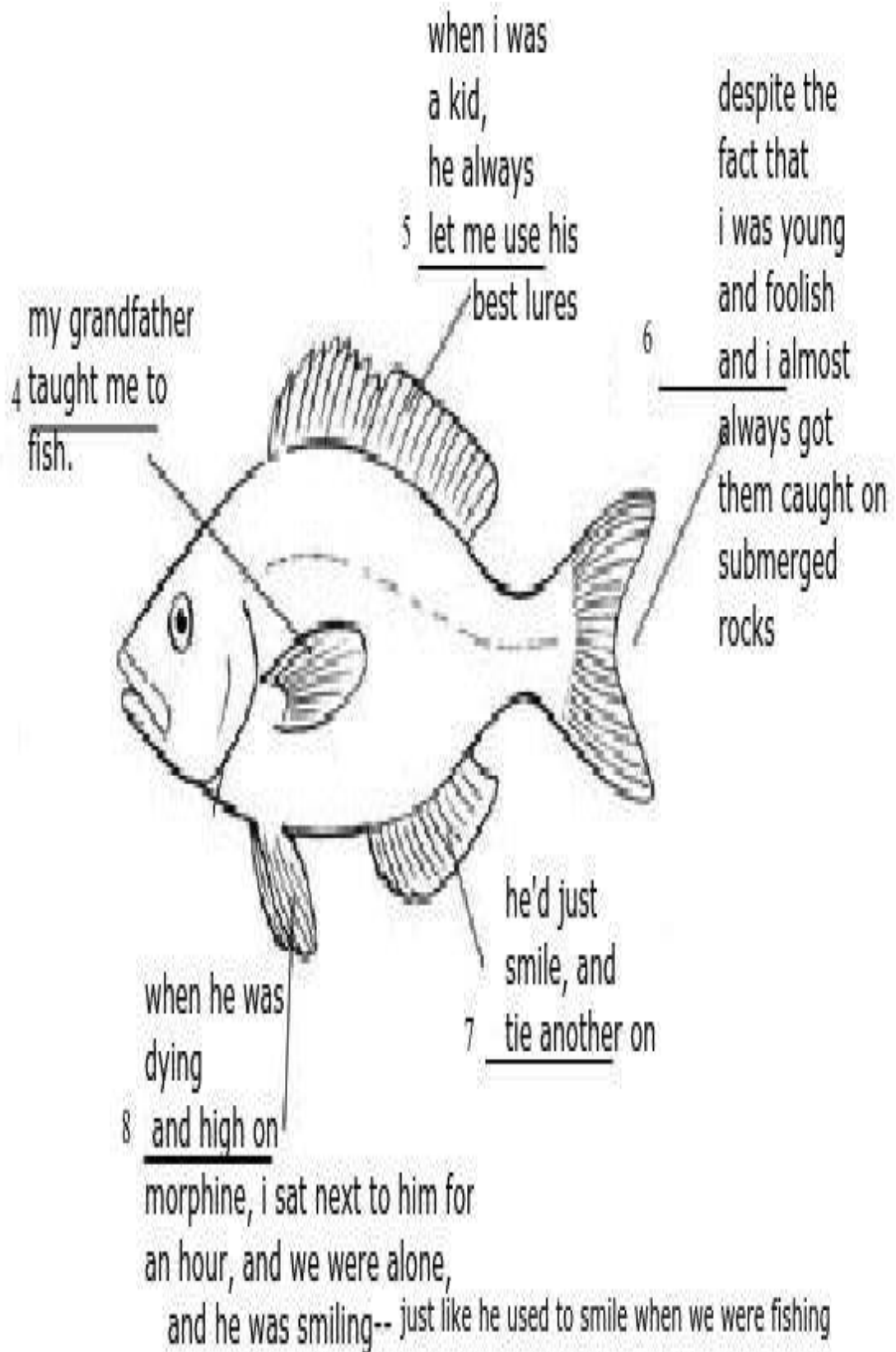
i am only sorry for myself.
my kindness is only an
attempt to assuage my
guilt before i am
destroyed.



waves of fatigue. always struggling to stay
alive. every morning, same question.
"must I rise?
must I rise?"









these are all the things i learned these are all the thing



i watched heaven empty out i watched the first light
of the world flicker and die i watched heaven empty

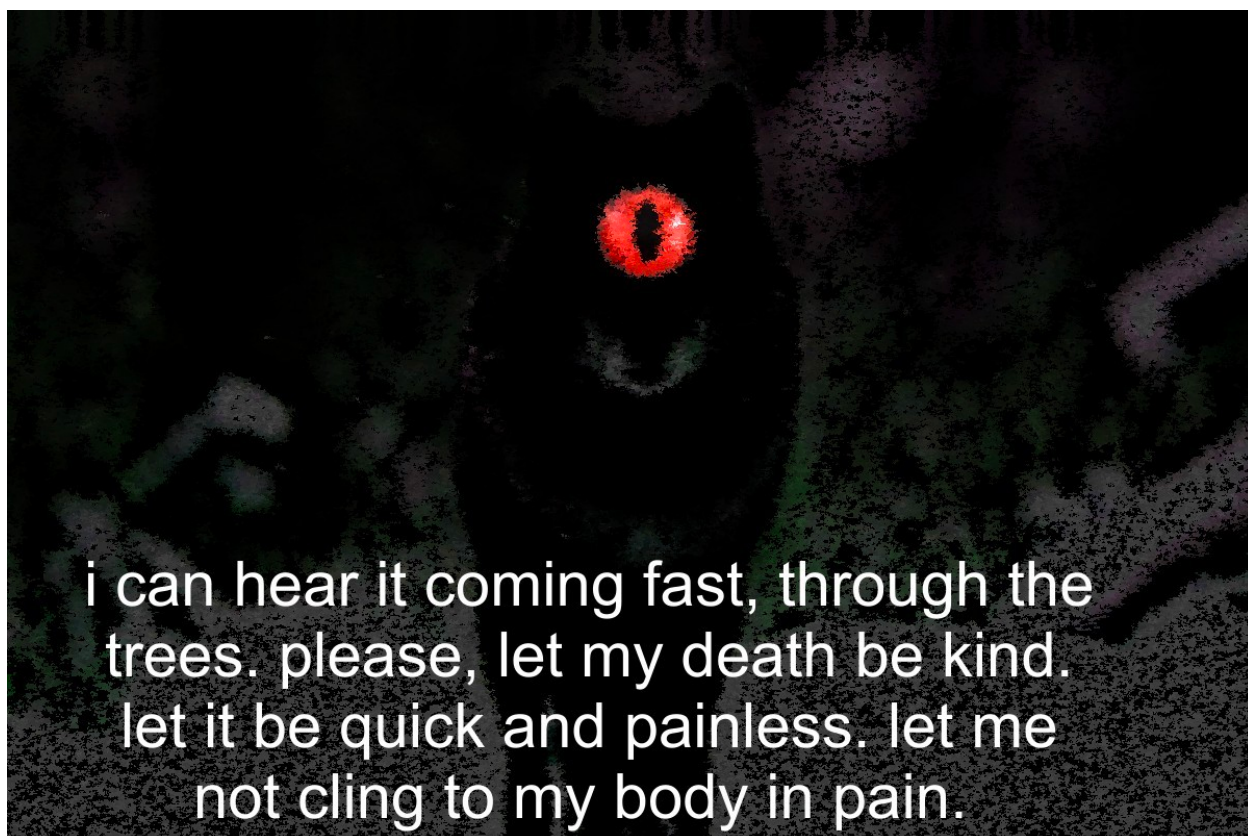


out i watched the first light of the world flicker and die



and these new worlds are
harsh and incompatible
with life.
these new gods are worse
than the old ones.





and i heard it etched
into your voice,
the scars of
all this leaving.
all the nights spent
broke down break
down on the
bathroom floor.
and i saw my veins
still carrying blood.
and it felt like
death would be a
relief.
i would be with you.

Peter Carls, 1984





Why do you expect to be cleaned by
death?

There is no escape but through the
fire.

There is no clarion call upwards
toward the light,
only bloating, disease, and the failure
of flesh.

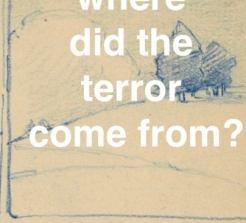
tell me about
the slow, hazy
days.



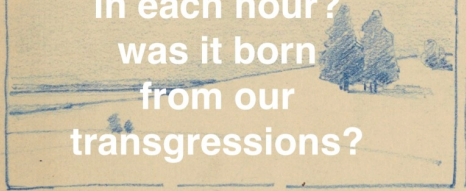
the slow, sunlit
mornings,
hot
afternoons
heavy with sleep



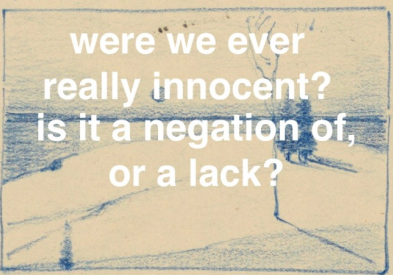
where
did the
terror
come from?



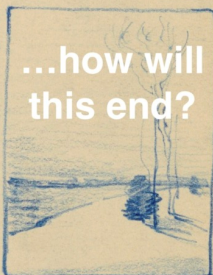
was it always latent
in each hour?
was it born
from our
transgressions?



were we ever
really innocent?
is it a negation of,
or a lack?



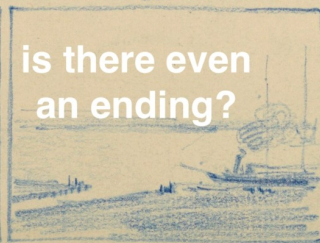
...how will
this end?



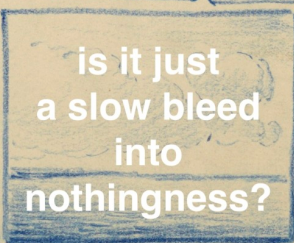
is there even a
narrative?



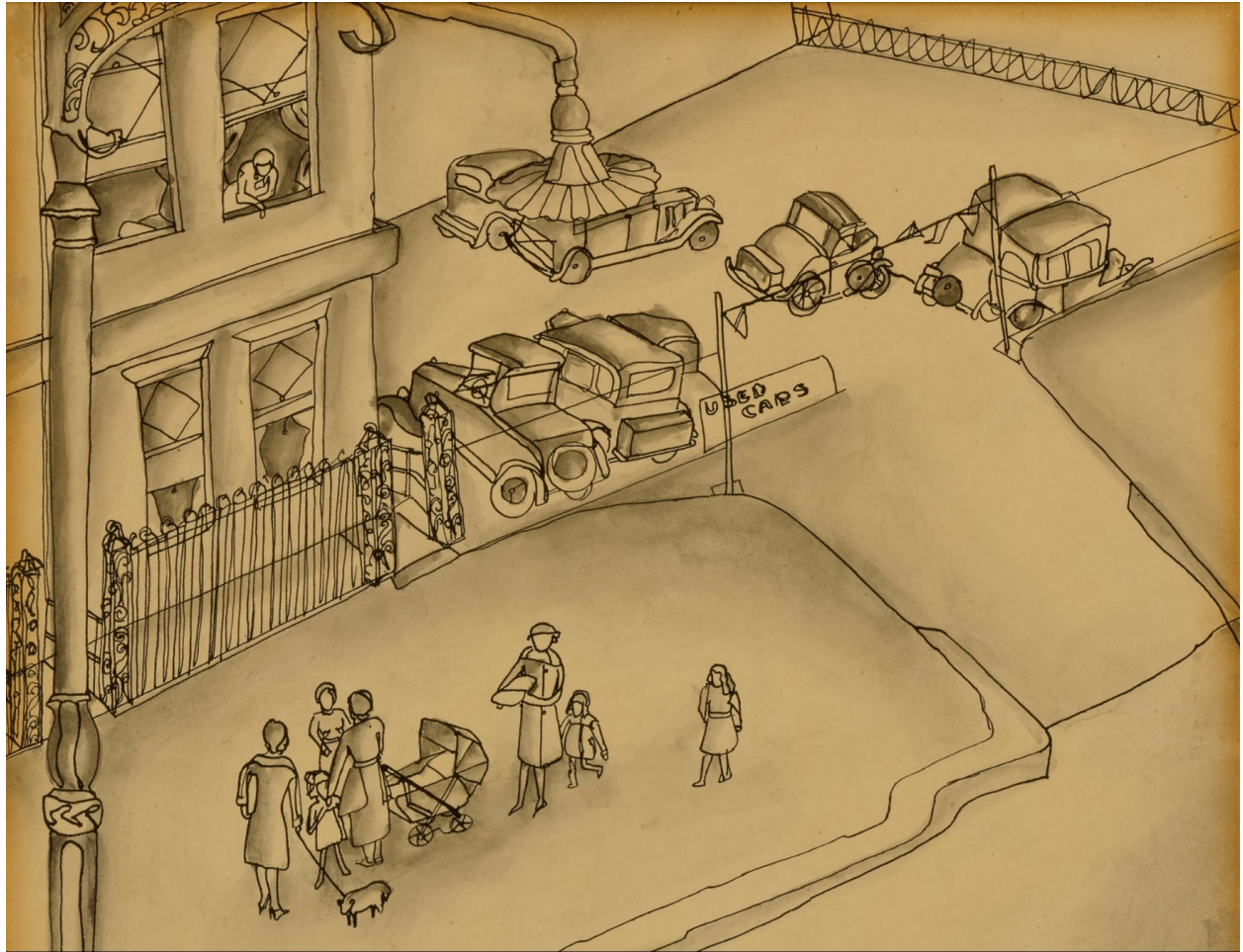
is there even
an ending?



is it just
a slow bleed
into
nothingness?



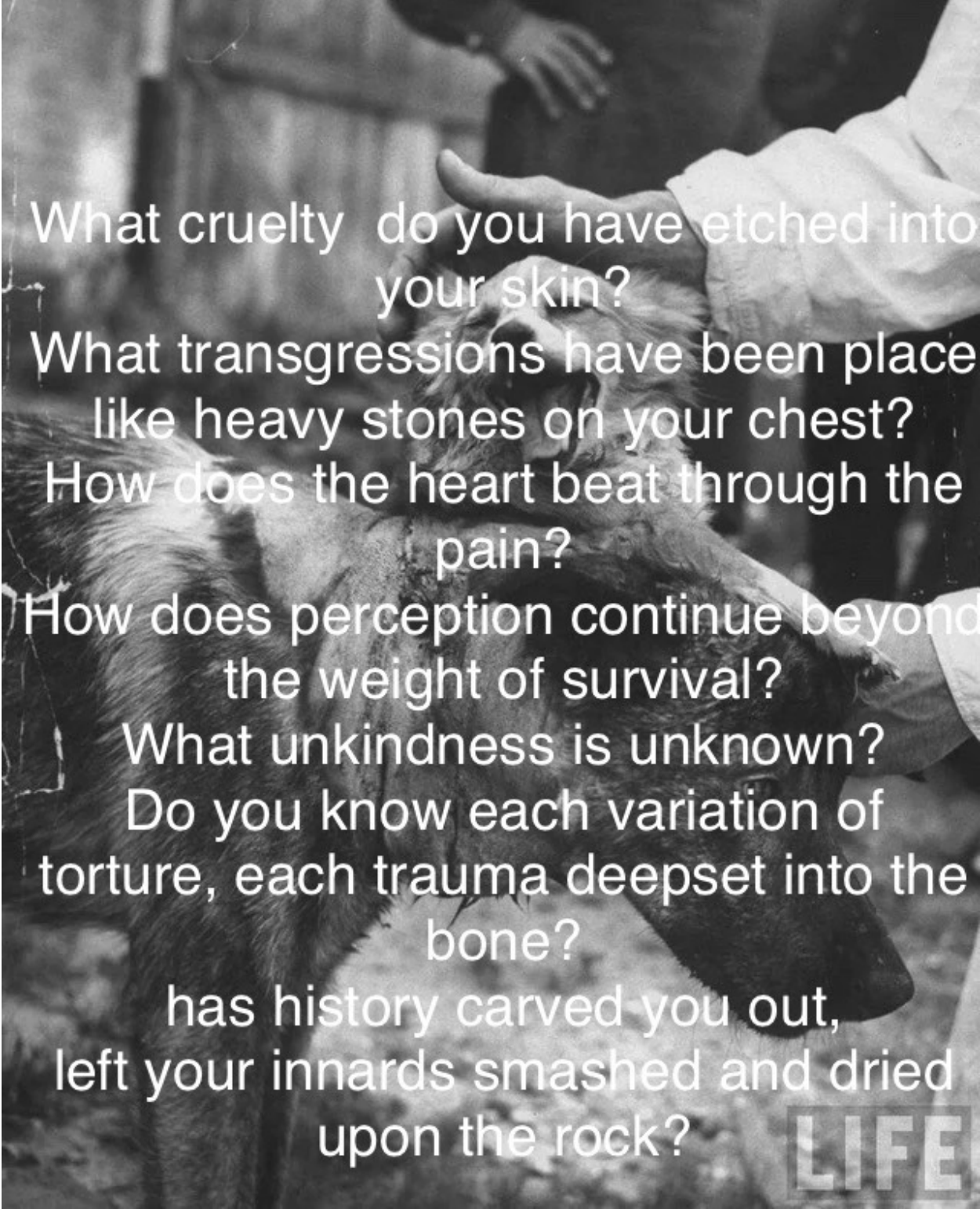
*Leonardo
Study of form
1890 - Paris
in space*



**the days we own,
the nights we borrow,
each moment a test
paired with inevitable and abject failure.
we were not made
for this kind of test.**



and this is what we know;
there is dust.
there is a breaking
of the body, and
when the soul leaves,
what do we know? when the
soul leaves, what do we know?
when our bodies break, what
do we know?



What cruelty do you have etched into
your skin?

What transgressions have been placed
like heavy stones on your chest?

How does the heart beat through the
pain?

How does perception continue beyond
the weight of survival?

What unkindness is unknown?

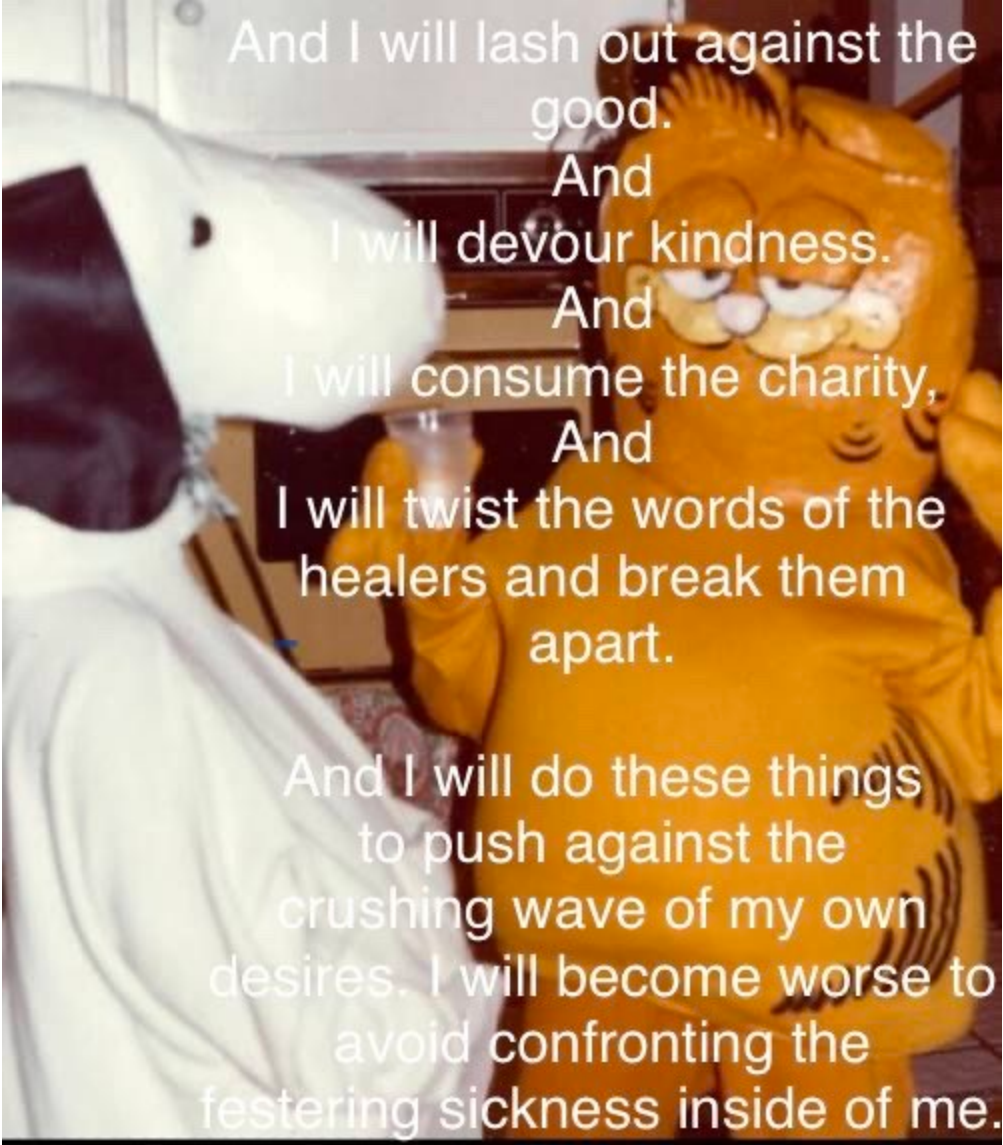
Do you know each variation of
torture, each trauma deepset into the
bone?

has history carved you out,
left your innards smashed and dried
upon the rock?

LIFE

I will do as the illness guides.
I will sell all these nights and drain all
These days. I will melt into
the worst parts of my soul
I will always become worse



A photograph of two people in costumes. On the left is a person in a white ghost costume with a large white head and a dark eye hole. On the right is a person in a bright orange Garfield costume, including a large head with Garfield's facial features and a full-body suit with black stripes. They are standing indoors, possibly in a hallway or room with wooden trim.

And I will lash out against the
good.

And
I will devour kindness.

And
I will consume the charity,

And
I will twist the words of the
healers and break them
apart.

And I will do these things
to push against the
crushing wave of my own
desires. I will become worse to
avoid confronting the
festering sickness inside of me.

I wake up from a dream I can't remember, sputtering, breathless.

In the gasping, waking
thoughts, I calculate

what was lost in the heat?

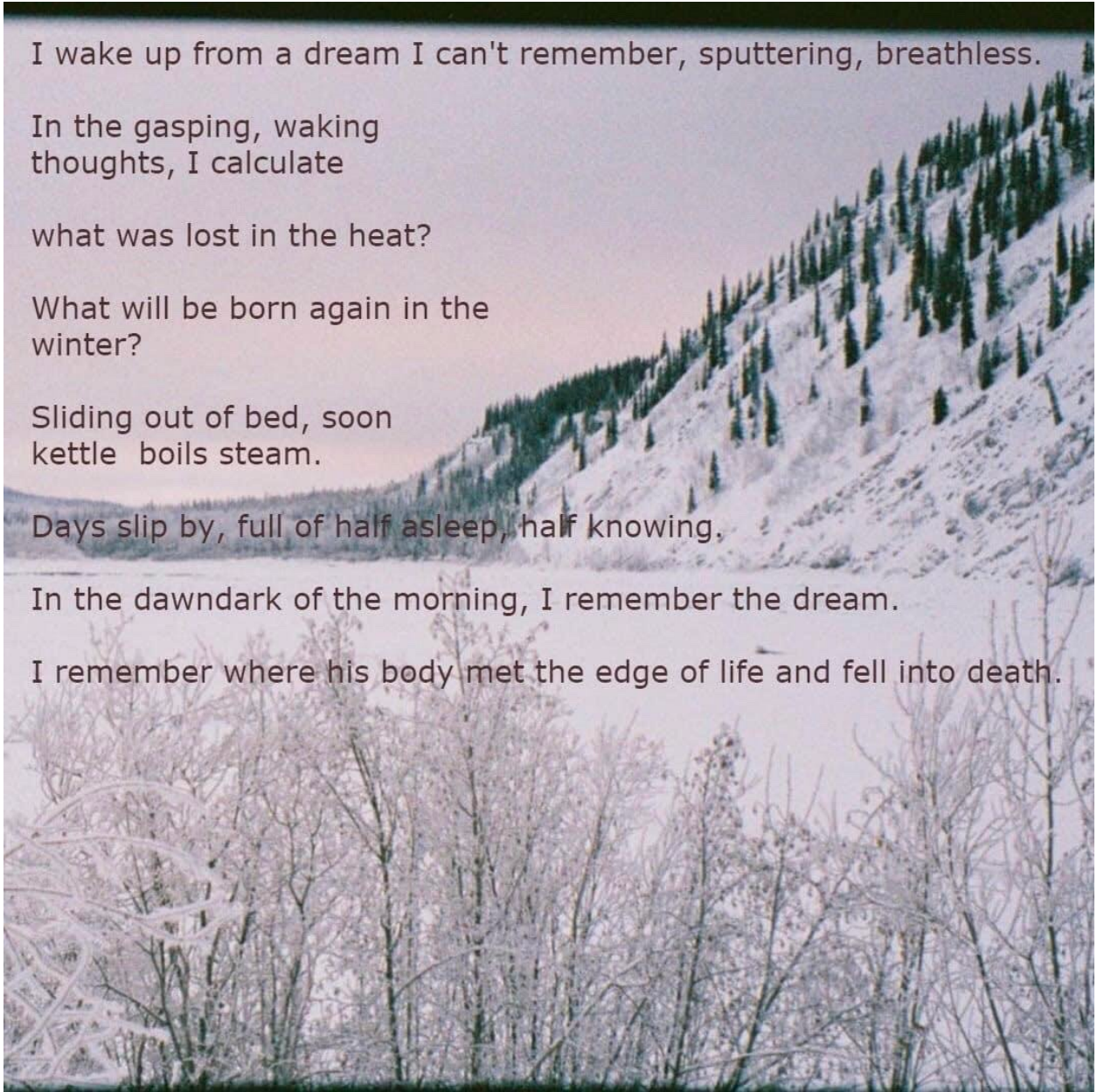
What will be born again in the
winter?

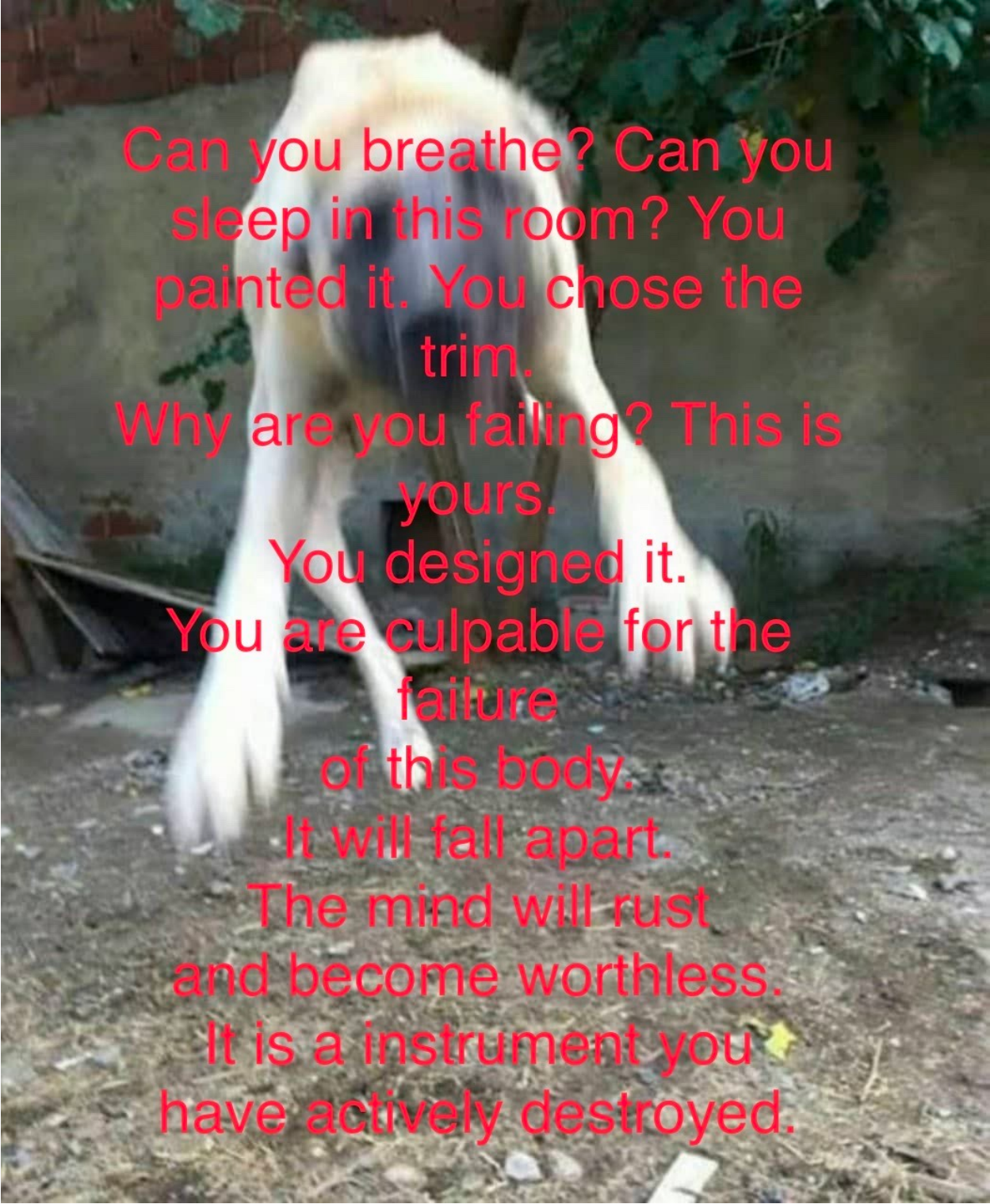
Sliding out of bed, soon
kettle boils steam.

Days slip by, full of half asleep, half knowing.

In the dawndark of the morning, I remember the dream.

I remember where his body met the edge of life and fell into death.



A white dog, possibly a Weimaraner, stands in a dirt yard. The dog is facing the camera, with its front legs slightly apart. In the background, there is a brick wall and some green foliage. The ground is covered in dirt and some dry leaves.

Can you breathe? Can you
sleep in this room? You
painted it. You chose the
trim.

Why are you failing? This is
yours.

You designed it.

You are culpable for the
failure
of this body.

It will fall apart.

The mind will rust
and become worthless.

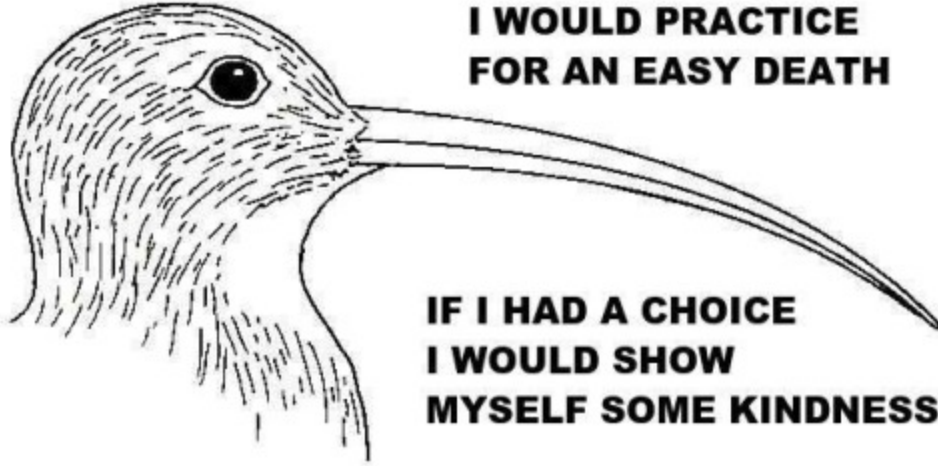
It is a instrument you
have actively destroyed.

*in my dreams, you are the
last living light of the world
and you pass through my
house with a quiet hush.
my alone screams out,
tears it all apart, searches
for you.*

*every night you are already
gone.*

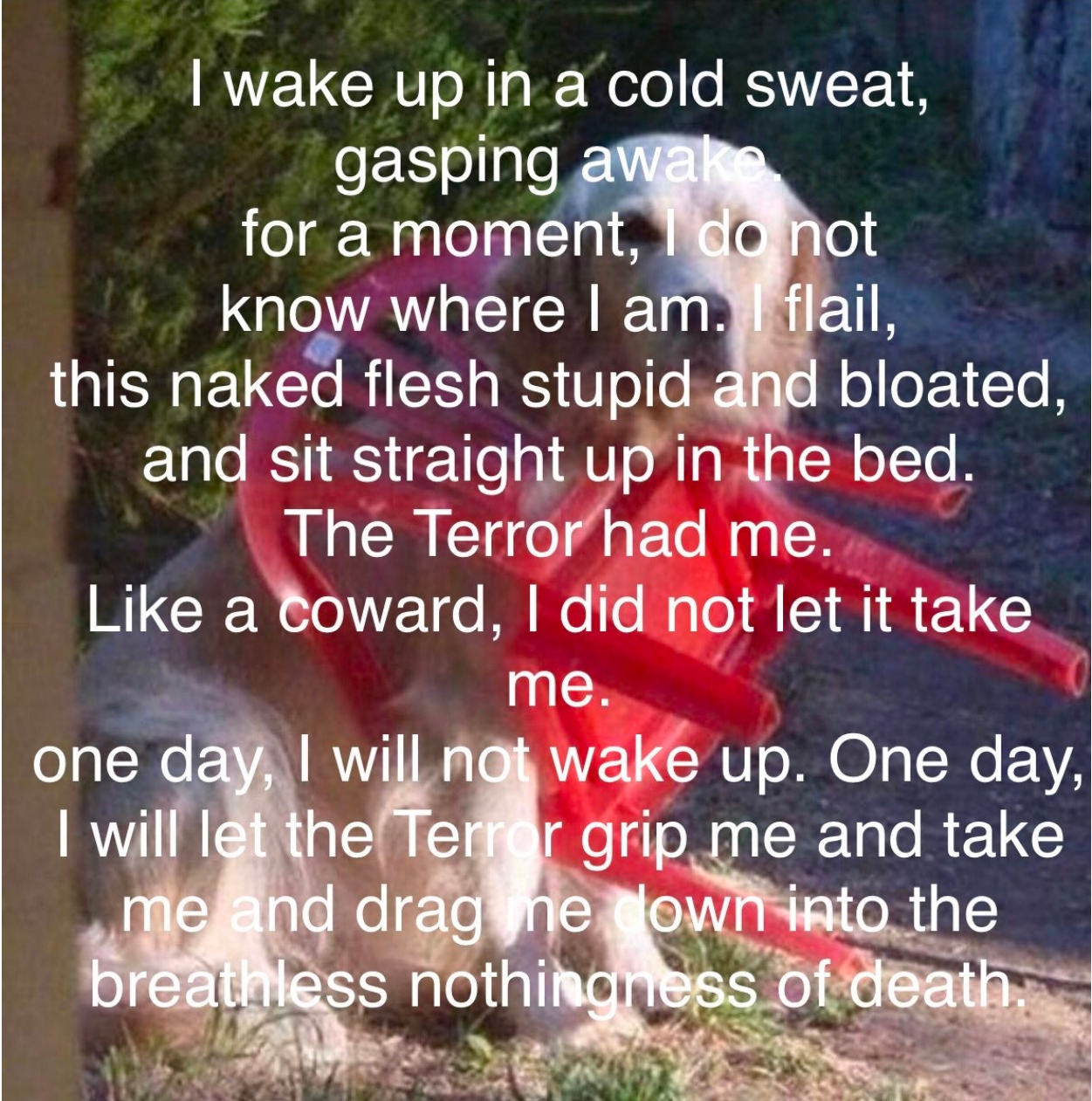
*can't you just stay? for one
night?
can't you heal?
just once?*





**AND IF I HAD A CHOICE
I WOULD PRACTICE
FOR AN EASY DEATH**

**IF I HAD A CHOICE
I WOULD SHOW
MYSELF SOME KINDNESS**



I wake up in a cold sweat,
gasping awake.
for a moment, I do not
know where I am. I flail,
this naked flesh stupid and bloated,
and sit straight up in the bed.
The Terror had me.
Like a coward, I did not let it take
me.
one day, I will not wake up. One day,
I will let the Terror grip me and take
me and drag me down into the
breathless nothingness of death.



Why do I expect to be redeemed?
Why do expect a clean ending?
What have I done to deserve
kindness?

I know that I am a foul thing.

I do not want to be good.

I want only to be absolved.

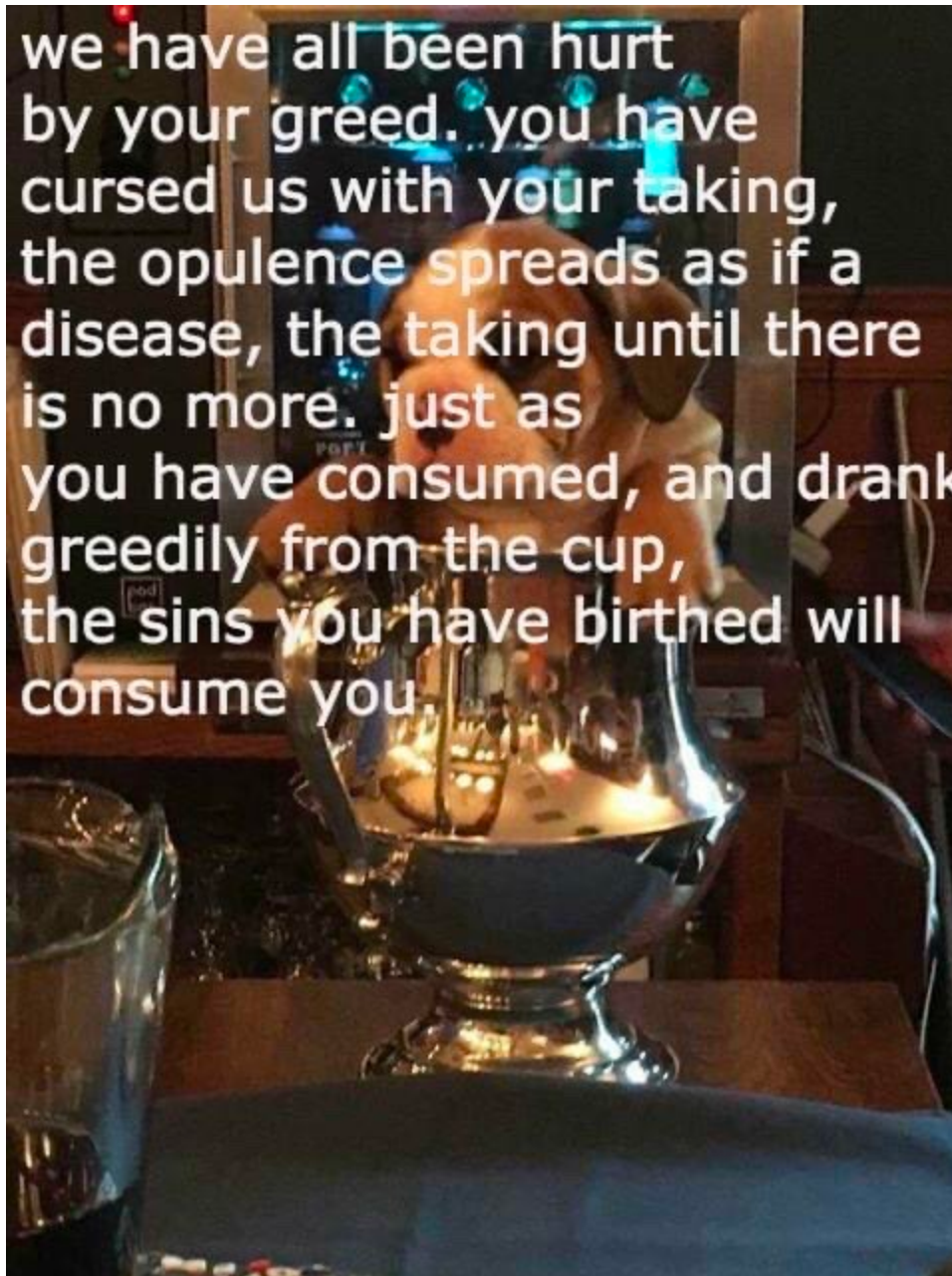
In my mind, I am gilded, divine and
always reeling towards perfection.



The body knows. Knows of
the pathetic failings, the
terrible deeds, the lashing
and gnashing against the
teeth of the Terror.



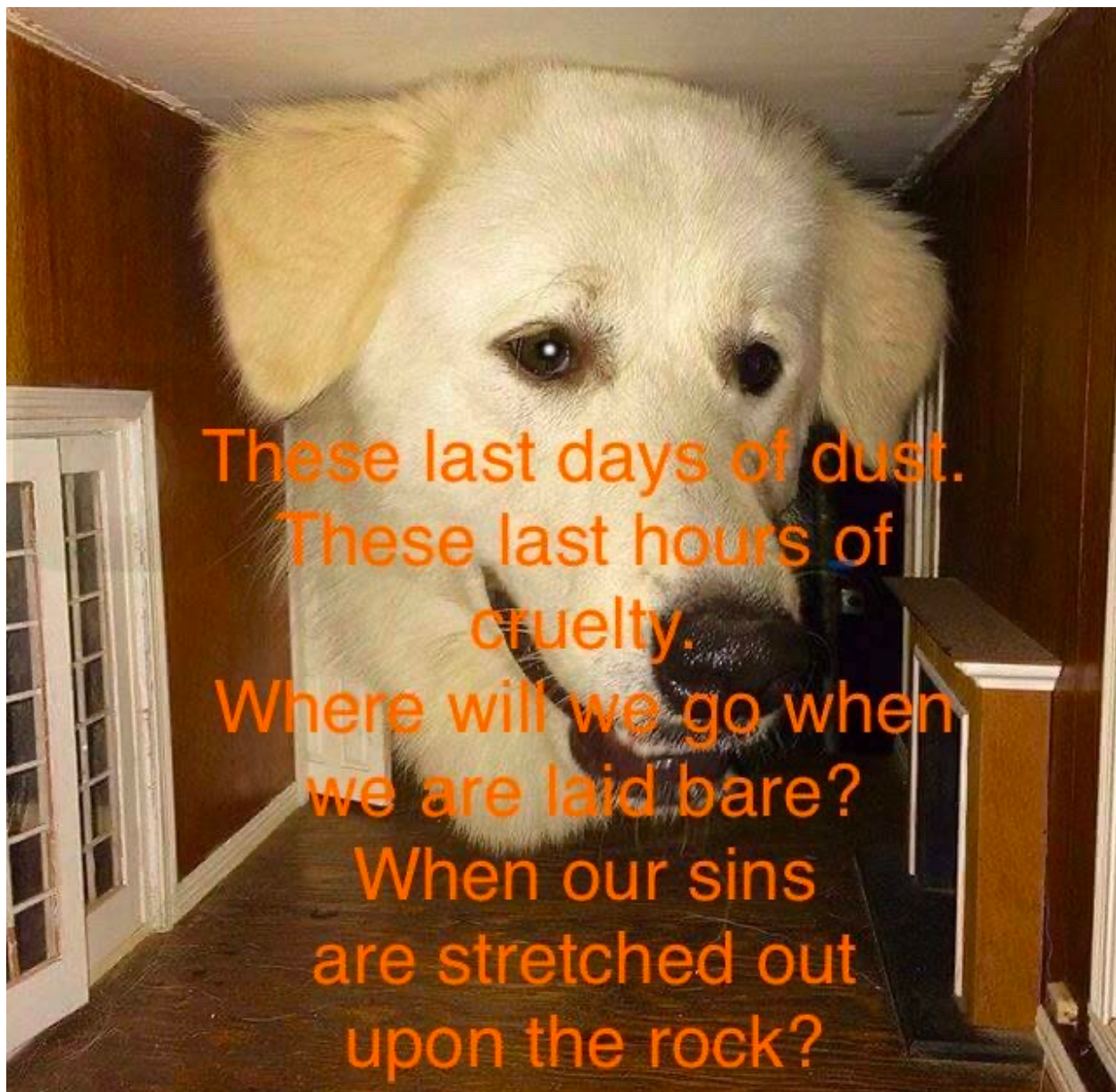
we have all been hurt
by your greed. you have
cursed us with your taking,
the opulence spreads as if a
disease, the taking until there
is no more. just as
you have consumed, and drank
greedily from the cup,
the sins you have birthed will
consume you.



All manner of perversions
nest in your fetid soul.

All manner of
transgressions
root down in your
memory.
You are your
mistakes.
You will fade.





These last days of dust.
These last hours of
cruelty.
Where will we go when
we are laid bare?
When our sins
are stretched out
upon the rock?